

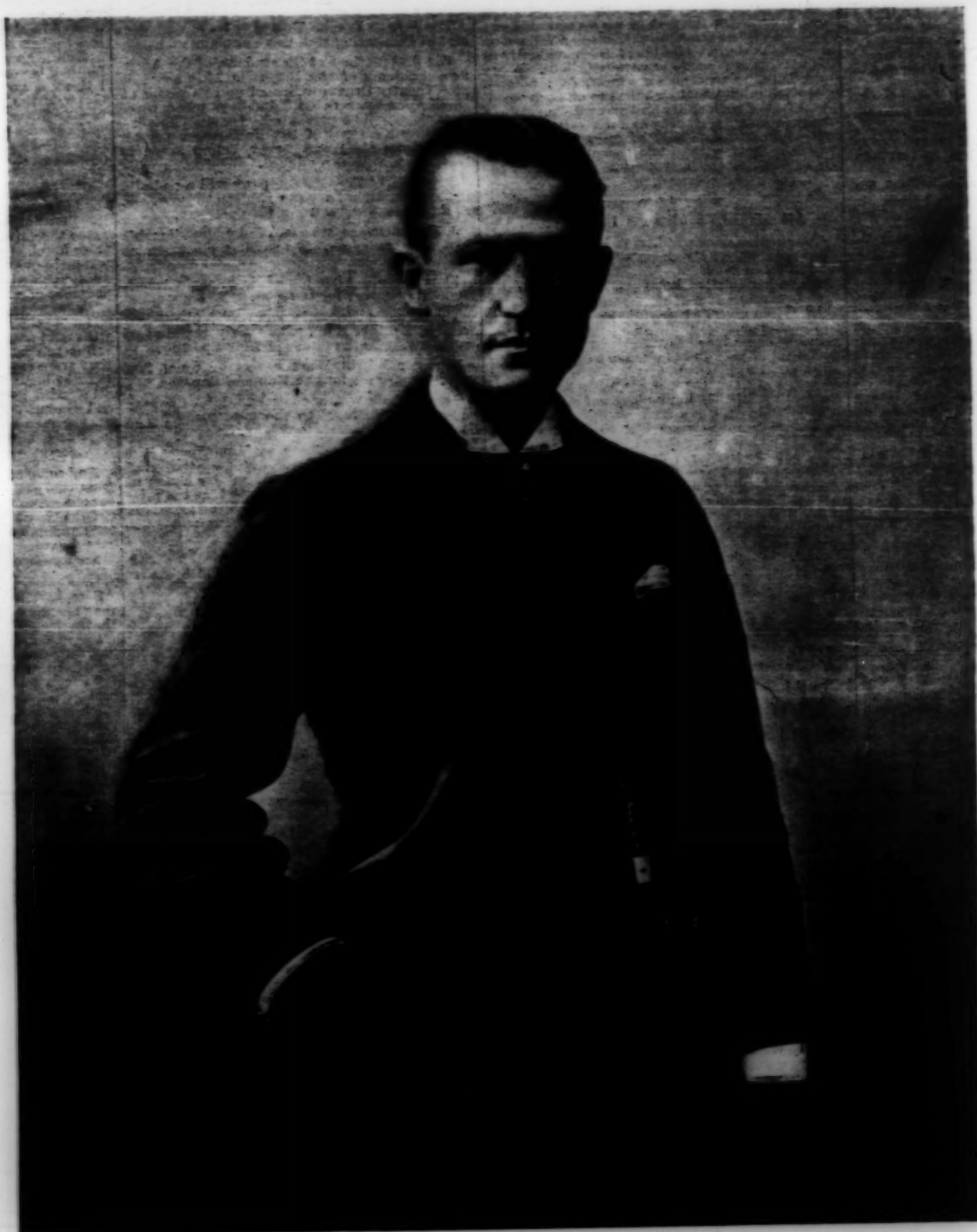
TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES.

THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR

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WILLIAM H. BRADY.

A POPULAR COMEDIAN.



FRANK DANIELS.

"Talk—talk in this rig!" said Frank Daniels at the Metropolitan Opera House, where he was getting ready to appear at a benefit last Thursday. "Why, I look like a dress suit with a business front."

To tell the truth, the versatile comedian did resemble just such a mixture in tailoring as that described. His nimble, baby-like legs were clothed in pink tights, with an East India wrapping of sackcloth—without the sack—near the top. The upper part of his body was invested in a short coat, with a scarlet necktie at the throat and a collar somewhere in the bureau drawer. His little round face was smeared with green paint and lined faintly, while a neatly shaved wig of pale yellow topped the whole and gave it much the same effect that might be expected of a large schooner of beer with the foam partially blown off. Looking puzzled and small and comical in a corner of the dressing-room, it did seem that a conversation at that particular time would be rather ludicrous.

"How soon before you will be through with your turn?" asked Tim Mannon man. Daniels put on an aggrieved expression. "Turn," he said, in his dry way, "Well, I admire your check—there's my one anyway—back in ten minutes!"

So when he had fallen out of a balloon and plunged into the water after a dying man and finished a dozen more of the things that, done à la Daniels, tend to make audience believe that nothing in the world is quite as funny as tumbling a few hundred miles up or down, Tim Mannon man met him again in this same dressing-room and substantially the same costume.

"Now I'm ready," said the genial comedian, throwing himself into an armchair and looking a strange mixture of the prosaic and the funny. "That is, I'm ready as soon as I stop shivering. Say, isn't it cold out there? I'll bet the Heart of the Klondike act has more atmosphere this afternoon than it ever had before. What do you want to know about me? Career? Never had one. Worked up without it. How old am I? Now, if there is one question in the world I wouldn't answer it is that."

And the lively comedian pulled off his wig, bringing to view a head in which gray hair was mixed with black in about the same proportions that a Kentucky gentleman is supposed to mix his whiskey and water.

"I don't believe I remember when I was born," Daniels continued. "I started out as a wood engraver or carver, whichever you want to call it. Sometimes I would fix something you could look at and sometimes I wouldn't. Most often I wouldn't. Now and then I would work hard on a block until I thought it perfect. Then I would take it to the boss and he would say, 'Blame good! Throw it in the stove.' After this had kept up a while I found that no one thought I could do anything, and so I went on the stage. I had been in comic opera several times before as an amateur. I had gone out front and swallowed my voice as quick as I could, and then run in before the audience could catch me. Sometimes they asked me to come back—sometimes they dared me to. I always took the dare. I struck good luck from the first, though, and found a company that was willing to try me for awhile. It must have tried them more than it could have me. The performances were given by the George A. Jones company, and poor Will de Ball, now dead, was a member of the organization. I got a salary of \$30 a week. I got \$32 now. See what time will do. In this troupe I played a long range of Gilbertian parts, especially in Pinflore, where I was everything from Sir Joseph to Dick Dead Eye. After two seasons with that I took up a piece very much like what I should imagine La Poupée was. It was called the Electric Dog, and I starred two years in it. Then I was Old Sport in A Rag Baby, gaining a proprietary interest with Hoyt and Thomas early in the run of the piece.

"That was a hot old show. It took like wildfire with its jivish nonsense and tomfoolery. Long ago as it was, I find more people remember it now than most of my recent plays and operas. There was a rollicking good humor about it that flew out in the audience, hit a man squarely in his fourth rib, and compelled him to laugh. And whatever may be said of high art, laughter is what audiences want now."

"Then, too, it takes more than ordinary people to interpret great drama. Booth always made money. The audiences of to-day have lost faith in these performances. It reminds me of the little boy who had such faith in his mother's leniency that he took to eating all her next season's preserves. In other words, he did not assist her in preserving them because of his trust in her. Sublime forgiveness! One day the mother caught the son killing a vacancy in his stomach and she whipped him. It took all the faith out of him, and, to show how easily such things are lost, he never took any more of her fruit from that day. I was the boy. Mind—going back to the starting point—I do not say our present actors are not good, but they do not feel justified in working to cultivate public taste. However, I am away off my subject."

"Little Puck came after A Rag Baby, and was even greater in point of success. I had that out seven years, and it was a 'go' all the time. Then Princess Bonnie came, more to test my ability in comic opera than anything else. My Shrimps in the piece took very well, and the Indian antics in the second act never failed to bring a fragrant bouquet of laughs. You see,

I have always been lucky in getting good pieces. I never had to work up the ladder in any way and took from the first."

Tim Mannon man suggested that perhaps merit more than luck had to do with the matter. Daniels threw one leg over the chair arm, wrinkled his forehead into an excellent imitation of a washboard, and remarked reflectively: "Well, there may be something in that. A man has to make a kind of a ten-strike to keep them going, doesn't he? At all events, Kirke La Shelle saw my red man in the Princess Bonnie and proposed that I go out under his management on another starring tour. Messrs. Herbert and Smith turned out for me that delightful bit of operatic nonsense and delirium, The Wizard of the Nile. As you know, I was with this two years, and another company has it on the road this season. I am firmly of the opinion that I might have made the Wizard pay for some time yet, but it never does a man good to keep on in one particular kind of work too long. As Harry Connor used to say when we were together in Little Puck, 'Shake your chestnuts or the house gets a chill and shakes you.' I believe we have a great thing in The Idol's Eye. It goes with a snap and a rush that is more than pleasing to these New men and women of New York. They simply will not take anything slow, and the sooner a comedian leaves it the better it is for him. The music is good and more than catchy. Then the lines are smart, bright, epigrammatic. Every one brings laughter from the majority of the audience, and the majority is what counts. Better please them and let a few lovers of classic music go than enter to the latter and have the former give the box-office the go by. A significant thing about the Idol's Eye is in the fact that we have never yet played to a 'dead' audience with it. Now and then with other pieces we have struck—as every one does—a house that would not enjoy anything, but so far that has never happened with this opera."

Different from most actors, a cold crowd doesn't touch me in the least. It has absolutely no effect upon me. I keep on trying, and in due time I generally manage to catch them. I think that is about all I can say. If you really want to know, I was born in Dayton, Ohio, and live just a little distance out of New York city. I prefer country life. There I have seven horses, twelve dogs, a hundred chickens, one wife and plenty of ground for them to roam around in—and that's about all any one could require, isn't it?"

One does not have to talk to Frank Daniels long to arrive at the root of his remarkable success. He is the same bright, cheery fellow on and off the stage. His heart is so evidently in his work that it seems almost with him. Whitty by nature, his sentences are brief, dry, pointed bits with intellectual significance on each word. He is full of personality and magnetism, while a ready interest, sympathy and modesty is always with him. From these many traits it is no wonder that with little acrobatic ranting Daniels has established himself as a prime favorite of operatic comedians.

AN ACCIDENT AND AN INVITATION.

The third serious accident in Madeline of Fort Reno occurred at Ferguson's Theatre, Shenandoah, Pa., on Nov. 16. May Lillie had just entered on her spirited horse "Oklahoma" in the first act, when the animal became unmanageable, reared high in the air and fell backward to the stage. Miss Lillie's knowledge of horsemanship came into play and she sprang from under the horse just in time to avoid being crushed. Physicians in the audience were summoned, and the actress, while badly bruised, recovered sufficiently to play in the fourth act.

The Long Brothers have accepted a special invitation from Fawcett Hill to hunt on his ranch in Oklahoma at the close of the season in Boston in the Spring. In the party will be ex-Judge Eckstein, Colonel Bangham, of Frederick, Md., and several New Yorkers. The special car "May Lillie," now in use by the company, will be stocked and fitted for the trip. The party will be under the supervision of Manager Butler C. Stewart and Agent Oscar J. Krause, of Madeline of Fort Reno.

ENGAGEMENTS.

Louise McElroy and Phyllis Askcom, for A Bachelor's Honeymoon road company.

Jay L. Packard will act as advance agent for Kate Claxton in The Two Orphans.

Ethel Brandon, Polly Stockwell, Lettie MacNeil, Henry Stockbridge, John Palmer, Frank Lyman, W. J. Ashley, and W. Harris, for Kate Claxton's Two Orphans company. Spencer Coban will be manager.

Charles J. Harris, for the Cummings Stock company at Toronto.

Carl H. Burt, for The Girl from Frisco company.

C. H. Homer, for the Lyceum Theatre Stock company.

Pauline Moran and Leila Romer, with The Whirl of the Town.

Hattie and Naomi Arnold, with the Boston Lyric Opera company.

Frank Latona, with A Black Sheep.

John Bunney, for The Salt of the Earth.

Frances Hartley, late of Superba, for A Boy Wanted.

Climmore Packard, to be treasurer for Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Grandin.

W. S. White, for Margaret Mather's company.

Patty Henry, for the Town Topics company.

Henry J. Bagge, with Wilton Lackaye.

AMONG THE DRAMATISTS.

Blanche Marden has written a sequel to The Kerry Gow, in which Eugene O'Rourke will star next season.

Fannie Aymar Mathews' two-act play, After Long Years, will be presented this season by Adeine Stanhope-Whitcroft's pupils.

James MacArthur and Thomas Winthrop Hall have dramatized several stories by Ian MacLaren for production by Frank L. Perley and Fred M. Rankin. J. B. Stoddart will have a leading role.

Clyde Fitch has completed a new play for early production.

Mrs. Margaret W. Ravenhill has written an emotional play in four acts, Justice, which she expects to produce soon in this city.

Colonel E. M. Alfriend contemplates a European voyage to place his play, The Magdalene, on the other side.

Christmas day is open for a first-class attraction at the Academy of Music, Chelsea, Mass. Over 60,000 people to draw from.

GOSSIP OF THE TOWN.

Billy Bowen, with the Eastern Side Tracked company, has made a hit in his German comedy part.

Nellie Granville, of the Frank E. Long company, was taken seriously ill in Hattiesburg, Kan., and placed by Mr. Long in a hospital in that city. She is on the road to recovery.

Henry Clay Henry succeeded Charles Dickens in the cast of Lost, Strayed or Stolen on Nov. 25 at the Metropolitan Theatre in Sacramento, Cal. His success was instantaneous.

A professional matinee of His Little Dodge and A Close Shave was given last Wednesday at the Manhattan Theatre.

Carl Marwig will direct the ballets in Sousa's new opera, The Bride Elect.

Rehearsals of The Telephone Girl, in which Louis Mann and Clara Lipman will appear, began last Tuesday at the Casino.

Nugget snuff pins were distributed as souvenirs at the Saturday matinee of The Heart of the Klondike.

I. H. Hamilton has resigned from the cast of The Heart of Maryland.

The Franks Festival Orchestra will play at the Assembly hall at the Waldorf-Astoria on Dec. 15 and Feb. 2.

Carl Bernhard gave a song recital at Steinway Hall last Tuesday evening, assisted by Henry Eira, violinist.

The Damrosch-Elis Opera company rehearsed last week at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Archbishop Corrigan and Bishop Farley attended an amateur production of Hans Kirke for charity at the Central Opera House last Tuesday. In the cast were Robert J. Roberts, Albert E. Smith, J. J. Shell, James E. Glickert, James V. O'Brien, J. P. McCarthy, Daniel L. O'Leary, Henry McCadden, James J. Hanlon, Maria McNamara, Rose Wickham, Helene L. Perry, Grace Callahan, and Agnes Kidney.

James S. Barrett, of the Paul Casanova company, who had been ill for two weeks at Waterville, Iowa, has rejoined the company.

The Spiering Chamber Music Quartette—Theodore Spiering, Otto Roehrborn, Adolf Weidig, and Herman Distel—appeared last Tuesday at the Mendelssohn Glee Club for the first time in this city.

The Jeanne Franko Trio gave its second concert at Chickering Hall last Tuesday.

The first matinee of the students of the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts and Empire Theatre Dramatic School will be given at the Empire Theatre on Thursday, when three new plays will be presented. On the Thursday following a comedy of the Restoration period, by William Congreve, never before acted in New York, will be produced.

The Dwight Theatre company will soon build at Jackson, Mich., a large modern theatre. H. E. Edwards is secretary of the company.

J. Edgar Owens, who was John McCallough's last stage-manager, is teaching elocution at Stillwater, Minn.

Flora Staniford has joined Scammon's American Girl company for the lead.

The Spooner Dramatic company laid off last week at Horton, Kan., where they remain this week, owing to the illness of Allie Spooner.

Manager Edwin Warner was in town last week on business for the Hanlon's Superba.

George E. de Walter contributed "A Chapter on Society Dancing" to the last issue of The Society Times.

Christopher, Jr., closed in Minneapolis last Sunday. The failure could not be attributed to the management, as it was in the hands of Clarence Fleming. Reports state that the play was well mounted and presented by an excellent company, including George Backus and Lilla Vane.

Howard P. Taylor has just finished an Irish sketch for Maggie Fielding, which will have an early presentation in this city. Miss Ooo Ooo, another of his curtain-raisers, will also be seen here this winter. Mr. Taylor has finished his Klondike melodrama, but is having some trouble finding a name that has not already been seized upon by some enterprising dramatist.

Phil Hunt, who is in advance of Arthur C. Aiston's Tennessee's Pardner, while in Portland, Oregon, declined an offer from Cal Heilig, of the Northwestern Theatrical Association, to manage the new Third Street Theatre, preferring to remain with Mr. Aiston.

M. Louise Cushing and Mary Coolidge will appear with the Harvard University students in their forthcoming production of Racine's Athalia.

The Mikado will be presented by local amateurs for charity on Dec. 18 at the Waldorf, Astoria. The cast will include Margaret Gaylord, Viola Pratt Gillet, Judson Bushnell, F. T. Fredericks, Ralph McGary Skinner, Bramhall Child, and Victor Ballard.

H. Proehl, until recently manager of the Belle City Opera House, Racine, has resigned owing to ill health, and C. J. Feiler has been elected to the place. The bookings, as heretofore, are in the hands of Sherman Brown, of the Davidson Theatre, Milwaukee.

The prospectus of Scribner's for 1898 promises many of the most instructive and diverting features ever offered in that popular magazine.

Jeannette M. Thurber has been elected president and Lillian Blauvelt vice-president of the Alumni Association of the National Conservatory of Music.

John Hart lost recently his suit against Denman Thompson for salary which he claimed to be due for his engagement in The Two Sisters.

Nate Salisbury, who has been ill for a long time, is gradually improving in health.

The marriage of Mrs. Rachel Gregg (Ray Allen) and Carlisle Norwood Gregg was annulled recently in this city.

Francis Byrne, who closed on Nov. 20 with The Indian, has signed with Frank L. Perley for The Sporting Duchess.

The A. M. Palmer Dramatic Society presented Fred Marsden's drama, Clouds, at the Central Opera House on Nov. 15. The piece was well done and heartily enjoyed by a large audience. A. J. Maher managed the affair.

La Champagne, brought in Sunday, besides Madame Molna and Pol Piancon, Jean Gerardy, the cellist, and M. M. Iboe and Bonduresque, of the Damrosch Opera company.

Helen Coppage, of Columbus, Ohio, who is to try for the world's fasting record, gave an informal reception to newspaper men in this city last Friday.



What an effect the weather has on one's disposition, appearance, temperament, soul and all the rest of it?

I think that were I to choose the most awful fate that I could imagine, I should say it would be to be condemned to an existence prolonged through days of endless rain, mist, sleet, mud and slush.

The old-fashioned Hades of fire and brimstone has no terrors for me. After all, there would be some excitement about that—some lively hopping about among the younger and more nimble devils.

But Dore's Eternal Hell of Cold and Snow, in which the souls freeze fast up and heads embedded in a cake of ice—that's the sort of thing that scares me.

Or else—misty, moisty, wicky wacky rain—where the mud gets all over one's shoes, and bedruggles one's skirts, and where one's hair never stays in curl! That's the sort of thing! That's Hell!

Have you ever noticed how the milk of human kindness dries up and sours on one of those wet days?

If you have to travel in cars you will find people marling at one another and stepping on each other's toes, and there is a current of pugilism in the air that seems to affect every one.

The world is gray and gloomy, and the roses and the wine of life are far off on another planet.

The Matinee Girl saw the great game of football at New Haven a week ago, when Yale's sturdy, plucky eleven beat the giants of Princeton.

I was rooting for Yale, and when De Saullas, the boy-wonder, made that great forty-yard run, I threw up my hat and shouted myself hoarse.

It was simply great! It is always glorious to see anything accomplished in this world when it is done through sheer pluck and man and get thereativeness.

That's how the Yale men won. After all, football is very like the game which we call life. I think a good football man will always get through the world with as much ease as he breaks through a line.

If he can't break through lines, he'll get round the end—he will get there somehow, you may depend on it.

My sympathies were all with the victors in the big game until I came out of the gate from the Yale field and saw the beaten Tigers limping off to the carriages which were to bear them to their hotel.

Nearly every man of the eleven was disabled and hobbled along leaning on the arm or shoulder of a friend.

They wore blankets wrapped over their striped uniforms; their faces were splashed with mud and streaked with blood.

But the most awful thing of it all was that they were crying. Yes—actually!

Those big, strong fellows who had put up such a splendid game and had fought to the bitter end so pluckily in spite of a series of accidents that seemed appalling to an onlooker, were crying like babies over their defeat.

And some of their college mates coming out from the grand stand gloomy and discomfited caught sight of the demoralized team.

Then they lifted up their voices with one accord and gave one of the oddest "yells" I have ever heard. It was: "Now then—brace up—brace up—brace up—brace up!"

Somehow it broke me all up. I didn't feel that I could go home in an ordinary car after that.

I groped my way over to a hackman, and asked in a faltering voice:

"How much to the New Haven House?"

"Seven dollars," he said, bringing me back to earth with a rude shock.

"I beg your pardon; I don't want to buy your turnout. I just want you to take me to my hotel."

"Can't help it, lady—New Haven is all tore up to-day—I can get a job every time I turn round."

"Well, turn round then," I said, and I took the trolley.

I was mad clear through.

And going home I pondered.

If football makes men braver and better, why should these fellows cry over their defeat? Why not take it more manfully—and stoically?

But, then, wasn't it Napoleon who wept over Waterloo?

I think N. B. would have made a good footballist. After all, a man who feels bad enough over a defeat to shed a tear or two will not let so many things in that line come his way.

So here's to the Princeton eleven! There are some defeats that make the jewels of success shine all the brighter when we get crowns and chainless harps some day.

THE MATINEE GIRL.

AN EVENT OF THE ELKS.

Fanny Rice is an honorary member of the Elks. On Nov. 15, in Lewiston, Maine, the local lodge attended a performance of At the French Hall, occupying front seats in the theatre. Each gentleman in the party wore a letter in bold type upon his breast, so that the row spelled, "Hello, Fanny, B. P. O. E." At the end of the second act they presented her with a handsome basket of chrysanthemums. Later Miss Rice appeared with a placard attached to her dress, inscribed "Hello, Brothers." She enjoyed an ovation, of course.

NEW SERVICE TO AUGUSTA AND AIKEN.

The Southern Railway announces, effective November 21st, new schedule and Pullman Sleeping Car service between New York, Aiken and Augusta. The Southwestern Limited, leaving New York 4:25 p.m. daily, arrives in Aiken, S. C., following afternoon, 3:55 p.m.; Augusta, 4:15 p.m. Pullman Drawing Room Sleeping Car, New York to Columbia and Columbia to Augusta. Dining Cars serve meals between New York and Charlotte. The Bonair Hotel, at Augusta, and Highland Park, at Aiken, will be open in a few days. For full particulars call on or address Alex. S. Thwaitt, E. P. A., 371 Broadway, New York.

IN OTHER CITIES.

BROOKLYN.

SATURDAY, NOV. 27.

Independent of the large business noticeable at every local place of amusement on Thanksgiving Day, the results of the week cannot be put down as up to the usual standard, on one or two exceptions. For some years this holiday has been growing more and more of a craze, so to speak, as a time upon which a visit to the playhouse is compulsory. Patrons who at other times with the best obtainable in mind, and feeling the same gone for the date first selected, rather than not having what they had planned to secure, willingly alter their time of their visit to conform with that which is yet open in the way of a desirable choice at the box office, are now anxious to take anything that can be got, provided it be for Thanksgiving night. As a natural result business of one or two evenings prior is lessened by a general loss of back, which, combined with the universal reaction of the night after, pulls the week's average down considerably, notwithstanding the big "take" at both performances on the holiday. The writer is alluding to the local field only, where certain managers do not hesitate to express the current week as an annual detriment instead of the blessing it was once considered.

Manhattan (William F. Sien, manager): Last week of the Gaiety co. with *In Town* 22-27; business about the same in quality and size as noted during its first week. **Francis Wilson in Half a King** 29-Dec. 4.—**Amphion (Lee Ottolenghi, manager):** The Lilliputians in *The Fair at Middletown* 22-27; attendance limited by capacity of house. **Fanny Davenport in The Saint and the Devil 29-Dec. 4.—**Columbia (Harry Mann, manager):** E. H. Sothern with *Virginia* 22-27; *Harmed in Lord Chumley*, *The Lady of Lyons*, and *An Enemy to the King* 22-27; good receipts, which would have been larger had either of the plays offered possessed novelty. *The Sign of the Cross* 29-Dec. 4.—**Grand Opera House (Frank Elltholm, manager):** *The Two Little Virgins* 22-27. *The Man of War's Man* 29-Dec. 4.—**Gaiety (Bennett Wilson, manager):** *Courted Into Court* 22-27. *The Two Little Virgins* 29-Dec. 4.—**Star (W. L. Bissell, manager):** *Moulin Rouge Extravaganza* co. 22-27. *Broadway Burlesques* 29-Dec. 4.**

James A. Herne and Shore Acres have had a most prosperous week at the Academy of Music, under the management of Edwin Knowles of the Fifth Avenue Theatre. This play will have been given eighty-one times on this side of the Bridge after tonight's performance. The seventy-fifth representation, on Tuesday night, was marked by the distribution of very handsome brass picture frames to each lady present. The demand for the same was so active to warrant a second distribution at the Saturday matinee. The large stage of the Academy displayed the several well-known scenes to special advantage, and the star, with his excellent support, has never acted with more charm or appeared to greater advantage than here. A continuation for a second week could have been made to an undoubted profit.

A Night Off, as given by the Park Theatre Stock, has served to draw an excellent patronage, which has, without exception, been emphatic in praise of the able work shown by each participant in the cast. The role of the manager, as rendered by George Johnson, has been the best played; but *Henrietta Crossman*, *Howell Hanes*, *Maggie Harold*, and *William Davids* have each been a close second in merit. The staging, as usual, has been of the best, and fully equal to that of the most pretentious houses. For the coming week Mr. Barnes of New York will be on view.

Street Improvements, with *Chauncey Olcott* and most of the original support, aided with all of the scenery and effects that were identified with its run at the Fourteenth Street Theatre last season, has had a second week of business at the Bijou fully equal in size to that of the first. **Manager Harry C. Kennedy** will next introduce a Hittite series of "turns" at Hyde and Behman's have brought into notice *Plato* and *Duna* in meritorious cake walking; *Minnie Schult* in a round of songs, supplemented with her dazzling display of rare jewels; *Camfield* and *Carlton* in their popular act, one of the most taking now current in the vaudeville; and *Miller*, who plays the comical with a facile technique combined with unusual expression and feeling; *Smith* and *Campbell*, whose comedy business was apparently more pleasing to themselves than their auditors, should at once cut that portion of their patter which more than gets to the border line of suggestiveness; *Edmund Hayes* and *Emily Lyttle*, the latter looking much as a decade hence, were interesting in a travesty upon *Ingomar*; *Pauline Hall*, with whom *Father Time* has apparently stood still since the early days of *Ermine*, displayed several handsome costumes and sang with all the charm and freshness of a debutante; the whole concluding with the *Willett* and *Theodore* tangle in a cleverly rendered skit, *An Up Town Flat*, which served to exhibit the decided talent of *Maggie Willett*. **Manager Henry W. Behman's** next underline is *Hallen* and *Fuller's* *Ideals*.

Hands Across the Sea has drawn well at the American, where *The Tornado* is scheduled for the coming week.

At the Empire Manager **James A. Barnes** has turned people away daily with *Weber and Fields' Vaudeville Club*, who will retire in favor of *The Black Crook Extravaganza Club*.

The Frey Stock have given *My Partner* in good shape at the Lyceum, where they will next essay *The Brand of Cain*.

Manager Frank B. Carr has nightly regretted his inability to crowd more people into the *Unique* to see *Mineo's City Club*, which he displaces for *Lang's Operatic Burlesques*.

Richard Barlow, of 1402 fame, has been the principal headline at the Brooklyn Music Hall, where **Manager Laurens Howard** has also shown *Pearl Andrews*, the *Quigley Brothers*, *Lizzie Booth*, *Gorman* and *West*, *Billy Payne*, and *Marie Di Gamo*.

SCIENCE COOPER.

SAN FRANCISCO.

At the Columbia in Old Kentucky is being played, and this is I think about its fifth production in this city; but it has been as well presented as during the present engagement. The second act, with its thirty pickaninies, nightly brings down the house. They have a good brass band, they tumble, dance, sing, and generally are so entertaining that they are a whole show in themselves. The *Horse Race* scene never fails to arouse great excitement, and all together the show is a most excellent one. **Alie Warner**, the daughter of *Neil Warner*, the old San Francisco actor, played the part of *Madge* both sympathetically and attractively. **Helen Huntington** is an excellent *Barbara Holton*, and **H. D. Bradley** was particularly happy as *Colonel Doolittle*, and he does not make the mistake so often seen of overdoing his part. **Charles E. French** is a capital old negro servant. And all the other parts are capably handled. Business has been very large, standing room only being the rule almost nightly. 22-23 is the second and last week of this production.

Our Regiment furnished an amusing performance at the Alcazar Theatre 15-21. **Wright Huntington** shines forth particularly in the part of *Guy Warner*, his figure and his manner both suiting the role of a military man. **Fred Strong**, **Wallace Shaw**, **Frank Clayton**, and **Charles Bates** all do good work in the remaining men's roles. Among the women **Miss Foster** is particularly happy as *Edith Thurston*. **Juliet Crosby** and **Mrs. Bates** both do meritorious work. Business has been very good throughout the week. 22-23 Inaug will be the bill.

The Italian Opera co. continues at the California. The bill for the week 15-21 was *La Bohème*, *Cavalleria*, and *Pagliacci*, *Otello*, and *Traviata*. **Manon Lescaut** is announced for next week.

At the Tivoli *The Geisha* is in its fifth week, and the audiences continue to be large; it was the thirtieth performance of this opera, and the occasion was celebrated by the distribution of souvenirs. Its success will certainly be continued for some time to come. **Thomas Leary** is entitled to particular attention for his handling of the part of *Wun-Hi*, the celestial proprietor of the tea-house. He makes a great deal of it, and is really one of the hits of the show. Under his treatment the part stands out as a most important one, and he is exceedingly funny in all his work. *The Geisha* will be the bill until further notice.

Herr Stark, the violinist, with his Vienna orchestra, continues to draw large audiences at the Oberon.

The programmes are well selected, and some standard music is given every evening.

The *Hansel and Gretel* return for a second concert and a very large audience turned out to bid them adieu. They have certainly succeeded in taking the music lovers of this city and Oakland by storm.

The firm of *Friedlander, Gottlieb and Co.*, of the Columbia Theatre, will undoubtedly become the proprietors of the Baldwin and California during next week. Their lawyers are drawing up the necessary papers now, and while the deal has not been closed, the matter may be considered as settled. The present regime of the Baldwin and California will continue until the end of the year in any event, and there may be no change in the executive staff of the theatre anyway. **Alfred Bonnier** will retire, however, from the management of the Baldwin, regretted by everybody, to devote himself to private business. He has so many warm friends that he will prosper in whatever he may decide to eventually devote himself to. Neither Mr. Hayman nor any of his former associates will retain any interest in either of the theatres mentioned, and *Friedlander, Gottlieb and Marks* will be the sole partners and sole proprietors of the three theatres.

W. W. KAUFMAN.

KANSAS CITY.

My Friend from India was presented at the Coates 22-27 before good audiences. The constant strain of continuous laughter sent every one home thoroughly tired out. The cast was nearly the same as that which appeared here last year in the piece. **Frederic Bond** was as convincingly funny as ever as *Erasmus Underhill*, and **May Vokes** occasioned much merriment. **John F. Ward** was new in the character of the lawyer and had excellent success. **Edwin Barnes** as the widow was charming and entertaining. The rest of the cast was good. Hand-made gowns and briar accent were the rule, and the stage settings were satisfactory. Under the *Red Robe* 29-Dec. 4.

Ward and Vokes presented *The Governors* at the Grand 22-27 and packed the house repeatedly. They turned in this piece the vehicle for the display of their peculiar talents to the best advantage, and also the opportunity for letting some one else have the centre of the stage for a little while, of which **Lucy Daly** and **Johnny Page** took advantage, to the utmost satisfaction of the audiences. Their lively turns kept the house in a continual uproar of applause. **Margaret Daly** Vokes, **John Keefe**, and **Gus Weinberg** also made good impressions, the latter getting an especially large number of laughs. Taken altogether the piece is the best and liveliest **Ward and Vokes** have yet produced, and should make them a lot of money. The *Last Stroke* 29-Dec. 4.

A new feature at the Grand and Auditorium is the signs "Sold out," which are now displayed frequently. The Superintendent of Buildings has recently brought to an issue and put a stop to the selling of admissions in excess of the seating capacity of the theatre here, and therefore the aisles and foyers are not crowded.

At the Auditorium the Chinese play, *A Celestial Maiden*, was rendered 22-27 by the stock co. The celestial incense burned during the performance was a novelty to the audience. **Thomas D. Bates**, who owns the rights to the production, directed the staging of the piece. The story concerns *Kim Soy*, a Chinese maiden, who is stolen by a Chinese official of the Sam Yung, named *Li Ching*. *Kim Soy* is beloved of *Chon Letta*, who, in a josh house of San Francisco, is stabbed by *Li Ching* and supposed to be killed. He is, however, rescued and *Li Ching* finally killed by one of his highlanders, and the lovers are united at last. The stage settings were realistic and the costumes thoroughly characteristic of the Chinese. The stock co. did fairly in the parts assigned them, although entirely different from anything to which they had been accustomed to. Among the specialties introduced were those of **Barney Fagin** and **Henrietta Byron**, *Deborah's* *poorly done*, and *Caroline Hull*. The *Octoborn* 29-Dec. 4.

The Ninth Street offered as its attraction 21-26 the *Isaac Peyton Comedy co.*, presenting *The Golden Giant Mine*, a Western border drama. The cast was satisfactory. A number of specialties were introduced by *Mae De Lano*, *Henry Byron*, and *Barney Fagin*, and *Aida Armour*. The *Broadway Girl* 29-Dec. 4.

FRANK R. WILCOX.

BUFFALO.

The attraction at the Star 22-27 is *The Heart of Maryland*. *Courted Into Court* 29-Dec. 1. *The Mystery of Mr. Bugle* 24.

A *Guilty Mother* was the bill at the Lyceum 22-27 and seemed to delight the patrons of that house. The play is melodrama pure and simple, but it is exceptionally well staged. There are many novelties in the way of scenic effects. **Business** big. *Joseph Murphy* 29-Dec. 4.

The Stock co. produced *Captain Swift* at Music Hall 22-27. The quality of the work of the members of the co. was up to the standard. The play was presented with as much artistic success as anything so far produced. In the vaudeville bill were *Ward and Curran* and *Ed and Elmer*. *Patronage* good.

John H. Meech, formerly of the firm of *Meech Brothers*, the owners of the old Academy of Music, is back in the theatrical business again. He joined *The Man in the Iron Mask* at Indianapolis 19 as manager.

The Music Hall Stock co. gave a performance of *The Banker's Daughter* at Hamilton 18. The co. was well received.

Mrs. W. K. Churchyard (Millie Price Dow) is at present in New York city. It is possible that *Mrs. Churchyard* will return to the stage soon.

Madame Marcela Sembrich will be heard at Music Hall 29. *Shirley* de Lano, *Henry Byron*, and *Barney Fagin*, *Emilio de Zorza*, *baritone*, and *William Lavin*, *tenor*.

A matter of considerable interest to theatregoers was the first presentation by *Sol Smith Russell* of his triple bill at the Star 18. *Mr. Valentine's Christmas*, *Taming the Shrew*, and *The Spiteful* were presented in the order named. **Mr. Russell** was enthusiastically received, and was obliged to respond to numerous curtain-calls. Of the supporting co. *Edith Crane* deserves especial mention for her excellent work.

Manager Charles P. Salisbury, of Music Hall, tendered a banquet to the members of the co. after the performance on Thanksgiving evening.

Della Niven, formerly of this city, is one of the principals with the *Francis Wilson Opera co.*

The first of the series of concerts by the *Symphony Orchestra* was given at Music Hall 18. **H. Van Williams** was the soloist. The attendance was large.

Charles P. Salisbury and **Ralph Pomeroy, of Music Hall executive staff, have been out of town for several days on business connected with the house.**

The *Ocellian Dramatic Circle* will produce a three-act comedy, entitled *His Last Chance*, early this month. *Rehearsals* are being conducted under the direction of **George L. Hager**.

Anthony Hope gave two readings to small attendance at Concert Hall 24.

E. L. Duane joined the Music Hall Stock co. 15.

At a banquet last week at the Ellicott Club of the delegates attending the convention of the National Hardware Association, **Lizzie B. Raymond**, **George Evans**, and **Mollie Thompson** were present. Each contributed to the entertainment.

RENNOLD WOLF.

PITTSBURG.

The *Brothers Byrne* opened at the Bijou 22 in 8 Bells, and the capacity of the house was taxed to its utmost. Large attendance was the rule all week. The comedy has undergone considerable revision since last season, several novel acrobatic feints have been added and the co. materially strengthened. Next week *The Sporting Duchess*.

Director Davis Stock co. produced *The Wife at the New Grand Opera House* 22. The presentation was on a very elaborate scale, and was one of the best offerings of the season at this house. The house was well filled at each performance. *Shenandoah* will be given next week.

At the Avenue the vaudeville bill presented some excellent features. **Isabel Cruikshank**, **George Thatcher** and **Ed Marble**, **Swift** and **Chase**, and **George E. Austin** headed a long list of up-to-date entertainers. The miniature theatre still remains a wonderland for the little folks. **Bessie Bonnell** and **John Kernell** are among the new comers at the Avenue next week.

Agnes Wallace-Villa opened for three nights 22 at the East End in *The World Against Her* to good attendance. *O'Hooligan's Wedding* filled the balance

of the week. **J. E. Toole** in *Killarney* and the *Blaine* follows.

James O'Neill will be seen here next week in *The Dead Heart*, *Virginia*, and *Monte Cristo*.—*Extra* matinees were given at all the theatres on Thanksgiving Day.—**Robert Stetson** comes to the East End Theatre at an early date. *Trilby* will be presented by the New Grand Stock co. the first week in December. **Down in Dixie** is an early looking at the Bijou. The engagement of *Mrs. Fiske* at the Bijou during the week of 15-21 was of a phenomenal character, both artistically and pecuniarily.

James O'Neill will produce *The Dream of Matthew Wynne*, from the pen of *Mrs. Fiske*, some time in March.

Friends of Manager R. M. Gulick will be pleased to learn that he has struck a rich vein in an Arizona silver mine in which he has large holdings.

E. J. DONNELLY.

LOUISVILLE.

Clay Clement presented *A Southern Gentleman* 22 at Macaulay's. The play was most favorably received by the public and obtained marked expressions of approval from the amusement writers on the daily papers, one of the best going so far as to say that the true Southern gentleman was for the first time properly represented in a stage creation. **Mr. Clement's** co. also came in for a large degree of commendation. The *New Dominion* was performed during the engagement which concluded 24. **Willie Collier** follows for three nights in *A Man from Mexico*.

The Thanksgiving attraction at the Avenue filling the week commencing 22 was *Tom Nawn* in *Shanty Town*. It attracted large business and favorable mention. *A Boy Wanted* 29.

One of the best things yet done by the Moffett Stock co. was its representation of *Young Mrs. Winthrop* 22-27. **Edmund Day** especially appearing to advantage as *Buxton Scott*.

The Louisville Dramatic Club will present for charity *The Chimes of Normandy* at the Auditorium Dec. 1.

Ernest L. Aroni, dramatic critic of the *Courier Journal*, who has been seriously ill, is now convalescent.

The Louisville Lyceum lecture movement is progressing favorably. Energetic citizens have it in charge and it is stated that there are now more than 300 subscribers, making the lecture course presented an assured thing for the winter.

Ex-manager James R. Camp has been installed in his new position as city tax receiver, but he declares he has not abandoned the theatrical field, but will continue to be identified with it through his *Marcon* concerts and several projects he has in mind for a summer season either of opera or high class of drama.

The Musical Club will sing *The Messiah* during Christmas week. **C. H. Shackleton**, leader of that organization, has been selected to arrange for a monster May Musical Festival here. The intention is to bring the best solo singers obtainable for occasions of this kind and make it a really big musical event.

The Louisville Lodge of Elks will hold its memorial services or *Lodge of Sorrow* at Macaulay's Dec. 5. The occasion will be a marked one from the fact that *Grand Exalted Ruler Detweiler* will preside upon that occasion.

CHARLES D. CLARKE.

MILWAUKEE.

At *Piney Ridge* drew full houses at the Bijou 21 and closed to be one of the best plays seen at this theatre for some time. The action is well sustained, the plot skillfully worked out and the dialogue intelligently constructed. The piece receives careful handling by an excellent co., and should prove a success. The author, **David Higgins**, assumes the leading role; his work is admirable, and while free from sentimentalism is a forceful and genuine characterization. **Georgia Waldron** is charming as *Cindy Lane*. **Marie Kinzie** deserves particular mention for her excellent interpretation of the mountainier's wife. **Louise Rial** achieved a marked success as *Dagmar*. **Helen Bell**, **Sarah Cameron**, **Olivia Davis, **Frederick Julian, **Edwin Haines, **Henry Hilliard, **B. J. Murphy, and **James Gordon** are excellent in their respective roles, and a very clever piece of character work is done by *Van Kinzie* in the part of a haughty negro lover. The audience betrayed the keenest interest, and were generous with applause.**********

Next week, 1402.

The *Girl from Paris* appeared at the Davidson Theatre 21 for week, and was greeted by a large audience. It aroused but little enthusiasm, but on the other hand appeared to be a disappointment to many. In most other cases the cause might be ascribed to inferior companies; in this instance, however, the co. is a very capable one, and the piece deserves better recognition than it received. **Mamie Gilroy** appeared in the title-role and was very chic and fascinating. **Carrie Behr** as *Ruth* succeeded in winning several *encores* after singing "Sister Mary's Top Note." **Edgar Halstead** as *Honeycomb* was thoroughly excellent, as was also *Harry Herman*, who in the part of *Bass* made a pronounced hit. *The Major* was very well played by *J. C. Harlow*. **William Blaisdell** was exceedingly good as *Pomper*. **Sara MacLaren**, **Clara Lavine**, **Philip Tones, and **Florence Huntley** are all entitled to praise, and the rest of the co. acquitted themselves creditably. The scenery is beautiful and some very pretty costumes are worn. Next week, *Secret Service*.**

Dr. Watson was received by a large and well pleased audience at the *Palat Theatre* 18. The *German Stock co.* are presenting a repertoire this week. **Colonel Ingersoll** will deliver a lecture in the *Palat* 25.

C. L. N. NORRIS.

JERSEY CITY.

Those clever comedians, **Henry V. Donnelly** and **Edward Girard**, supported by an excellent co., appeared at the Academy of Music 22-27 to fine patronage in *The Geizer*. The funny burlesque caused no end of laughter. The handsome staging, catchy songs, bright music, and witty sayings are the features. **Donnelly and Girard** have appeared to better advantage in this city for many occasions. **Barthelme** is a specialty of one that gives the best of satisfaction. **Eddie Girard's** drunken scene in the first act is rich. **Mark Sullivan**, as the Emperor of China and **Weary Watkins**, as always, a welcome visitor, and does nothing but straight work in a legitimate manner. **Charles H. Prince** as *Lord Dunsin* sings baritone solos and is pleasing in the character. *Mac Lowery* is the prima donna, as *O Le Moa Sam*, and is a captivating actress and a fair singer. **Nina Bertolini** as *Nellie Fly* and **Nettie Black** as *Kantaker* were all that could be desired. The French doll act of **Eddie Girard** and **Madelaine Marshall** was the hit of the performance. Another bright act is a specialty of *Kittie Nelson* and **Madelaine Marshall**, singers and dancers. The co. is a large one and the chorus has been carefully trained. **William Barry** in *The Rising Generation* 29-Dec. 4.

Chauncey Olcott 6-11.

The Thanksgiving business at the local playhouses—the Academy of Music and Lyric Theatre, Hoboken—was big, especially at the Academy.

Memorial services were held in the Bon Ton 21 in honor of the late *Henry George*. The principal address was made by *John P. Crosby*, followed by *James A. Herne*, *Joseph Dana Miller*, and others. **Franklyn Garland**, of the *Shore Acres co.*, read selections from "Progress and Poverty," and **Nellie Sheldon** and **May Osborne** sang. A collection, amounting to \$185, was taken up for the *Henry George* memorial fund. The *Klein Brothers* gave the use of the house to the committee.

Flynn and Mack's Comedy co. left this city 21 to open season at *Point Pleasure*, presenting *The Irish Widow*. The co. will play in this neighborhood for two weeks and then go West.

Frank C. Bangs has sent me one of his prospectuses and a good photo of himself. He is well liked here.

WALTER C. SMITH.

DENVER.

Edwin Milton Royle and **Selena Fetter Royle**, with a strong co. including two favorites, *Lillian Daily* and *Mamie Dupont*, a former Denver girl, played *Captain Impudence* to small houses at the *Taber Grand* 15-21. Under the *Red Robe* 22-27.

The *Broadway Stock* are playing to good business in *The Big Bonanza* this week. Next week there will be a magnificent production of *Carmen* with *Elita Proctor* in the title-role. On Dec. 5 will be inaugurated a ten weeks' season of light opera by the *Boston Lyric Stock co.*

The Lyceum opened the season 14 with *Lincoln J. Carter's* great melodrama, *The Heart of Chicago*. This far surpasses any of his former attempts in the

comic line, and is produced by a very capable co. *Ole Olson* 21-27. *The Dazzler* 28-Dec. 4.

The Orpheum presents 14-20 *Hands Across the Sea*. **Michael Strogoff** 22-27.

The Lyceum Theatre circuit has been formed by *North and Hensell*; the houses which form the circuit are the Lyceum, Denver; Temple Theatre, Colorado Springs; Desmet Theatre, Pueblo; Weston Theatre, Leadville; Butte and Grand Opera Houses, Cripple Creek; Opera House, Cheyenne; Opera House, Salida; and Grand Opera House, Salt Lake City.

ONEY K. CARSTAPHEN.

ST. PAUL.

George Backus in *Christopher, Jr.* is drawing good houses at the Metropolitan Opera House 21-24. The comedy is one of *Mrs. Rylyn's* brightest efforts, and is presented by a very capable co., who look and act their parts in a natural and easy manner, giving a delightful performance throughout. **Ernest Tarleton**, **E. W. Thomas**, **Lilla Vane**, **William Eville**, **Edna Egan**, **James E. Nelson**, **John E. Jones**, **Mrs. John T. Craven**, **Harriet Aubrey**, and **Mabel Norton** sustain their respective roles creditably. **Henry Miller** in *Heartsease* 18-20. **Robert Mantell** in *A Secret Warrant* 22-27. **Stuart Robson 29-Dec. 1.**

Joseph Jefferson 24.

Jack Little's clever co. is at the New Grand Opera House 25-27, presenting *The Woman in Black*. **James Lackaye**, **Walter Walker**, **J. F. Brien**, **John McVeigh**, **Clara Emory**, **Della Stacey**, and **Helen Blythe** were in the excellent cast. The *Electrician* 28-Dec. 4.

The Concordia Society gave a very creditable performance of the opera *The Forester's Daughter* at Mozart Hall 21 to a large and appreciative audience.

Edwin P. Hilton, manager *The Gay Matinee Girl* co., and members of the co. spent 21 at the Grand. The co. is en route to the Pacific Coast and will play for some time on the Northern Pacific circuit. **Manager Hilton** is an old resident of St. Paul, and was manager of the Olympic Theatre for many years. He met with a cordial greeting from old friends.

Doctor Fridtjof Nansen, the Arctic explorer, delivered a very entertaining lecture at the People's Church 29 before a large audience.

A grand concert will be given by *Lillian Blauvelt*, soprano, and *Anton Hegner*, cellist, at the Central Presbyterian Church Tuesday evening, 23.

Augustus Thomas will rehearse the *Stuart Robson co.* in his new version of *The Jewlins* during the engagement of the co. in St. Paul 29-Dec. 1.

GEORGE H. COLGRAVE.

NEW ORLEANS.

All quarantine barriers are down and business in general has resumed its march of prosperity as unfortunately interrupted by the fever scare two months ago. The theatrical season shows improvement and the four theatres here are doing a big business for the week 21-26.

Walker Whiteside appeared here 21-26 in repertoire, presenting *Hamlet*, *Richieu*, *Merchant of Venice*, and *The Man in Black*. Both press and public are delighted with the actor, and are the best critics of success. Of the repertoire, *The Man in Black* has drawn particularly well, owing, no doubt, to the fact that the dramatist, *Eggy Williams*, is a New Orleans man of considerable literary talent. **Mr. Whiteside** is supported by *Charles D. Herrman*, *Lola Wolstein*, *John Sturges*, and *Ed John Stedwell*, the latter a New Orleans boy. Never again 28.

My Friend from India Dec. 5.

Twelve Temptations 21-26 to fine business at popular prices. The co. is the same in regard to its gorgeous scenic effects, but many new faces grace the ballet, and the several clever specialties introduced are of a high order. **Palmer Cox's Brownies 28.**

Julia Marlowe Dec. 5.

At the Grand Opera House *Edwin Travers* in *A Jolly Night* was seen 21-26. The comedy is really good and keeps the audience in a continual laugh from the rise to the fall of the curtain. **Mr. Travers** is his co. are competent people, and the success is deserved. **Human Hearts 28. **Tim Murphy Dec. 5.****

The Olympic Theatre opened the season of 97-98 with a first-class dramatic attraction 21, and will henceforth give its patrons a change of bill weekly. **Fabio Romani** was presented on the opening night and drew a packed house at the popular figures of 18, 20, and 22 cents admission. **Busset so far has been very satisfactory. **Alden Benedict**, **Grace Hunter**, and **Olive West** are in the co. and do good work.**

J. MARSHALL QUINTERO.

CLEVELAND.

Thanksgiving week proved a bonanza for

Murray Comedy co., rehearsed the Elks Minstrels while here.

LOHASPORT.—DOLAN'S THEATRE (William Dolan, manager): Kathryn Kidder in Madame Sans Gene 18. Clay Clement and his company in A Southern Gentleman 19 to good business. Follen Among Thieves 20 to fair house. Nellie McHenry next.

BUNCE.—WHEELER'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE (H. R. Wheeler, manager): Nellie McHenry in A Night in New York 15 to fair house. Devil's Auction 16 to good house.

DECATUR.—ROSE'S OPERA HOUSE (J. W. Rose, manager): The Holden Comedy co. opened the new Opera House 6-13. Elks R. Spencer 18 in Julius Caesar; full house; support good. The new Opera House is on the ground floor, with a seating capacity of 100.

PORTLAND.—AUDITORIUM (Lindwood and Andrews, managers): Elks R. Spencer, supported by a good co., gave a satisfactory performance of Othello 18; fair attendance. Arlington Brothers Vanderville 20; topheavy house; poor performance.

SEBASTIAN.—UNION GRAND THEATRE (R. R. Turpin, manager): The Nancy Hawks Dec. 2.

LAFAYETTE.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (George Seeger, Jr., manager): My Friend from India 17; large audience; performance excellent. The Mystical Mr. Bugle 23. Go-Won-Go-Mohawk 24. Nellie McHenry 25. Madeline 27. The Prodigal Father Dec. 4.

WABASH.—HARTEN'S OPERA HOUSE (Alfred Harten, manager): Kathryn Kidder in Madame Sans Gene 18 to large and pleased audience. For Fair Virginia 23.

BRADY.—MCGREGOR OPERA HOUSE (C. O. Shultz, manager): The Captain of the Monarch 18, 19, co. including William Bonelli and Rose Stahl, exceedingly clever; large audience. Wildwood Stock co. 25-26.

HARTFORD CITY.—VAN CLEVE OPERA HOUSE (W. L. Van Cleave, manager): Elton's Comedians opened for a week in The Fatal Letter 22 to a record house; principals entirely satisfactory. Bessie Clifton, who is a great favorite here, made a big hit.

WINTERTON.—OPERA HOUSE (H. E. Rosborough, manager): Madame Sans Gene 18. The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown, booked for 20, closed but sent no notice. Larrigan's Ball 27. Warren Conlan Dec. 4-6.

COLUMBUS.—CRUMP'S THEATRE (R. F. Gottschalk, manager): Shanty Town to a crowded house 18; satisfactory performance. E. R. Spencer 24. A Boy Wanted Dec. 1. Gus Hill's World of Novelties 10.

PERU.—EMERICK'S OPERA HOUSE (F. G. Emerick, manager): Madame Sans Gene 17. My Friend from India 19; good business. For Fair Virginia; fair business. Larrigan's Ball 20.

CRAWFORDVILLE.—MUSIC HALL (Townley and Thomas, managers): The Schuman Concert co. 15; fair house; every one pleased. Nellie McHenry in A Night in New York 22; fair business; good performance. Elks R. Spencer 23, 27.

FRANKLIN.—NEW OPERA HOUSE (Martin and Woodsmall, managers): Elks R. Spencer 23 in Merchant of Venice; good business; excellent performance. A Boy Wanted 23. The Heart of Chicago Dec. 4.

ELKHART.—BUCKLEY OPERA HOUSE (David Carpenter, manager): Rose Hill English Folly co. 19; good house; excellent performance. Bonnie Scotland 24; deservedly large house. My Friend from India Dec. 2. Madame Sans Gene 6. Robert Mantell 13. Clay Clement 27.

ROCKVILLE.—OPERA HOUSE (D. Stoupe, manager): Elks R. Spencer 25. CARLISLE HALL (Charles Brothers, managers): Lovett's Boston Stock Dec. 2.

FRANKFORT.—COLUMBIA THEATRE (G. Y. Fowler, manager): Clay Clement in A Southern Gentleman 20 to large and pleased audience. Nellie McHenry in A Night in New York 23 pleased a good house. The Heart of Chicago 8. A Boy Wanted 15.

INDIAN TERRITORY.

MUSCOGEE.—TURNER'S OPERA HOUSE (N. E. G. Shepard, manager): Billy Griffin in A Thoroughbred 17 to well filled house, but did not give satisfaction. Uncle Josh Spruceby 22. A Night at the Circus 23. Chase-Lister co. Dec. 6-11.

SOUTH KALESTER.—CAPITAL OPERA HOUSE (Foltz and Johnson, managers): William L. Roberts and Olive Martin in Don Cesar de Bazan 22; good house; splendid performance. Thoroughbred 18; fair house; good performance.

IOWA.

DES MOINES.—FOSTER'S OPERA HOUSE (William Foster, manager): 182 17; performance not up to former productions. Ben Hur (local) did large business 18, 19. The Isle of Champagne, with Richard Golden and Katherine Germaine in the leads, did light business 20. Stuart Robinson 23. Captain Impudence 26, 27. Field's Minstrels 29. Ward and Vokes 30. GRAND OPERA HOUSE (William Foster, manager): The Captain's Mate to light business 19, 20; performance poor. Stuart Robinson 23 opened to good business; performance below average. A Paper City 25-27. Boston Continuous Vanderville 29 Dec. 4. ITEM: The Captain's Mate closed here 20. Alphonso Phillips is proprietor and manager.

COUNCIL BLUFFS.—DONAHY THEATRE (George N. Bowen, manager): A. Y. Pearson Stock co. 14-20, presenting The White Squadron, Police Patrol, The Land of the Midnight Sun, Midnight Alarm, The District Fair and other; fair business and good production. Warner Comedy co. opened week 21-26 with Mercie's Marriage to fair business; a pleasing feature of the entertainment is Miss Warner's serpentine dance. Al G. Field's Minstrels 27. U. T. C. 28. Robert Fitzsimmons Dec. 2. The Dazzler 3. Paper City 4. ITEM: Manager George N. Bowen returned the first part of the week from Excelsior Springs, Mo., much improved in health.

DAVENPORT.—BURTIS OPERA HOUSE (Chamberlain, Kindt and Co., managers): Robert Mantell in A Secret Warrant 17; performance greatly enjoyed. Faust Brothers co. 19, 20; light business. 182 was here 21. Madeline 22 pleased a small audience. The Isle of Champagne 25. Nellie McHenry 26. The Girl from Paris Dec. 2. Al G. Field's Minstrels 5. Listemann String Quartette 6. Hampton Roads 7, 8.

SHOUX CITY.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (A. B. Heall, manager): My Friend from India is pleased a large audience; John F. Ward and May Vokes shared honors. Davis Brothers U. T. C. 29 to the capacity. A. Y. Pearson's Stock co. opened for a week 22, presenting The White Squadron to a packed house.

GREENFIELD.—WARREN OPERA HOUSE (E. E. Warren, manager): Chicago Boy Quartette to fair house 19; performance good; audience pleased.

OTTUMWA.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (J. Frank Jersey, manager): The Isle of Champagne 22 to packed house.

OSKALOOSA.—MASONIC OPERA HOUSE (E. M. Fritz, manager): Lew Hall's Colored Minstrels 19, 20 to fair business. Al G. Field's White Minstrels 20.

MISSOURI VALLEY.—NEW THEATRE (William Harmon, manager): She 18 to fair business and gave satisfaction. Della Fringle opened 22 in Paradise Alley to good business; performance fair. A Paper City Dec. 6.

FAIRFIELD.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Louis Thomas, manager): Senter Payton Comedy co. opened a week's engagement 22 to S. R. O. She Dec. 3.

MARSHALLTOWN.—ODEON THEATRE (Ike C. Speers, manager): 182 appeared 18. Lumiere cinematographe 22 to small business. Si Plunkard 25. Widow Jones 30. Ward and Vokes Dec. 1. She 7. ITEM: Theatre (W. H. Evans, manager): Ida Fuller 22 to good business; Miss Fuller and her dances gave excellent satisfaction; rest of co. only fair.

BOONE.—PHIPPS OPERA HOUSE (Wiley, Phipps and Kirby, managers): Paul Caseneuve 15, 16 in The Three Guardsmen and Don Cesar de Bazan to light houses; entire satisfaction. Cinematographe 18-20; light houses. Agnes Carlton Phillips 23. John Dillon 26.

KEOKUK.—OPERA HOUSE (D. R. Craig, manager): Al G. Field's Negro Minstrels 17 to good business. Flo Irwin 27. Nellie McHenry Dec. 2. Edwin Milton Boyle and Helina Fetter 3. Bob Fitzsimmons 6 Secret Service 9.

DECATUR.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (B. B. Morse, manager): The Three Guardsmen 19; good business; excellent performance; co. will play a return engagement 22 producing Don Cesar de Bazan.

STEVENS'S OPERA HOUSE (George Higgins, manager): John Dillon 17; pleasing performance; full house. ITEM: President Ben Bar. of the Grand. will leave for Chicago 27.

CHARLES CITY.—HILDEBERT OPERA HOUSE (C. H. Hildebert, manager): Continuation to fair houses 15-17. Paul Caseneuve 24.

ALBION.—CALL OPERA HOUSE (Alexander White, manager): William H. Smith 20; good house. Ottumwa Male Quartette 23.

CEDAR RAPIDS.—GREEN'S OPERA HOUSE (John B. Henderson, manager): 182 18. The Isle of Champagne 23; fair house. Holden Comedy co. in White Slave and Alabama 25. Stuart Robinson in The Henrietta 26; large audience. The Girl from Paris Dec. 1. Ward and Vokes 2. Field's Minstrels 3. Rents-Santley co. 6. Nellie McHenry 9.

QUINCY.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (William T. Roehl, manager): Boston Continuous Vanderville co. 15-19; co. strong: The German Brewer and Rip Van Winkle were presented. Captain Impudence Dec. 1. Rents-Santley co. 2. Field's Minstrels 4. Nellie McHenry 7. Bob Fitzsimmons 10. Under the Red Robe 11.

BURLINGTON.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Chamberlain, Harrison and Co., managers): Ladies' Minstrels (local) 19; overhauling house. Madeline 23; moderate business; fine performance. Eunice Goodrich in repertoire 25-27. Edwin Rostell 29 Dec. 1. Al G. Field's Minstrels 2. Nellie McHenry 3.

ELDORA.—WINNER OPERA HOUSE (J. C. Crockett, manager): Ida Fuller 25.

KANSAS.

TOPEKA.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (O. T. Crawford, local manager): My Friend from India 15 proved uproariously funny; Fred Bond, John F. Ward, Helen Reimer, and May Vokes are a quartette of fun makers which it would be hard to equal. CRAWFORD'S OPERA HOUSE (O. T. Crawford, local manager): James Whitcomb Riley drew a good house 17 to hear him read from his own works. W. S. Hart 18, 19 pleased his old friends and made new ones by his fine acting in The Man in the Iron Mask and The Belle; support adequate. Constance Williams doing especially strong emotional work. Al G. Field's White Minstrels drew big houses 20 and a show strong in every line. Al Field, Billy Van, Ollie Young, Manager George Jones, the Cornelia Family, and "Doc" Quigley were pleasing features. Fitzsimmons' Specialty co. 22, 23. Gilmore and Leonard's Hogan's Alley 24. Corinne 25. Beach and Bowers' Minstrels 27. ITEM: James Whitcomb Riley was made quite a social lion during his stay. Myron B. Rice, the manager of My Friend from India, reports business so far excellent. The local Elks are very fond of Mr. Field, and tender him a reception annually, which is always an evening for all parties to remember with pleasure.

THOMAS R. HYATT.

EMPORIA.—WHITLEY OPERA HOUSE (H. C. Whitley, manager): Mackay Comic Opera co. 18, 19 in Said Paula and Chimes of Normandy; good performances; large audience. Corinne 24. Al G. Field's Minstrels Dec. 1. Heart of Chicago 3. Digby Bell 7. Thomas W. Keene 8.

PORT SCOTT.—DAVIDSON THEATRE (Harry C. Erlich, manager): Hogan's Alley 18; co. and house good.

WICHITA.—CRAWFORD GRAND OPERA HOUSE (E. L. Martling, manager): Ole Olson 18; good performance and good business. Al G. Field's Minstrels 19; satisfactory performance; good business. Corinne 23.

ATCHISON.—THEATRE (John Seaton, manager): The Isle of Champagne pleased a large audience 18. Ben Hur 22-24. Beach and Bowers 25.

OBERLIN.—OPERA HOUSE (C. J. Borin, manager): Blind Buons 17 to packed house; performance fair. Carleton and Lloyd's Comedians Dec. 6-11.

LYONS.—BUTLER'S OPERA HOUSE (Fred R. Lutz, manager): McCabe and Young's Black Trilby co. 18; good business, but failed to please. Nashville Students Dec. 4. Professor Howard's Dog and Pony Show 9. A Breezy Time 21.

LAWRENCE.—BOWEN'S OPERA HOUSE (J. D. Bowersock, proprietor): Helen Russell's English Sports did not give satisfaction 20; fair business. Hogan's Alley 24. Corinne 28.

LEAVENWORTH.—CRAWFORD'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE (M. R. Douvan, manager): Frank E. Lougee 14-20; good business. Al G. Field's Minstrels 21; performance excellent. Hogan's Alley 22. Bob Fitzsimmons 23. W. S. Hart 25, 28.

WINFIELD.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (T. B. Myers, manager): Sharpley's Lyceum Theatre co. opened 15-20 in repertoire, including A Celebrated Case, A Kentucky Thoroughbred, An American Girl, Camille, A Girl from Texas, and After the Ball, to good business. Thomas W. Keene Dec. 4.

JUNCTION CITY.—OPERA HOUSE (T. W. Dorn, manager): American Theatre co. 15-20 in Mabel Headly, Prisoners of War, Shadowed, David Garrick, and Kathleen; fair performances to poor business. Mackey Opera co., booked for 21, failed to appear. The Heart of Chicago 20. A. Y. Pearson Stock co. Dec. 6-11. A Paper City 17. ITEM: Owing to the serious illness of Mrs. Nelson, Nelson and McEntee's American Theatre co. closed here 20. Gipsy Barrington joined J. B. Rotner's Madison Square co. Jessica Webster Pond and Tom Loftus joined Sam Hunt's Dramatic co. Seymour Silver and Carl Frolich went to St. Joseph, Mo. H. Webb Chamberlain and wife will join the Paiges. Mr. and Mrs. Nelson remain here until Mrs. Nelson is able to travel.

HUTCHINSON.—OPERA HOUSE (W. A. Lee, manager): Head and Westland's Players 15-20; fair business and pleased audience. ITEM: Cleo Benoit, leading lady, became very ill Tuesday evening and audience was diminished. The co. was joined here by Harry Choate and Mattie Choate.

ARKANSAS CITY.—FIFTH AVENUE OPERA HOUSE (Frank J. Hess, manager): Ole Olson 17 to a big house; performance first-class. Professor House 22-27.

PARSONS.—OPERA HOUSE (O. P. M. Wiley, manager): A Night at the Circus 15 gave satisfaction to a filled house. Helen Russell's Robin Hood, Jr., co. 19 to good business. Chase-Lister co. opened 22 in Harvest to a packed house. Al G. Field's Minstrels 28. Corinne Dec. 7.

GREAT BEND.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Captain Lewis, manager): A Black Trilby 19 to good business; performance not satisfactory. M. B. Curtis 24.

WELLINGTON.—WOOD'S OPERA HOUSE (Ada M. Black, manager): Black Trilby 25. Thomas Keene Dec. 6. AUDITORIUM (Charles J. Humphrey, manager): Robert Nourse lectured 17 to a fair house.

PITTSBURG.—OPERA HOUSE (W. W. Bell, manager): Chase-Lister co. 15-20; fair houses and co. Al G. Field's Colored Minstrels 27.

OTTAWA.—THE ROBERTSON (Charles H. Ridgway, manager): W. S. Hart 15 in The Man in the Iron Mask; excellent performance; owing to inclement weather co. played to small audience. Corinne 20.

KENTUCKY.

ITT. STERLING.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Tudor and O'Connell, managers): Kismet 20. H. V. Moore, lecturer, 20. ITEM: A Baggage Check, billed for 24, failed to arrive, said to be due to pecuniary embarrassment. Their paper has been lying in the express office for several weeks with expressage due upon it. The advance man for the co. was here the latter part of last week endeavoring to get the management to have paper released, which they refused to do; consequently the co. failed to appear.

FULTON.—VENUS OPERA HOUSE (R. Paschall, manager): The Heart of Chicago 16 to the largest house of the season; performance good.

LEXINGTON.—OPERA HOUSE (Charles Scott, manager): Baldwin-Melville Comedy co. closed a week's engagement 20; house was filled every night; performances excellent. A Baggage Check 25 to small house; performance poor.

ASHLAND.—THE ASHLAND (W. Meinhardt, manager): McNulty's Visit 24.

FRANKFORT.—CAPITAL OPERA HOUSE (John L. Scott, Jr., manager): A Baggage Check 19; poor business; performance good. Al Donnan's Big Show booked for 20 did not appear. New York Male Quartette 23. Kismet 24.

DANVILLE.—OPERA HOUSE (C. T. Veach, manager): Fremont Comedy co. in repertoire 15-20 to small business. Lyceum Comedy co. Dec. 6. ITEM: May Randall and Isabel Roso will join Fremont co. at Knoxville.

OWENSBORO.—NEW TEMPLE THEATRE (Pedley

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WASHINGTON
STREET,
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and Burch, managers: A Baggage Check 17; small house; performance good. Schuman Orchestra 27. The Man from Mexico 29. Otis Skinner Dec. 2. Wilton Lackaye 11.

WINCHESTER.—OPERA HOUSE (William Miller, manager): The Prodigal Father 22; good house; poor performance. Kismet 27.

ALLENVILLE.—OPERA HOUSE (Glass and Carvell, managers): Will Allen Dromgoolle 23.

LOUISIANA.

SHREVEPORT.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Leon M. Carter, manager): Fitz and Webster in A Breezy Time 17. Polk Miller 20. Both to good houses. Woodford Dramatic co. 23-27. The Captain of the Nonsuch 29.

LAKE CHARLES.—OPERA HOUSE (H. B. Milligan, manager): Quarantine permitting, season will open 29 with Edwin Travers in A Jolly Night. Fabio Romani Dec. 1. Metropolitan Comedy co. 23. Manhattan 5, 6.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.—THE JEFFERSON (Fay Brothers and Hooford, managers): The Wizard of the Nile 20 was enjoyed by a big house. Blue Jeans 22, 23 to good business. Joseph Callahan and Marion Ballou, Peak's Island favorites, headed the cast and were warmly received. Tony Hart in The Tarrytown Widow to capacity 24, 25. Banda Rossa 27. FORTLAND THEATRE (Charles C. Takebury, manager): Lillian Kennedy in The Deacon's Daughter 19, 20; attendance good. Gayest Manhattan 25 to S. R. O. The Germans in Mr. Beane from Boston 28, 27. ITEM: Miss Ballou, of the Blue Jeans co., was entertained after the performance 22 by the Shell Club, of Peak's Island.

BANGOR.—OPERA HOUSE (F. A. Ower, manager): The Wizard of the Nile 18; house packed; performance enjoyable. Blue Jeans 20 pleased two good audiences. Gayest Manhattan 22-23; good business; capable co. James B. Mackie, booked for 25, canceled.

BATH.—CASINO OPERA HOUSE (C. A. Shultz, manager): The Heart of Chicago 23; fair house; excellent satisfaction.

MARYLAND.

CUMBERLAND.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (Mellinger Brothers, lewes and managers): Widow Bedott 25. A Contented Woman 28. Eight Bells Dec. 2. Devil's Auction 7.

FREDERICK.—CITY OPERA HOUSE (P. E. Long, manager): The Boston Symphony Orchestra to large audience 19. 8 Bells Dec. 4.

HAVRE DE GRACE.—CITY OPERA HOUSE (J. H. Arent, manager): Horace Ewing in The Widow Bedott drew small house 24; play and specialties poor.

ROBERTSTOWN.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (Charles M. Fletcher, manager): Louise H. Orndorf concert delighted a large audience 18. Jean Reynolds 25-27. Mozart Symphony Club 30.

MASSACHUSETTS.

SPRINGFIELD.—GILMORE'S COURT SQUARE THEATRE (W. C. Lenoir, manager): Roland Reed in A Man of Ideas gathered a large audience 19. Stetson's U. T. C. drew two good houses 20; co. adequate, but the play has been seen here before. Joe Ott and his happy family gave The Star Gazer again 22 to fair business. His manager, having a new play built for him, The Sunshine of Paradise Alley to three good houses 25, 26; co. excellent. Ellen Mortimer as Sunshine is far ahead of any of her predecessors. John Walsh, John D. Griffin, Mrs. Charles Peters, and H. W. Frillman cannot be improved upon. The singing of Thomas Clifford created great enthusiasm. The Wizard of the Nile 27. Margaret Mather 29. Gayest Manhattan 30. Fanny Rice Dec. 2. Kate Claxton 4. Under the Red Robe 7. Never Again 9. Hogan's Alley 10.

EDWIN DWIGHT.

LOWELL.—OPERA HOUSE (Fay Brothers and Hooford, managers): Waite's Opera co. finished a successful week 20, ending the engagement to S. R. O. The Germans in Mr. Beane from Boston 22 was a disappointment; business poor. The Wizard of the Nile 23 to fair-sized house. Banda Rossa 24 gave two fine concerts. Joseph Murphy 25. Fanny Rice 26, 27. Katherine Rober 29 Dec. 4. MUSIC HALL (W. H. Brady, manager): William Jerome's Herald Square Comedians in A Day from New York 18-20 drew splendid houses. Wood Sister, Burlesque co. 22-24 to poor business. The Fast Mail 25-27. Katie Rooney 29 Dec. 1. Rice and Barton's Extravaganza co. 24. Edward C. Barrett was granted a licence 25 to open a zoological museum in Urban Hall.

NORTHAMPTON.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (William H. Todd, manager): Ullie Akerton closed a week's engagement to good house 20 with A Prisoner of Fate. Pay Train 25. Sunshine of Paradise Alley 27.

FALL RIVER.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (William J. Wiley, manager): Katherine Rober closed a week's engagement 20. Miss Rober was unable to play Saturday, having contracted blood poisoning in the hip through grease paint. Patent Applied for 22, 23 did a light business. Welsh Prize Singers 23 to big business. The Wolves of New York was the Thanksgiving attraction, and played to the usual big audiences. Oliver Byron 29 Dec. 1. Chimie Fadden 2. Lillian Kennedy 3, 4.

LAWRENCE.—OPERA HOUSE (A. L. Grant, manager): Alma Chester closed a week's engagement 20; business good. Dr. J. C. Bowker gave an illustrated lecture on Spain 22 to a large house. The Banda Rossa gave an excellent concert to a fair audience 23. The Fast Mail 24 to medium business. The Germans 25. Blue Jeans 27. Manola-Mason 29. New York Day by Day Dec. 2.

MILFORD.—MUSIC HALL (H. E. Morgan, manager): Joseph Greene co. 20-27 in The Silver King. Through Russia's Snow or Banished to Siberia. The Westerner. A Plain Old Irishman. Lend Me Your Wife, and From Hags to Riches.

NORTH ADAMS.—COLUMBIA OPERA HOUSE (W. P. Meade, manager): Burt Haverly and Laura Biggar in A Railroad Ticket 20 gave satisfaction to a good audience. The Tarrytown Widow to fair audience 22. World, Keller and Mack in Town Topics 24 created a favorable impression. Dore Davidson and Ramie Austen in Guilty Without

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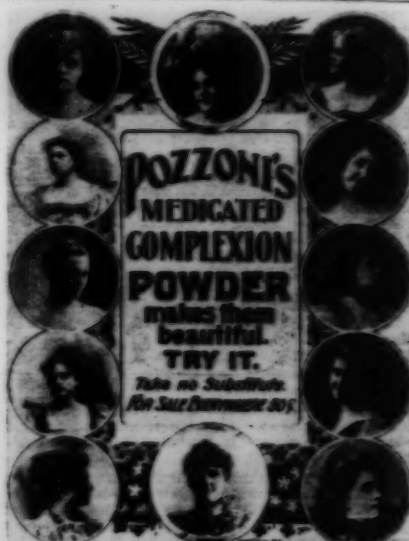
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Crime 25; strong co.; attendance good. Joseph Murphy (return date) 25.—Wilson Opera House (W. P. Manda, manager): Dark.

WALTHAM.—PARK THEATRE (Edward Davenport, manager): House dark (except for local production) 25. James R. Mackie, billed for 19, canceled. Union Opera co. (local) 25 Dec. 1. The Germans 19. Ullie Ahernstrom 25 Dec. 4.

WORCESTER.—THEATRE (James P. Rock, manager): A Contented Woman drew nearly the capacity of the house 17. The feature was the appearance of Faith Morris, a Worcester girl, who acquitted herself well in a dramatic role. The Circus Girl 19. 20. James J. Corbett played a house full of his admirers 22 in A Naval Cadet. Waite Comedy co. 25 Dec. 4.—Loring's Opera House (Alfred T. Wilton, manager): Peck's Bad Boy proved attractive and profitable 18-20. Thomas K. Shea had a large holiday week with The Man-of-War's Man 22-27. Ullie Ahernstrom 25 Dec. 4.

BRISTOL.—CITY THEATRE (W. B. Cross, manager): James R. Mackie canceled date 17. Katherine Hober co. opened for a week to crowded house 25, presenting Dixie. The Wolves of New York 3. Margaret Mather 4. Lillian Kennedy 6. Never Again 8.

LYNN.—THEATRE (Dodge and Harrison, managers): Katie Emmett in The Waits of New York 19 pleased fair business. Little Jack Horner 20 canceled. Waite's Opera co. 22-25; co. and business excellent. Bon Ton Berliozers 18-20; performance and business good. The Wolves of New York 25 Dec. 1.

NEW BEDFORD.—THEATRE (William B. Cross, manager): The Germans in Mr. Boone from New York 18; fair audience; co. good. Banda Roma 20; small but delighted audience. Sawtelle Dramatic co. 22-25; large houses; performances satisfactory.

ITEM: Mrs. William R. Swift (Madame Dotti), formerly of this city, has been visiting friends here.

PLYMOUTH.—DAVIS OPERA HOUSE (Perry and Carver, managers): Banda Roma to S. R. O. 19. Mills Stock co. 25 Dec. 4.

GREENFIELD.—OPERA HOUSE (Thomas L. Lawler, manager): Professor Dunbar, magician, played a large audience 19. Joe Hart in The Tarrytown Widow 20; first-class co.; large audience. The Sunshine of Paradise Alley 29. Temple Quartette 3.

TURNERS FALLS.—COLLEGE OPERA HOUSE (Fred Colby, manager): Station's U. T. C. 19; excellent. Dec. 1. Living pictures 2, 3.

PITTSFIELD.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (Maurice Callahan, manager): A Railroad Ticket 22; good house; performance excellent. Town Topics 23; small house; performance fair. Alabama 25. U. T. C. 27. The Wizard of the Nile 29.

AMHERST.—OPERA HOUSE (Collins and Bagley, managers): The Walking Delegate 25; large and pleased audience. John Rogers, Madame Mason Dec. 1.

SPRINGFIELD.—OPERA HOUSE (Thomas E. Condon, manager): Wares Opera co. in Zanita (return engagement) 25.

PITTSBURGH.—WHITNEY OPERA HOUSE (J. R. Oldfield, manager): Katie Emmett in The Waits of New York 20; good business. The Maid of Marblehead 27.

WESTFIELD.—OPERA HOUSE (Clarence Van Dusen, manager): Station's U. T. C. 22; fair business, mat. and evening 8. R. O. The Pay Train 27.

CHILSEA.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (Patrick and Rensler, managers): Joe Ott in The Star Gazer 18; good house. The Walking Delegate 17; good house. The Pay Train 25; fair house. Alma Chester 22-27.

MICHIGAN.

GRAND RAPIDS.—POWERS' (O. Stair, manager): The three nights' engagement of At Piney Ridge ended successfully 17. Humanity 19-20 was not well received. Rose O'Neal, Alice Irving, and J. P. Collins were conspicuous for good work. Heart's Secret Service 23, 24. The Prisoner of Zenda 25. Madame Sans Gene 26, 27.—GRAND (O. Stair, manager): People were turned away 18-20, when Black Pettit's Troubadours sang themselves into great favor. Clifton and Hurlbut's Minstrels drew as much money as they earned 23-24. The performance was weak, with the exception of Sally and Madame Everett, and the Carriers, whose specialties were interesting. Gus Hill's Novelties 25-27.

KALAMAZOO.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (R. A. Bush, proprietor and manager): Secret Service 20; hardly up to standard. My Friend from India 23; fair business; good co.; excellent performance. Madame Sans Gene 25. The Prisoner of Zenda 26. Gus Hill's Novelties 27.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (J. K. Chase, proprietor and manager): Clifton and Hurlbut's Minstrels 19; poor performance; good specialties. Cherry Sisters 23; light house. A Stag Party 25.

ADRIAN.—NEW CROWELL OPERA HOUSE (C. D. Hardy, manager): J. E. Toole in Killarney and the Rhine 22; small house and did not make a very favorable impression. Frederick Ward in Iskander 23; large house. Clay Clement Dec. 4.

BOWLING GREEN.—BOWLING GREEN THEATRE (W. E. Leckie, manager): Kathryn Kidder in Madame Sans Gene 23; large house. Gus Hill's World of Novelties 26.

LANSING.—BAIRD'S OPERA HOUSE (James J. Baird, manager): Frederick Ward canceled on short notice 18. Robert G. Ingersoll lectured before a large audience 23. The Prisoner of Zenda 24. 1. Madame Sans Gene 4. 2. The Prisoner of Zenda 5. 3. The Prisoner of Zenda 6. 4. The Prisoner of Zenda 7. 5. The Prisoner of Zenda 8. 6. The Prisoner of Zenda 9. 7. The Prisoner of Zenda 10. 8. The Prisoner of Zenda 11. 9. The Prisoner of Zenda 12. 10. The Prisoner of Zenda 13. 11. The Prisoner of Zenda 14. 12. The Prisoner of Zenda 15. 13. The Prisoner of Zenda 16. 14. The Prisoner of Zenda 17. 15. The Prisoner of Zenda 18. 16. The Prisoner of Zenda 19. 17. The Prisoner of Zenda 20. 18. The Prisoner of Zenda 21. 19. The Prisoner of Zenda 22. 20. The Prisoner of Zenda 23. 21. The Prisoner of Zenda 24. 22. The Prisoner of Zenda 25. 23. The Prisoner of Zenda 26. 24. The Prisoner of Zenda 27. 25. The Prisoner of Zenda 28. 26. The Prisoner of Zenda 29. 27. The Prisoner of Zenda 30. 28. 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Charles Smith, manager; Joseph Jefferson 18; large house. Hilda and Canfield in My Boys 23 to good house. The Heart of Chicago 24; fair house. Stetson's U. T. C. 2. Pudd'nhead Wilson 23. Shore Acres Dec. 2.

BRIDGEPORT.—STAGE OPERA HOUSE (J. P. E. Clark, manager): Joseph Jefferson in Cricket on the Hearth and Lead Me Five Shillings to S. R. O. 18. Lewis Morris in Faust and The Master of Ceremonies 18. George Richards and Eugene Canfield in My Boys 23 to good house. 23. Barney Ferguson and Sam J. Ryan in McCarthy's Mishaps were fairly well received 24. A Romance of Com Hollow 25. Shore Acres 27. Primrose and West's Minstrels 28. **BIJOU THEATRE** (A. A. Fenway, manager): Al. Reeves' Big Show pleased fair house 18-20. Harry Plummer's Minstrels drew light business and gave fair satisfaction 22-24. New York Varieties 25-27. The White Elephant Extravaganza co. 28 Dec. 1.

ALBANY.—HARMONY THEATRE (Woodward and Voyer, managers): The First Born 23. **LELAND OPERA HOUSE** (C. H. Smith, manager): A co. headed by Pauline Hall attracted large houses 18-20. The co. included Lawson and Ward, George Howard, C. T. Adrich, Margaret May and Edward McWade, Otello, William Henry Rice, Grace Emmett, C. G. Gilmore, and Halliday. A Romance of Com Hollow by a fair co. 22-24 to good business. Town Topics opened at the matinee 25 and will stay till 27. Mlle. An's Merry Monarchs 28. **ITEMS:** The air is full of rumors relative to a new theatre, and it is said the site has been selected, but nothing definite is known at present. Mentioning changes and improvements are being made at Harmony Theatre, tending to make it more suitable. Manager Fred F. Proctor paid Resident Manager Smith of the Leland, an unexpected visit 19, and found everything about the theatre in good shape.

ROCHESTER.—LYCORN THEATRE (A. E. Wolf, manager): Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon in A Coat of Many Colors before large audience 22-23. James O'Connell in Monte Cristo, Virginia, and The Dead Heart 25-27; attendance large and enthusiastic. The First Born 28, 30. Henry Miller Dec. 1, 2. Dr. Nugent 3. **COOK OPERA HOUSE** (S. S. Shubert, manager): Gilmore and Leonard's Hogan's Alley pleased big houses 22-24. The Span of Life 25-27 attracted large houses and gave satisfaction. **ACADEMY OF MUSIC** (Louis C. Cook, manager): Barrington, the magician, entertained fair audience 22-24. The American Girl before fine house 25-27 was well received.

SARATOGA SPRING.—THEATRE SARATOGA (Sherlock and Stiers, managers): Zephra (local) 24 drew a large and enthusiastic audience. It will be repeated 25, 27. Notwithstanding disagreeable weather A Breezy Time 25 drew big business; specialties clever; co. excellent. **TOWN'S HALL** (Thomas Leonard, manager): The firm of Leonard and Eddy has been dissolved, Frank K. Eddy retiring. The theatrical business house will be conducted hereafter by Mr. Leonard. No change will be made in the attaches of the house. Manager Leonard has already secured some excellent attractions and expects to do good business the rest of the season. Mlle. An's Monarchs Dec. 18.

WELLSVILLE.—BALDWIN'S THEATRE (E. A. Baldwin, manager): Lacey's dramatic recitals 22; light house; performance good.

WAVERLY.—OPERA HOUSE (J. K. Murdoch, manager): A Trip to the Circus 23; large and pleased audience. Daniel Sully Dec. 4.

ONEIDA.—MUNROE OPERA HOUSE (E. J. Preston, manager): Professor Turner lecture 19. The Passion Play, drew a large audience. The Heartstone 20 pleased a small house. Breaking His Bonds 24 (local) to good business. Tremont Quartette 26. Bates Brothers' Comedy co. 29 Dec. 4. A Breezy Time 6. Confederate Spy (local) 7.

CORTLAND.—OPERA HOUSE (Wallace and Gilmore, managers): A Railroad Ticket 18 gave splendid satisfaction to large house. Clair Tuttle Comedy co. booked for week of 22, depending after giving a poor performance on the opening night. Benefit entertainments for members of Clair Tuttle co. after-noon and evening 23. Dan Sully Dec. 4.

JAMESTOWN.—ALLEN'S OPERA HOUSE (H. F. Allen, manager): House dark 22-23, owing to several co. closing their season. Washburn's Minstrels 20. Shore Acres Dec. 3. Pudd'nhead Wilson 7.

AUBURN.—BURTON OPERA HOUSE (E. S. Newton, manager): Clay Fitzgerald in The Foundling 19. A Coat of Many Colors filled the house 25; audience enthusiastic and co. one of the best. Shore Acres pleased a good audience 24. The Heart of Chicago to two big houses 25.

FISKEILL ON HUDSON.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (C. and G. Peattie, managers): The Widow Bedott 19; poor performance to small house. Daniel Sully gave a satisfactory performance of O'Brien the Contractor to fair house 22. The Tornado 25. Com Hollow Dec. 2.

LYONS.—MEMORIAL HALL (John Mills, manager): Clay Fitzgerald in The Foundling 23; poor performance. The Heart of Chicago 25. Under the Dome Dec. 2.

AMSTERDAM.—OPERA HOUSE (George McClempa, manager): Andrew Mack 19. Wilson's Comedy co. to big business 22-23, giving satisfaction. Town Topics 30. Hogan's Alley Dec. 2. Banda Roma 7. Stetson's U. T. C. 8. Wang 9.

PORT JERVIS.—OPERA HOUSE (Jacob Kadle, manager): Spear Comedy co. 15-22; splendid business, playing Royal Slave, Only A Jay, Monte Cristo, Crime Shadowed, Faust, Nolle Revente, Ivan's Oath, and Fanchon.

ST. VERNON.—PEOPLE'S OPERA HOUSE (P. J. Ring, manager): London Gayety Girls 22. Golden Rod Minstrels 23. Snowdrops in refined minstrelsy 24.

NEWBURGH.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (F. M. Taylor, manager): Joe Hart in The Turtletown Widow 19 pleased a good audience. Veriscope postponed. The First Born 24 to very light business. Duff Opera co. in Shamus O'Brien 25; packed house; poor satisfaction. **HALL'S.**—Baldy, hypnotist, and a vaudeville co. to good business 25-27.

OWEGO.—WILSON OPERA HOUSE (J. D. Hutchison, manager): Bates Brothers' Comedy co. closed a week 20 to fair business, giving pleasing performance. Richards and Canfield in My Boys 24 to good business; audience amused. White Elephant Extravaganza co. failed to appear. U. T. C. Dec. 11. Daniel Sully 12 (return date). The Land of the Living 8. Banda Roma 10. A Breezy Time 11.

KINGSTON.—OPERA HOUSE (C. V. Du Bois, manager): Daniel Sully in O'Brien the Contractor 25; S. R. O.; performance good. The Girl from Paris 30. **ACADEMY OF MUSIC** (C. D. Carter, manager): Veriscope of Corbett and Fitzsimmons fight 19, 20 drew large audiences.

DANVILLE.—HUCKMAN OPERA HOUSE (L. H. Heckman, manager): The Heart of Chicago 22 to good and pleased audience. A Trip to the Circus 25 to good business; performance poor.

COMES.—OPERA HOUSE (E. C. Gamo, manager): Alberto Concert co. 25; fair business; good co. **ITEM:** Mr. Williams does not intend to rebuild the theatre recently burned down, as he has leased the ground for manufacturing purposes.

PORT EDWARD.—BRADLEY OPERA HOUSE (M. H. Bradley, manager): A Breezy Time 24; fair business; performance excellent. Nothing booked for two weeks.

YONKERS.—MUSIC HALL (W. J. Bright, manager): Wang 19; small house; co. fair. Corse Payton co. 22-27. Com Hollow 30.

NORTH CAROLINA.

RALEIGH.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (Crawford and Pence, managers): Kronberg Concert co. delighted a good audience 17. Human Hearts 18 to small business; co. good. Veriscope of Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight to a fair house 19. Hartsreiter Concert co. 20. Fields and Minstrels Dec. 1. Dr. Wolf Hopper 9. **METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE** (George D. Moore, manager): The Merry Makers 29 Dec. 4. The Lees 13 18.

GREENSBORO.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (W. J. Blackburn, manager): Frank B. Rhodes' Merry Makers opened 23 for three nights; good houses; performance satisfactory. Woodward-Warren co. 29 Dec. 4. Daniel Kelly 13, 14.

DURHAM.—OPERA HOUSE (Mallory and Hackney, managers): Woodward-Warren co. 15-20; good co.; fine business. Kronberg Concert co. 27. Fields and Minstrels 30. Rhodes' Merry Makers Dec. 3.

WILMINGTON.—OPERA HOUSE (S. A. Schom, manager): The Arnold-Wells Players in repertoire

22-27; first night S. R. O., but rest of week to fair business only. Lewis Morris 29.

CHARLOTTE.—OPERA HOUSE (Nat Gray, manager): Human Hearts 18; poor business; excellent performance. Brady's veriscope 23; poor business.

NORTH DAKOTA.

FARGO.—OPERA HOUSE (C. P. Walker, manager): Katie Putnam in Tom Tinker's Kid 16; good business. Miss Putnam was well received, but her support was poor, except J. W. Steadish, Mathews and Bulger in At Gay Coney Island 18 to capacity of theatre; receipts \$725; co. competent. The Pulse of New York 23. The Gay Matinee Girl 25. A Milk White Flag 27. Maximilian Dick 30. Sowing the Wind Dec. 1. Paul Caxeneuve 3, 4. Jane Combs 13. The Woman in Black 15. **ITEM:** The theatre has ordinance is now in force here.

ALABAMA.

GRAPTON.—OPERA HOUSE (W. W. Robertson, manager): The Pulse of New York 18 amused a good house. Sanford Dodge, supported by a good co. 19 to S. R. O.; co. booked for return engagement.

GRAND FORKS.—METROPOLITAN THEATRE (E. J. Lander, manager): Katie Putnam in Tom Tinker's Kid 16 to fair business. Mathews and Bulger in At Gay Coney Island played to a crowded house 17; receipts, \$491. Pulse of New York 23. Milk White Flag 25. Gay Matinee Girl 30. Sowing the Wind Dec. 1.

JAMESTOWN.—OPERA HOUSE (E. P. Wells, manager): Katie Putnam in Tom Tinker's Kid 16; large audience; performance fair. Bert Weston scored a hit. Gordon, the hypnotist, closed a three nights' engagement 20; light business, but was deserving of better, as performances were excellent.

BISMARCK.—ATHENS THEATRE (Professor Gordon, hypnotist, booked for 22-24, gave a miserable performance to a poor house 22 and canceled the two following nights. Robert Eli's Vaudeville co. 27.

OHIO.

DAYTON.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Harry E. Feicht, manager): Secret Service 18. **PARK THEATRE** (Harry E. Feicht, manager): A Hot Old Time 18-20; S. R. O.; large audience and introduces a number of pleasing and novel specialties, among the number being Bernard Dyllin, Washburn Sisters, John C. Leach, and Johnny Ray and Frank Lalor. Sam Devere's co. 22-24; while some specialties in the olio were fair the whole performance was marred by an afterpiece, The Peep O' Day Club. The Sidewalks of New York, Frette and Sargent, among the number being Bernard Dyllin, Washburn Sisters, John C. Leach, of a Hot Old Time co., played a double engagement on the evening of 18, having appeared in their respective specialties at the Grand Opera House at the close of the regular performance at the Park Theatre. The world of Novelties, which appear at the Park Theatre 25-27, were in the city the first half of the week without an engagement.

J. W. WEIDNER.

COLUMBUS.—GREAT SOUTHERN THEATRE (Lee M. Boda, general manager; Ad F. Miller, business manager): The Arion Club, with Antoinette Trebell as soloist, and Monte Cristo, Virginia, and The Heart to splendid business 19, 20; support good, but the last-named play did not please. The Wedding Day, with Della Fox, Lillian Russell, and Jeff D'Angeli, to S. R. O.; the excellent co. did much to redeem the poor book and music; besides the principals William Frette and Sargent, who are deserving of mention. Modjeska 23, 25. Hearts 26, 27. Clay Clement 29 Dec. 1. Keller 24. **GRAND OPERA HOUSE** (Lee M. Boda, general manager; Robert A. Evans, business manager): This newly remodeled house was opened 23 by the Neil Stock co. in The District Attorney to a splendid house; with the exception of the first act, which deserves the highest praise for his excellent work, does also Herschel Mayall; the house was filled and curtain calls were frequent. Captain Swift will be the bill next week. **HIGH STREET THEATRE** (Alfred Owen, manager): The Gay Masqueraders 18-20 did fair business; co. seemed to please. Wilbur Opera co. opened for a week 22 to good business. City Sports 29 Dec. 1. McSorley's Twins 24. **ITEM:** The staff of the new Grand is as follows: Lee M. Boda, general manager; Robert Evans, business manager; Edward Fix, treasurer; S. N. Cook, press agent; J. S. Snyder, musical director; Harry Leigh, stage machinist; W. A. Fookes, properties; Claude Miller, advertising agent, and Clarence Miller, chief usher.

AKRON.—ASSEMBLY THEATRE (W. G. Robinson, manager): Carroll and Johnson's Minstrels 25. Onzo and Stewart Family 26, 27. The Gibneys 29 Dec. 4 canceled. Al. Reeves' Burlesque co. 4. **GRAND OPERA HOUSE** (W. A. Robinson, manager): Blaisdell and Brown's Empire Stock co. in A Soldier's Secret, A Dashing Widow, and The Macco of the Mine 18-20; co. poor; audience small. Andrews' Opera co. 22, 23 in Martha and Bohemian Girl; performances excellent; houses filled. Marion Ivel, contralto, has a very fine voice; she received several encores. Mrs. Fiske in Tess of the D'Urbervilles 24; performance excellent; large and appreciative audience. The entire co. is very strong and deserves praise. Mrs. Fiske is a finished actress; she is ably assisted by Forrest Robinson. Mrs. Fiske responded very graciously to several curtain calls. Morrison's Faust 25. Mrs. B. Booth 26. J. E. Toole 27. Daniel R. Ryan 29 Dec. 4. **ITEM:** Akron Lodge No. 363, E. P. O. E., gave a dinner to about 400 newboys and newboys and their families.

TOLEDO.—VALENTINE THEATRE (L. M. Boda, manager): James O'Neill presented The Dead Heart to good house 18. Theodore Thomas 19 to slim house. The Wedding Day 23, 24, with Lillian Russell, Della Fox, and D'Angeli, proved to be the biggest event of the season; houses were packed to the doors; performances satisfactory. **PEOPLE'S THEATRE** (S. W. Brady, A. Dashing Widow, and The Macco 18-20 were satisfactory; business good. Gus Hill's co. to good business 23-24.

SANDUSKY.—NIELSEN OPERA HOUSE (Charles Baetz, manager): Professor Bartrael, spiritualist, pleased a fair audience 21. Brooke's Chicago Marine Band rendered an excellent programme to a delighted audience 23. A Boy Wanted 25. Keller 27. Madeleine Dec. 1.

NEWCASTLE.—CITY OPERA HOUSE (I. S. Loos, manager): Imperial Welsh Quartette 25.

YOUNGSTOWN.—OPERA HOUSE (Eugene Book, manager): Book Comedy co. 18-20 to good business; Joseph Ketter deserves commendation. Mrs. Fiske as Tess of the D'Urbervilles 22 to full house; a remarkable performance.

FREMONT.—OPERA HOUSE (Heim and Haynes, managers): A Boy Wanted 24. Veriscope Dec. 1, 2.

URBANA.—MARKET SQUARE THEATRE (H. H. Williams, manager): Russell's Comedians 25. O'Grady's Election 25. **ITEM:** Alonzo Williams, principal slide trombone player for several seasons, and Ida Daniels, both of Urbana, were recently married here.

CHILLICOTHE.—MASONIC OPERA HOUSE (E. S. Robinson, manager): O'Hooligan's Wedding 18; fair performance; house filled. Charles Cochran Dec. 2. Mr. and Mrs. Russ Whylal 6.

ELYRIA.—OPERA HOUSE (W. H. Park, manager): A Boy Wanted 18; good business and co. Hazel Kirke (local) 25. Kelly and Mason 30.

CAMBRIDGE.—HAMMOND'S OPERA HOUSE (R. Hammond, manager): Ferguson and Emerick in Mc-Nulty's Visit 19; fair attendance; performance a disappointment.

NEW LEXINGTON.—SMITH'S OPERA HOUSE (T. J. Smith, manager): O'Hooligan's Wedding 22; fair business; pleased audience; specialties of Lena Johns, Jennie Fowler, and George West worthy of mention. Frankie Earl 25. Till Family Concert co. 29.

GREENVILLE.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Sherman and Dorman, managers): Thompson's veriscope 15 to S. R. O. Ramsey, Shafer and Clark in A Picnic Party 29 seemed to please a fair house. Arlington Brothers 25-27. The Prodigal Father 30. **ITEM:** The Whitney Brothers are here to spend Thanksgiving with their father.

MANSFIELD.—MEMORIAL OPERA HOUSE (E. R. Endly, manager): Van Dyke-Eaton co. 15-20 to fair business; not giving satisfaction. Madame Clio Dec. 1. Sum lecture 22. Local Minstrels 23 to a large audience. Madeleine Dec. 2. Al. Reeves' Burlesque co. 3. Darkest Russia 6. Jennie Mae Hall 7-11.

LOGAN.—RENFEL'S OPERA HOUSE (Fred A. Kuppe,

manager): Queen City Band 17; business fair; good business. G. O. Gage's Big Show Dec. 9.

LANCASTER.—CHESTNUT STREET OPERA HOUSE (Mrs. McNeill, manager): O'Hooligan's Wedding 20; satisfactory performance; fair audience. Judge Alfred Gibson, lecture, 20. Miss Henrietta Weber, musical recital, 20. Russell's Comedians Dec. 3.

NAPOLEON.—OPERA HOUSE (J. A. Muser, manager): Morton's Entertainers 18-20; fair houses; audience satisfied.

MIDDLETOWN.—SONG OPERA HOUSE (W. L. Dechant, manager): The Man from Mexico 22 to small audience.

SPRINGFIELD.—BLACK'S OPERA HOUSE (Samuel Waldman, manager): Secret Service 17. Devil's Auction 20; good business. Madeleine 24. A Boy Wanted Dec. 1.

TROY.—OPERA HOUSE (D. L. Lee, manager): Veriscope of Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight 18; full house. Ramsey, Shafer and Clark's Fun Makers 18, 19 to good business; performance mediocre.

WADSWORTH.—OPERA HOUSE (J. F. DeWetter, manager): Leland's Faust 17; good business; co. first-class. J. E. Toole 23. Cinematograph Dec. 6, 8.

KENTON.—DICKSON'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Harry Dickson, manager): Sharp's co. 25-27.

GALLIPOLIS.—ARIEL OPERA HOUSE (T. N. Cowden, manager): Morrison's Faust 18. Mc-Nulty's Visit, with Ferguson and Emerick, 23; fair house.

UNIONSVILLE.—CITY OPERA HOUSE (Elvin and Van Ostran, managers): Rantrow's Comedy co. 15-20; good business. Faust 21.

EAST LIVERPOOL.—NEW GRAND JAMES NORRIS, manager: Daniel Ryan co. 22-27, presenting My Partner, Lost Paradise, and Jim the Penman to full houses, giving satisfaction.

SALEM.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Elliott and Geiger, managers): Keller 18 and a full house; excellent satisfaction. Morrison's Faust 24. Rock's Players 29 Dec. 4. Shore Acres 16.

NEWARK.—MEMORIAL AUDITORIUM (J. B. Rosenberg, manager): Andrews' Opera co. opened for two nights 24 with Martha to large audience. Fra Diavolo and The Bohemian Girl will follow. Devil's Auction 25.

MARTIN'S FERRY.—NEW OPERA HOUSE (Will A. Miller, manager): Mc-Nulty's Visit to good business; performance good. Jack and the Beanstalk (local) 24 to excellent business. Lady Arlyn's Secret 25. Projectoscope 26, 30.

FINDLAY.—MARTIN OPERA HOUSE (W. C. Martin, manager): Gus Hill's Novelties 20; fair performance. A Boy Wanted 20; good business. J. E. Toole in Killarney and the Rhine 25; fair audience pleased. Little Miss Brown 25. Veriscope 27.

STUBENVILLE.—CITY OPERA HOUSE (Charles Holton, manager): Daniel R. Ryan co. 15-20 presented in a first-class manner. My Partner, Lost Paradise, Jim the Penman, Rantrow, The Ironmaster, A Night's Frolic, and Nick of the Woods; business good. Princess Bonnie 25, 26. Edison's Projectoscope co. 27.

LIMA.—PAUROT OPERA HOUSE (Howard G. Hyde, manager): Andrews' Opera co. opened for three nights 15, presenting Martha, Fra Diavolo, Pirates of Penzance, and The Bohemian Girl; co. capable and received good patronage. Gus Hill's Novelties 19. Thompson's Corbett-Fitzsimmons veriscope to fair houses 22, 23. A Boy Wanted 20. Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon 30. Murray Comedy co. Dec. 6-11.

ATHENS.—OPERA HOUSE (Miller and McCune, managers): Neil Stock co. in The District Attorney 19; excellent business; play as well as rendition highly pleasing. The Prodigal Father delighted crowded house 25.

COSSHOCK.—OPERA HOUSE (Miller and Robinson, managers): Mahara's Minstrels were well received by a good house 16. O'Hooligan's Wedding pleased a large house 23.

ALLIANCE.—OPERA HOUSE (F. W. Gaskill, manager): The Gibneys in repertoire closed a good week's business 29. Welsh Quartette 24. Rantrow's Pathfinders 29 Dec. 4.

WARREN.—OPERA HOUSE (Elliott and Greger, managers): Keller 20; large business. Kelly and Mason 29.

PIQUA.—OPERA HOUSE (C. C. Sank, manager): Devil's Auction 19; good performance; light house. Keller 23; excellent performance; small patronage.

GALION.—CITY OPERA HOUSE (S. E. Riblet, manager): Watson Vandeville Stars 23. **MANAGER OPERA HOUSE** (Waldman and Rettig, managers): Dark 20. **ITEM:** The Manager Opera House is receiving a new drop-curtain and other scenery.

Tiffin.—NOBLE'S OPERA HOUSE (Charles L. Bristol, manager): A Boy Wanted 20 to a big house; general satisfaction.

MASSILLON.—NEW ARMOY (G. C. Haverstack, manager): Morrison's Faust 23. Carroll and Johnson's Minstrels Dec. 3. Darkest Russia 7.

IRONTON.—MASONIC OPERA HOUSE (B. F. Ellsberry, manager): Minerva Dorr, supported by a good co., pleased a fair audience 23 in Kismet. For Fair Virginia Dec. 9.

CALDWELL.—OPERA HOUSE (Ryan and Friedman, managers): Rial and Abby's U. T. C. 17; fair performance to S. R. O.

OKLAHOMA TERRITORY.

OKLAHOMA CITY.—OPERA HOUSE (Ed Overholser, manager): Madame Roberts in Faust and Don Cesar de Buzan 15, 16; good houses.

OREGON.

ASTORIA.—FISHER'S OPERA HOUSE (L. E. Selig, manager): McEwen, hypnotist, 22-27.

SALEM.—REDF'S OPERA HOUSE (Patton Brothers, managers): McEwen, hypnotist, 11-13; big business; performances excellent. The Late Mr. Castello 19. Louis James 22. Lost, Strayed or Stolen 25. South Before the War 30.

PENNSYLVANIA.

HANAN CITY.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (J. J. Quirk, manager): Honeyday Leroy presented Other People's Money for the third time within a year in this city 19 and drew a large and thoroughly well pleased audience. A Turkish Bath, looked for 22, reported closed. Brother for Brother 25. Picking of the Bones 27. McCarthy's Mishaps 28. Corse Payton Stock co. Dec. 6-11. **HERSKER'S THEATRE** (John Hersker, manager): Edwin Mayo appeared in the title-role of Pudd'nhead Wilson 23, and play and co. gave satisfaction. Out of Sight 25. Shore Acres Dec. 1. **ITEM:** Theatrical people visiting this city will always be welcome to call on your correspondent at 123 East Centre street.

SCRANTON.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (Reis and Burger, managers): Pawnee Bill and May Lillie in Madeleine of Fort Reno 18-20; fair business; co. ordinary. The Spooners in Hazel Kirke, The Judge's Wife, The Little Treasure, Becky Bliss, The Circus Girl, and Mugg's Landing 23-24 to large business; the co. and plays well liked. Darkest America 29 Dec. 1. A Gay New Yorker 24. Honeyday Leroy in Other People's Money 6-8. **THE LYCEUM** (Reis and Burger, managers): Richards and Canfield in My Boys 29 to fair business; play well received. Shore Acres 29. Symphony Orchestra 30. A Stranger in New York Dec. 1. The Cherry Pickers 2. Heartsense 3. Roland Reed 4.

JOHNSTOWN.—OPERA HOUSE (James G. Ellis, manager): W. T. Carleton Opera co. produced The Bohemian Girl, Chimes of Normandy, and The Mascot 18-20 to moderate business; co. good. Hart's Comedy co. gave a very frosty performance to a deservedly small house 22. **CAMBRIA THEATRE** (J. C. Misher, manager): Eight Bells 19 to S. R. O.; delighted audience. Formerly of this city, upon his way Alaska to organize some theatrical enterprise. His wife will sail from Paris and join her husband in May.

PUNXSUTAWNEY.—MARIONING STREET OPERA HOUSE (R. A. McCartney, manager): John L. Sullivan

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co. 18; S. R. O.; best satisfaction; receipts, \$497. The World Against Her 20; good business; performance excellent. An American Girl Dec. 4. Little Trilixie 11. **ITEMS:** Fred Hart and Canfield and Stuart, of the Sullivan show, were replaced here by Charlotte St. Felix and the Brownings. W. F. McBride, formerly of Pundstamway, is the pianist with the Sullivan co. Albert Livingston, of the World Against Her co., will go abroad at the close of this season to study voice culture.

LATROBE.—SHOWALTER'S OPERA HOUSE (W. A. Showalter, Jr., manager): George H. Adams 17; good house; co. first-class. Little Trilixie Dec. 17.

MINERSVILLE.—OPERA HOUSE (Potter and Kear, managers): Martin's U. T. C. 16; pleased audience; S. R. O. Honeyday Leroy in Other People's Money 20; big business; audience pleased. Little Trilixie 20. McCarthy's Mishaps Dec. 8.

COLUMBIA.—OPERA HOUSE (James A. Crowther, manager): Himmerlein's Ideals closed a prosperous week 24, giving Jack of the Mines, Eagle's Nest, The Devil's Web, Storm Beaten, North and South, The Shadow of the Scaffold, in an attractive manner. Oliver Byron in Up and Down of Life 23; medium business; good satisfaction.

BETHLEHEM.—OPERA HOUSE (L. F. Walters, manager): N. S. Wood co. did average poor business 18-20; co. strong. Edwin F. Mayo and a good supporting co. in Pudd'nhead Wilson 22; good business. George W. Munroe 23. Madeleine of Fort Reno 30. A Turkish Bath Dec. 3.

PITTSBURGH.—MUSIC HALL (C. C. King, manager): Graphoscope 18-20; packed houses; audience pleased. Agnes Herndon opened for a week 22 in La Belle Marie to a packed house. Specialties are introduced by Lillian Bayer, Victor Morley, Jackson Carlyle, and Johnny Ford. Plays presented were: The Sunny South, A Night's Frolic, The Jealous Mrs. Brown, Saved from the Flames, La Belle Marie, East Lynne, and A Convict's Crime. Daniel Sully 20. Other People's Money Dec. 3, 4. Corse Payton co. 13-18.

BEAVER FALLS.—SIXTH AVENUE THEATRE (Charles Medley, manager): Straight from the Heart 22; house fair; performance excellent. Morrison's Faust 29. J. E. Toole Dec. 2. Side Tracked 9. Shore Acres 18.

EASTON.—ARLE OPERA HOUSE (Dr. W. K. Detwiler, manager): Honeyday Leroy in Other People's Money for benefit of Commercial Travelers Association 22; production gave satisfaction. A Stranger in New York 24.

MAUCH CHUNK.—OPERA HOUSE (Robert A. Heberling, manager): A large audience witnessed a good performance of Darkest America 24.

MOUNT PLEASANT.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (J. R. Goldsmith, manager): Hart Comedy co. drew fair audiences 18, 19 and made a hit. This co. has not disbanded as has been stated, but is doing good business. Straight from the Heart 23 to a packed house; good performance. World Against Her 20. Eight Bells 30. Morrison's Faust Dec. 2.

PHILIPSBURG.—PIERCE'S OPERA HOUSE (A. P. Way, manager): John L. Sullivan and a good vaudeville co. to large and pleased audience 20. A Trip to Countown Dec. 1. J. E. Toole 10.

SHAROKEN.—G. A. OPERA HOUSE (J. F. Orwood, manager): The Real Widow Brown 23 to fair business. Chappelle Stock co. 25. The White Matmas 25, 27.

WARREN.—LIBRARY THEATRE (F. E. Scott, manager): The Story of the Reformation (local) to two immense houses 22, 23. Mary French Field in readings from her father's writings 25. Pudd'nhead Wilson Dec. 3. Richards and Canfield 7. Side Tracked 15.

WILLIAMSPORT.—LYCORN OPERA HOUSE (Miss Reis, manager): Joseph Jefferson 15 in Rip Van Winkle to a good audience. Agnes Herndon 18-20 in La Belle Marie, The Sunny South, The Jealous Mrs. Brown, Saved from the Flames to good business and appreciative audiences. The Real Widow Brown 25. Roland Reed Dec. 1.

WEST CHESTER.—OPERA HOUSE (F. J. Painter, manager): Al. W. Martin's U. T. C. 18; performance good. S. R. O. Assembly BUILDING (Davis Beaumont, manager): Kinetograph 19, 20 to large houses.

SHARON.—CARVER OPERA HOUSE (P. F. Davis, manager): Washburn's Minstrels 24; packed house. Wolf's Repertoire co. 29 Dec. 4.

GREENSBURG.—KEAGGY THEATRE (R. G. Curran, manager): Eight Bells 20 to S. R. O. Hart Comedy co. 23, 27. John L. Sullivan 30.

25; poor performance; small house. John L. Sullivan co. 24; S. R. O. good performance.

NY. CARMEL. G. A. B. OPERA HOUSE (Joseph Gould, manager): Calvert Glee Club 22; large audience. Other People's Money 23 for the benefit of Sons of Veterans; to a large and pleased audience. Daily returns date 25.

TARENTUM. ALHAMBRA THEATRE (George E. Holmes, manager): Washburn's Minstrels 19 to packed house; audience pleased. George H. Adams co. 23; fair house; co. and specialties good. Merchants' Carnival (local) 23. 27. Hart's Comedy co. 29-Dec. 1. Kelly and Mason 4. O'Hooligan's Wedding 6.

NEW CASTLE. OPERA HOUSE (M. Reis, manager): Van Ootens's Three Star Comedy co. closed a week of very successful business 25. It was their first appearance here, and they created a very favorable impression. James O'Neill presented Monte Cristo to a large and appreciative audience 23. Who is Who 25.

MILTON. GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Griffith and Co., managers): The Real Widow Brown 24; small audience; excellent co.

CHESTER. GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Thomas Hargreaves, manager): When London Sleeps 19, 20; pleased house. Straight from the Heart 25; S. R. O.

CARLEISLE. REVUE OPERA HOUSE (George Yeager, manager): Jacobs and Lowery's Merry Maidens Burlesque co. 25; best burlesque show ever seen here. Out of Sight Nov. 29. Items: Ground will be broken soon for a new ground floor \$40,000 opera house. Shippenburg, a town of about 4,000, has just completed a new house with a seating capacity of 700. This is the first house the town has ever had. Markley and Appell, of Harrisburg, probably will manage our new house. Low Dale, of Fredo and Dale, musical team, is home for a few days.

GREENVILLE. LATER'S OPERA HOUSE (J. S. Laird, manager): McClellan's co. presented The Queen of Diamonds, The Payments of Paris, A Sly Old Fox, A Struggle for Gold, A Minister's Son, A Mother's Son to excellent business 22-27; good audience. A Trip to the Circus 7. O'Hooligan's Wedding 8.

KANE. LYCEUM THEATRE (M. Reis, manager): O'Hooligan's Wedding Dec. 1. VERMONT'S AUDITORIUM (George H. Verbeck, manager): Wait open 22 with Washburn's Minstrels. American Girl Dec. 2. Little Tride 9. Larrigan's Ball 25.

CARDONDALE. GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Daniel P. Byrne, manager): Darkest America 25; S. R. O.; audience pleased. The Cherry Pickers 25.

POTTSTOWN. GRAND OPERA HOUSE (George H. Harrison, manager): Bernice Costello, vocalist and elocutionist, 25.

BUTLER. PARK THEATRE (George N. Burckhalter, manager): Washburn's Minstrels 23 to fair business. John B. Sullivan 25; good house; specialties good. The Brownings and Dermody, George H. Adams 25. The World Against Her 29. The Spinners 30. Who is Who Dec. 3. Items: John Kelly, a vaudeville artist, spent Thanksgiving with his parents in this city.

LEBANON. FISHER OPERA HOUSE (George H. Spang, manager): Out of Sight 25; good house; co. first class.

LANCASTER. FULTON OPERA HOUSE (B. and C. A. Yeager, managers): Himmels's Ideas drew large house 22-27 in repertoire of popular plays. A Stranger in New York 29. Out of Sight Dec. 1. Edward Harrison 3. Walter's Comedy co. 6-18. Items: Lancaster Lodge B. P. O. E. held its annual social session 24. Among the visitors was John A. Himmels.

CIRWENSVILLE. ACADEMY OF MUSIC (A. P. Way, manager): Mikado (local) 25; good and appreciative audience. J. E. Toole Dec. 9.

RHODE ISLAND.

NEWPORT. OPERA HOUSE (T. F. Martin, manager): Thomas E. Shea closed a very successful week here 23, playing to crowded houses at every performance. The Man-of-War's Man, The Country Politician, The Slaves of Sin, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and The Fire Patrol were presented to entire satisfaction. The work of Mr. Shea and Louise Brooks is deserving of special praise. Rose Adele and Frank Burman are also great favorites. A Gay New Yorker to fair business 23. The troupe includes several clever vaudeville artists, and the costumes are very pretty. Miss Allen is a pleasant man to meet and speaks of THE MIRROR in the highest terms. Gayest Manhattan 27. Sawtelle Dramatic co. 29-Dec. 1. Never Again 6. Items: Mae Titus, of this city, has accepted a very flattering offer to sing in light opera. Miss Titus has a very sweet voice and will undoubtedly succeed.

RIVERPORT. THOMPSON'S OPERA HOUSE (J. H. Thomson, manager): Charles Cowles 29 in A Country Merchant to fair house; co. good. Peck's Bad Boy 25.

WESTERVILLE. BLIVEN'S OPERA HOUSE (C. B. Bliven, manager): The Canadian Jubilee Singers had a large and appreciative audience 23. Rice's Comedians Dec. 6-11.

PAWTUCKET. OPERA HOUSE (A. A. Spitz, manager): A Gay New Yorker 19-20; good attendance; general satisfaction. Peck's Bad Boy 22-23; crowded house; specialties very fine. Lillian Kennedy 29-Dec. 1. Big Heart 24. The Pay Train 6-8.

WOODSOCKET. OPERA HOUSE (George C. Sweet, manager): Patent Applied For 29 had a fair house. A Naval Cadet 23 to a good house. Maid of Marblehead 25. Wife of New York 27. Margaret Mather Dec. 1. The Past and Future 7. Friend Fritz 9. Com Hollow 11. Dan Kelly co. 19-18.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

CHARLESTON. ACADEMY OF MUSIC (Charles W. Keogh, manager): Elton-Horn co. concluded their successful engagement of one week 20, and were followed by the Manhattan Stock co. 22-24 to good business. Wilton Lachy 25. The Gelsa 27. Lewis Morrison 29. Wilber Dramatic co. Dec. 2. Never Again 12.

COLUMBIA. OPERA HOUSE (Eugene Cramer, manager): Human Heart 25, one of the best attractions of the season, to a large audience.

SUNTER. ACADEMY OF MUSIC (Abe Ryttenberg, manager): The Burglar 18; performance good; house moderate. Darrell Vinton in Hamlet, Monte Cristo, and Othello 25, 26; performance good; business poor. Woodward-Warren co. Dec. 6-11.

SOUTH DAKOTA.

WATERTOWN. NEW GRAND OPERA HOUSE (H. J. Mowrey, manager): Woodward Theatre co. 17-20; good entertainment; large business. Paul Casanova in The Three Guardsmen 23, 24. Items: The entertainment for 23, 24 will be partly as a celebration of the tenth anniversary of the Opera House here. Manager Mowrey has planned a surprise for the audience.

MITCHELL. GRAND OPERA HOUSE (L. O. Gale, manager): Local entertainments 18-20; crowded house. John J. Ingalls Dec. 3. Paul Casanova 7.

TENNESSEE.

MEMPHIS. LYCEUM THEATRE (L. J. Boyle, manager): The Nancy Hanks 23-24; splendid business. McFee's Matrimonial Bureau 25-26. Christopher, Jr., Dec. 3. 4. Hestrette Concert co. 6. Otis Skinner 9-11. AUDITORIUM (Ben M. Stainback, manager): The Fast Mail drew fairly 23-27. GRAND OPERA HOUSE (R. S. Douglas, manager): Dark. Items: John Mahoney, former manager of the Lyceum, is now advertising manager of the Evening Herald.

KNOXVILLE. STAUD'S THEATRE (Fritz Staud, manager): Walker Whitehead to the capacity 15-17, presenting Othello, The Man in Black, The Merchant of Venice, and Hamlet. Kelly and Mason in Who is Who 20; fair business. A large and well-pleased audience attended The Gelsa 22; co. exceedingly good. In Atlantic City and Murray and Mack are underlined. Items: Gray B. Towler, a member of Walker Whitehead's co., will star next season in A Gentleman from England, a romantic play by W. D. Stowe. Frederick Paulding resigned from the Whitehead co. here 17 and left for St. Louis. He will become a member of a stock co. in that city.

CHATTANOOGA. NEW OPERA HOUSE (Paul R. Albert, manager): Walker Whitehead (return engagement in The Man in Black and The Merchant

of Venice is to good business; fine performance. Kelly and Mason in Who is Who 19 to small but pleased audience. The Gelsa 22 to large audience; performance excellent. Dark 23. Kelly 29-Dec. 1. Wilton Lachy 25. Eugene Blair 2, 3.

NASHVILLE. VERNON (Thomas J. Boyle, manager): The Nancy Hanks 23-27. GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Thomas J. Boyle, manager): Clint G. Ford's Dramatic co. booked for 15-20, opened week to good house, but on account of several new members in the co. not knowing their parts Manager Boyle closed the engagement 17. New Masque Theatre (W. A. Sheets, business manager): Lillian Russell, Della Fox, and Jefferson D'Angelo in The Wedding Day 17. Items: Manager Boyle left for Memphis 20 and will return 21. He positively denies the report that he is to give up or lose control of the Vendome or Grand.

COLUMBIA. GRAND OPERA HOUSE (James Y. Helm, manager): A Jolly Night did not draw well 11; performance fair. Joshua Simpkins played a fair audience 19. Otis Skinner Dec. 4.

JACKSON. PYTHIAN OPERA HOUSE (Wagoner and Tuffield, owners and managers): The Heart of Chicago 19 to a fair audience. Creston Clarke, supported by Miss Prince, presented The Last of His Race 19 and Lady of Lyons 19 to large audience. Fast Mail 24. The Tornado 29. The Defaulter 30. Wilton Lachy Dec. 4.

TEXAS.

WACO. THE GRAND (Weis and Holman, managers): Thomas W. Keene 17, 18 presented Richard III. Louis XI., and Julius Caesar to large audiences; performances not up to expectations. Aside from Mr. Hanford, Miss Timberman, and Mrs. Baker, supporting co. was very weak. A Bunch of Keys 20 drew two big houses; excellent performance. COLONIAL HALL: Professor Reynolds' Ladies' Orchestra (local) 19 to a large and appreciative audience. Items: Ada Bothner, of A Bunch of Keys co., was too ill to appear while here and her part was taken satisfactorily by her understudy, Frankie St. John. Miss Bothner's illness caused the co. to cancel one night and rest here 19. W. V. LYONS.

PORT WORTH. GREENHALL'S OPERA HOUSE (Phil Greenwell, manager): The Brownies 15. Thomas W. Keene presented Richard III. Louis XI., and Julius Caesar 18-20; full houses; support first class.

MARSHALL. OPERA HOUSE (Weis and Dahmer, managers): Edison's veriscope 8-9; fair business. Krane-Stout co. 15-20 to large business; co. far above the average.

SHERMAN. COX'S OPERA HOUSE (Frank Ellsworth, manager): Veriscope 15, 16; light business. Madame Sofia Seacchi co. 17 to 400; singing exceedingly good. Folk Miller co. played a fair house 18. A Jolly Night Dec. 9. The Real Widow Brown 11. Walker Whitehead 15.

PARIS. PETERSON THEATRE (R. Peterson, manager): Murray and Mack in Finigan's Courtship 18; good house; performance fair. Thomas W. Keene 24.

PALESTINE. TEMPLE OPERA HOUSE (Dilley and Swift, managers): Thomas W. Keene in Richard III 15 to the best house of the season; general satisfaction; receipts \$301.

VICTORIA. HAUSCHILD'S OPERA HOUSE (Hauschild Brothers, managers): Acme Comedy co. in repertoire 8-13 to good houses. Next attraction Frank E. Long Comedy co.

EL PASO. MYAN'S OPERA HOUSE (Rickey and Walker, managers): The Arch Robertson Comedy co. having played to crowded houses 15-20 will continue 22-27. The Hermions Dec. 2.

TEXARKANA. GRIMM'S OPERA HOUSE (Herdin Brothers, managers): A Breezy Time to fair business 15. Folk Miller drew a small audience 19; performance good.

CLARKSVILLE. TRILLING'S OPERA HOUSE (Charles Galus, manager): Hoyt's Comedy co. to good business 15-20. Creston Clarke 27.

GAINESVILLE. OPERA HOUSE (John Hulen, manager): Uncle Josh Sprucey 15, 16; good business. Schachtel Concert co. 19; business fair; audience pleased. Veriscope 23, 24. Columbia Opera co. (return engagement) 23, 24. A Bunch of Keys 27.

COESCAN. MERCHANTS' OPERA HOUSE (L. C. Bovee, manager): Edward P. Elliott, impersonator, to good audience 15; performance satisfactory. Palmer Cox's Brownies 18. Thomas W. Keene 22.

DENISON. OPERA HOUSE (M. L. Epstein, manager): Schachtel Concert and Opera co. 18 to good business. Uncle Josh Sprucey 18. A Thoroughbred 20 to fair business; the co. was a disappointment.

GREENVILLE. KING OPERA HOUSE (J. O. Torgerson, manager): Uncle Josh Sprucey 17; the performance was not up to the standard and disappointed a large audience.

HOUSTON. SWERNEY AND COOMBS' OPERA HOUSE (Henry Greenwell, owner; E. Bergman, manager): Columbia Opera co. in repertoire 15-20, presenting A Pretty Persian, Gipsy-Gipsies, and Fra Diavolo to large and pleased houses. A Bunch of Keys drew a large house 18. A Southern Romance 22.

TYLER. GRAND OPERA HOUSE (J. M. Sharp, manager): Thomas W. Keene played Richard III to large audience. Breezy Time co., No. 2, 19; poor performance; slim house; auditors missed Fitz and Webster, who are favorites here. A Thoroughbred 24.

DALLAS. OPERA HOUSE (George Abbey, manager): Murray and Mack in Finigan's Courtship 18; good business. Schachtel Concert co. 22. Tim Murphy 24. Thomas W. Keene (return engagement) 27.

BRYAN. GRAND OPERA HOUSE (J. B. Niles, manager): Al G. Field's Minstrels opened our season 9 to capacity; performance satisfactory. A Bunch of Keys 12; fair audience. Krane-Stout co. 22-27.

WEATHERFORD. HAYNES OPERA HOUSE (Charles Haynes, manager): Thomas W. Keene in Julius Caesar 25; large audience; performance excellent; receipts \$49.

UTAH.

SALT LAKE CITY. SALT LAKE THEATRE (C. B. Burton, manager): Under the Red Robe 16, 17. GRAND THEATRE (H. F. McGraw, manager): Stereoscopic exhibition of the Klondike country 20 to fair business. LYCEUM THEATRE (Frank Matoss, manager): Lecture 17.

VERMONT.

BURLINGTON. HOWARD OPERA HOUSE (W. K. Walker, manager): A Broadway Theatrical 25 to crowded house; performance excellent. Shm 28. The Sunshine of Paradise Alley Dec. 4. James B. Mackie 13. Blue Jeans 11. Colonial Opera co. 15.

BELLOWS FALLS. OPERA HOUSE: The Star Gazer 10. Newton Burns Dec. 4.

RUTLAND. OPERA HOUSE (A. W. Higgins, manager): Railroad Ticket 24; crowded house; pleased and enthusiastic audience. Joe Ott Dec. 1.

ST. JOHNSBURY. HOWE OPERA HOUSE (H. L. Doyle, manager): Shm 25 played a small house. A Railroad Ticket 26 Dec. 1. Items: The Stanley Opera House was seriously damaged by fire 25; loss \$1,000. The St. Johnsbury Guards will assume its management after it is repaired.

BRATTLEBORO. AUDITORIUM (G. E. Fox, manager): Joe Ott 29.

VIRGINIA.

NORFOLK. ACADEMY OF MUSIC (A. B. Duesberry, manager): In Atlantic City 18; fair business; performance good. The Gelsa to good business 19, 20; performance excellent. R. E. Graham in Who's Your Friend 20, 21; performance fair; good business. Fields and Hanson's Minstrels 23. Lewis Morrison 25. Charles Coghlan 29. A Contented Woman 30. Items: The name of the opera house has been changed to the Star Theatre. It will open in December with George A. Homans as manager.

PETERSBURG. ACADEMY OF MUSIC (Thomas G. Leach, manager): The Lees closed a very successful week 15-20; receipts \$1,042. Frank E. Williams in Atlantic City 22; fair house. Fields and Hanson's Minstrels 24; small business. R. E. Graham, booked for 27, canceled.

STAUNTON. OPERA HOUSE (W. L. Olivier, manager): Rhodes Merry-makers 15-20 to good business. A Baggage Check 23. The Lees 29-Dec. 4.

ROANOKE. ACADEMY OF MUSIC (C. W. Bodner, manager): The Lees, hypnotists, 22-27; large house.

DANVILLE. ACADEMY OF MUSIC (John B. Wood, manager): Arnold-Wells co. closed a week 29; busi-

ness very good. Rhodes Merry-makers 24, 25; business good; performance excellent. In Atlantic City 25; good house; performance highly appreciated by the audience.

WASHINGTON.

SEATTLE. THEATRE (Cal Heltz, manager): John Griffith 18, 19 in Faust and Richard III to good business, with good supporting co. Tennessee's Fardner 18, 19 to good house; splendid performance. THIRD AVENUE THEATRE (W. M. Russell, manager): South Before the War to satisfactory business. Jarmerson Theatre (E. R. Friend, manager): Vaudeville about 14-19 to good business.

TACOMA. THEATRE (L. A. Wing, resident manager): Tennessee's Fardner 17 made bigger hit than last year. NINTH STREET THEATRE (W. J. Fife, manager): South Before the War 15-17; largest house of the season.

NEW WHATCOM. BELLINGHAM OPERA HOUSE (A. B. Jewett, manager): John Griffith presented Faust 19 to good business. LIGHTHOUSE THEATRE (J. G. McManis, manager): Dark.

BLISSBURGH. OPERA HOUSE (C. E. Finberg, manager): Alice Heywood 15; excellent entertainment; full house. Trivoltas Concert co. 18; good performance and house, in spite of bad weather.

SPOKANE. AUDITORIUM (Harry C. Hayward, manager): Digby Bell in The Hoosier Doctor to large audience 15; play well presented. Items: Local lodge No. 228, B. P. O. E., gave a stag social 17. An excellent programme was rendered.

WEST VIRGINIA.

HUNTINGTON. DAVIS THEATRE (W. D. Keister, manager): The Prodigal Father 23 to very poor business but appreciative audience. Ferguson and Emerick in McNulty's Visit 26; light house; performance poor. Murray and Mack Dec. 7. Items: Mr. and Mrs. Harry McDonald, late of Sparks' Circus, are at home here for the winter.

CHARLESTON. BURLEY OPERA HOUSE (N. A. Burley, manager): Klarnet 18; good business; fair performance. Charles Coghlan Dec. 1. A Contented Woman 4. Murray and Mack 6.

PAINTON. OPERA HOUSE (Ed E. Meredith, manager): W. T. Carleton Opera co. 22 in The Bohemian Girl and 23 in Chimes of Normandy; good performance to poor houses. Edwin Boone comes 29. A Hot Time Dec. 1. Hart Comedy co. 3. Faust 13. James E. Toole 15. Items: The male members of the Carleton co. were entertained by the Elks 25.

WHEELING. OPERA HOUSE (F. B. Bower, manager): The Man from Mexico 10; splendid business. Mrs. Fiske 23; house entirely sold before co. arrived; performance marvelous; every one pleased. Yale's Devil's Auction Dec. 1. Charles Coghlan 4. A Contented Woman 8. The Girl I Left Behind Me 11.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Charles A. Feinler, manager): Mahan's Minstrels 18; business fair. McSorley's Twies 22-24; good business. Edison's projectoscope Dec. 14. A Hot Old Time 6-8. McFadden's Flats 9-11.

WESTON. CANNON OPERA HOUSE (S. A. Post, manager): Booms, hypnotist, 29. Hot Time in the Old Town 30. Faust Dec. 14.

GRAFTON. BRINKMAN OPERA HOUSE (George Brinkman, manager): Widow Hedott 29. Grant and Willard's Hot Time in the Old Town Dec. 2.

WISCONSIN.

MADISON. FULLER OPERA HOUSE (Edward M. Fuller, manager): Madeleine 17; fair audience, giving satisfaction; Frank Dehon was the most pleasing feature. Christopher, Jr., 19; small, but pleased audience. The Electrician 24. ARMORY HALL: Dr. Nansen lectured to over 2,000 people.

OSHKOSH. GRAND OPERA HOUSE (J. E. Williams, manager): Christopher, Jr., 18; large audience; good satisfaction. Elton-Horn co. good house. Veriscope 23. Robert B. Mantell Dec. 1.

LA CROSSE. THEATRE (J. Stradipoli, manager): Madeleine to a large and pleased audience 18. Stuart Robinson 27.

PORTAGE. OPERA HOUSE (A. H. Carnegie, manager): Robert B. Mantell 19 to S. R. O. William Owen 24, 25; crowded houses. Marie Bell Opera co. Dec. 1.

POND DU LAC. CRESCENT OPERA HOUSE (W. H. Stoddard, manager): The Girl from Frisco 15; fair house; performance well received. J. Knox Gavin 27.

WAUSAU. ALLEXANDER OPERA HOUSE (C. S. Cone, manager): Moore-Livingston co. 18-20; good house; pleased audience. Marie Bell Opera co. 30. Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde 17.

ASHLAND. GRAND OPERA HOUSE (John Meis, manager): Ferris Comedians 15-20 to good houses. The Girl from Frisco 4.

RACINE. BELLE CITY OPERA HOUSE (Dennis P. Long, manager): Bents-Santley co. booked for 21, failed to appear. The Electrician drew an immense audience 25, entire satisfaction. 146 27. A Run on the Bank 29.

SHEBOYGAN. OPERA HOUSE (J. M. Kohler, manager): Alexander Bull, violinist, 23; large and appreciative audience. Stuart's veriscope 30.

WYOMING.

CHEYENNE. OPERA HOUSE (Stable and Bailey, managers): The Heart of Chicago 22; big house; spectacular effect received with much enthusiasm. 26 Perkins 25. Doctor of Alcatraz (local) Dec. 2. Items: The Eighth Infantry Orchestra of Fort Russell, one of the largest military posts in the West, has been engaged by the Opera House management for the season.

CANADA.

TORONTO. GRAND OPERA HOUSE (O. B. Sheppard, manager): Fanny Davenport in The Saint and the Fool 23-27. Chas. Fitzgerald in The Foundling 29-Dec. 4. PRINCE'S THEATRE (O. B. Sheppard, manager): The Cummings Stock co. is presenting The Private Secretary 23-25 to crowded houses. Woman Against Woman 29-Dec. 4. MASSEY MUSIC HALL (I. E. Seckling, manager): Brooks's Chicago Marine Band 29; two delightful concerts and the chorine's triumph. Mrs. Caldwell, Miss McCallum, and the band of the Forty-eighth Highlanders are the artists engaged for the concert 25. Marcella Sembrich Dec. 2. TORONTO OPERA HOUSE (Ambrose J. Small, manager): John E. Hendon and May Ten Brock presented Dodge's Trip to New York 22 to a good house. For Liberty and Love 29-Dec. 4.

MONTREAL. ACADEMY OF MUSIC (Spartow and Jacobs, managers): The Highwayman opened to fair business 22; excellent performance. Joseph O'Meara, Blida Clark, Jerome Sykes, Harry McDonough, Nellie Braggins, and Van Rensselaer Wheeler were most satisfactory. The opera is beautifully mounted and the chorus large and pretty. James Young 29-Dec. 4. QUEBEC THEATRE (Spartow and Jacobs, managers): Shannon of the Sixth opened to fair business 22. The play is interesting and fairly well acted. W. B. Powers appears to advantage in the title role. James J. Corbett 29-Dec. 4. THEATRE FRANCAIS (W. E. Phillips, manager): Hoodman blind was presented by the stock co. to big business. Harrington Reynolds gave a strong performance. Florence Roberts did exceptionally clever work. T. J. McGrane, Walter Townsend, and Joe Bailey were all good. The Bushnell Sisters, Palmer and Darrel, Marguerite Faure, and Baldwin and Daly formed a good vaudeville bill. Young Mrs. Winthrop 30-Dec. 4.

WINNEPEG. NEW WINNEPEG THEATRE (C. F. Walker, manager): Gay Coney Island co. to crowded house 15, 16; receipts \$1,000, two nights; good satisfaction. Palm of New York 18, 20; some specialties pleasing, particularly Thompson Tots, but the performance as a whole didn't please our people. Milk White Fall 23-24. Sandford Dodge co. in Dams and Tyttas and Othello 25, under auspices of local K. of 3. 4. Paul Casanova follows. GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Seach and Sharpe, managers): The Shaugraun, by local dramatic society, to two large houses 17, 18. Georgia University Minstrels 19, 20 to good business. Zera Semon for two weeks follows. Sidney Grundy's Late Mr. Castello has been booked Christmas week at the Winnipeg. Harold Jarvis Dec. 10.

OTTAWA. RUSSELL THEATRE (Dr. W. A. Drown, manager): Dark. GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Joseph Frank, manager): Shannon of the Sixth 18-20; excellent performance; good business. The White slave 22, 23; good house. Always on Time 23-25. Ren-

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show and Ten Brock Dec. 24. GRANT'S MUSIC HALL (Charles Haystead, manager): Gonzales Opera co. opened its second week 22-27 in The Chimes of Normandy and Othello to large and pleased audience. Items: O'Hooligan's Silver Wedding co. closed here 17. Members returned to New York.

LONDON. GRAND OPERA HOUSE (A. E. Root, manager): Brooks's Chicago Marine Band 19 to fair business. Side Tracked 29; good performance to crowded house. Chas. Fitzgerald 25. MUSIC HALL (Alexander Harvey, manager): Machan's Dramatic co. 22-27 in The Old Homestead. Ticket of Leave Man, Exile of Erin, to good business.

HARTFORD. GRAND OPERA HOUSE (F. W. Stair, manager): The Buffalo Stock co. presented Banker's Daughter 19 to packed house. Guy Brothers' Minstrels 19 opened to fair business and gave a good performance. Henshaw and Ten Brock co. 20 in Dodge's Trip to New York gave satisfaction. O'Hooligan's Silver Wedding canceled 22. Chas. Fitzgerald 24. Jane Combs 25.

BERLIN. OPERA HOUSE (Georgios Philip, manager): The Wolf U. T. C. co. played to a good house 23; performance good. Guy Brothers' Minstrels 19 opened to fair business and gave a good performance. Henshaw and Ten Brock co. 20 in Dodge's Trip to New York gave satisfaction. O'Hooligan's Silver Wedding canceled 22. Chas. Fitzgerald 24. Jane Combs 25.

LINDSAY. ACADEMY OF MUSIC (Fred Burk, manager): O'Hooligan's Wedding 29 failed to appear. Shaw Entertainment co. 29. Toronto University Glee Club Dec. 17.

VICTORIA. THEATRE (Robert Jamieson, manager): John Griffith Dec. 13.

ST. THOMAS. DUNCOMBE OPERA HOUSE (T. H. Duncombe, manager): Side Tracked 17; good house; co. fair. Warren Conlan 18-20 in The Merchant of Venice, Damon and Pythias, Virginia; co. strong; houses good.

QUEBEC. ACADEMY OF MUSIC (A. Charlebois, proprietor): Local concert 24. McGill College Glee Club 27. TOWN HALL: Frost and Fenshaw co. 15-20 to good business. Same co. 22-27.

CHATHAM. GRAND OPERA HOUSE (W. W. Scane, manager): Side Tracked 14 played a fair audience. Brooks's Chicago Marine Band 29 to good business. Warren Conlan 22-24, opening with The Merchant of Venice; good co.; fair business.

WOODSTOCK. OPERA HOUSE (Warren Totten, manager): De Wolf's U. T. C. 19; first-class performance; good business. Ferris, hypnotist, 22-23; poor houses. Chas. Fitzgerald 23. Boston Ideals 23-29 canceled.

VANCOUVER. OPERA HOUSE (Robert Jamieson, manager): John Griffith in Faust 17; fair performance; big business. Alla Heywood 22. White Crook Dec. 6.

STRATFORD. ROYAL OPERA HOUSE (Frank Murphy, manager): Warren Conlan 15-17 in Shakespearean plays to small business. U. T. C. 25.

QUELPH. OPERA HOUSE (A. Brandenberger, manager): Side Tracked 18; fair business; co. good. Brooks's Chicago Marine Band 19; small but pleased audience.

BRANTFORD. STRATFORD OPERA HOUSE (James Tuttle, manager): Henshaw-Ten Brock 19; excellent performance to fair house. Side Tracked 21 to fair house; gave general satisfaction. Chas. Fitzgerald 27. John Griffith Dec. 4. The Nancy Hank 15.

THE GRINNA: San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 8—indebted.
 THE GRINNA: Washington, D. C., Nov. 25—Dec. 4.
 WHITE COCK BURLESQUE: Hartford, Conn., Nov. 25—Dec. 4. Holyoke, Mass., 6-11. Albany, N. Y., 13-18.
 WANG: D. W. Truss & Co., mgt.: Stamford, Conn., Nov. 25. Waterbury, Dec. 1. Winsted 2. Hartford 3. Pittsford, Mass., 4.
 WAITING DAY: Chicago, Ill., Nov. 25—Dec. 18.
 WARRIOR OF THE TOWNS: St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 25—Dec. 4.
 WILSON-KIRWIN (W. H. Fullwood, mgr.): Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 25—indebted.
 WIZARD OF THE WILE: (Kirk La Shelle, mgr.): New Haven, Conn., Nov. 25. Danbury Dec. 1. Poughkeepsie, N. Y., 2. Albany 4. Troy 4. Johnstown 4. Syracuse 7. Auburn 8. Lyons 9. Geneva 10. Ithaca 11.

VARIETY.

ANI'S MONARCHS (Harry Hill, prop. and mgr.): Albany, N. Y., Nov. 25—Dec. 1. Schenectady 2. St. Albans, Vt., 4. Pittsford, N. Y., 4. Montreal, Can., 6-11.
 AMERICAN BRILLIANT BURLESQUE (Bryant and Watson, props.; C. O. Ball, mgr.): Cleveland, O., Nov. 25—Dec. 4.

BLACK PATTI'S TROUBADOURS (Vocalist and Nolan, mgrs.): Cincinnati, O., Nov. 25—Dec. 4.

BIG SENSATION: Newark, N. J., Nov. 25—Dec. 4.
 BLACK COCK BURLESQUE: Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 25—Dec. 4.

BOB FITZGERALD (Martin Julian, mgr.): Omaha, Neb., Nov. 25—Dec. 1. Des Moines, Ia., 3, 4.
 BOREMAN BURLESQUES (Louis Robie, mgr.): New York City, Nov. 25—Dec. 4.

BROADWAY BURLESQUES: Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 25—Dec. 4. Boston, Mass., 6-11.
 CITY CLUB: Albany, N. Y., Nov. 25—Dec. 4.

CYRUS BURLESQUE (J. W. Randolph, mgr.): Chicago, Ill., Nov. 14—Dec. 11.
 FAY FOSTER: Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 25—Dec. 4.

GAY MASQUERADERS (Gus Hill, prop.; Robert Manchester, mgr.): Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 25—Dec. 4. Troy 6-8. Albany 9-11. Jersey City, N. J., 13-18.

GAY GIRLS OF GOTHAM (A. J. Hughes, mgr.): Boston, Mass., Nov. 25—Dec. 4.
 GAY NEW YORKERS: Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Nov. 25—Dec. 1. Scranton 2-4.

GUS HILL NOVELTIES: Ft. Wayne, Ind., Dec. 4.
 HENRY RUSSELL: No. Platte, Neb., Dec. 2. Cheyenne, Wyo., 4. Golden, Colo., 4. Denver 5-10.

HOPKINS TRANS-OCEANICS (Eastern): Lowell, Mass., Nov. 25—Dec. 1. Holyoke 2. Manchester, N. H., 3. Nashua 4.
 JOHN BRON: Baltimore, Md., Nov. 25—Dec. 4.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN (W. H. Sherwood, mgr.): Greensburg, Pa., Nov. 25—Dec. 4. Altoona, Dec. 1. Harrisburg 2. Tyrone 3. Harrisburg 4. Brooklyn, N. Y., 6-11.
 LANG OPERATIC BURLESQUES: Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 25—Dec. 4.

LONDON BELLES (Rose Sydel; J. H. Barnes, mgr.): Reading, Pa., Nov. 25—Dec. 4.
 LONDON CITY SPECTACLES (Eastern): William M. Weiss, mgr.: Washington, N. Y., Nov. 25—Dec. 4.

LONDON CITY SPORTS (Western): Wm. M. Weiss, mgr.: Davenport, Ia., Nov. 25. 30. Muscatine Dec. 1.
 MANHATTAN CLUB: Fall River, Mass., Nov. 25—Dec. 1.

MARCO MERRY MAKERS (Ed Ward, mgr.): Paterson, N. J., Nov. 25—Dec. 4. Red Bank 6, 7. Ashbury Park 8, 9.
 MAY HOWARD: New York City Nov. 25—Dec. 11.

MERRY MAIDENS BURLESQUE: Cincinnati, O., Nov. 25—Dec. 4.
 MISS NEW YORK, JR.: New York City Nov. 25—Dec. 4.
 NIGHT OWLS: Louisville, Ky., Nov. 25—Dec. 4.

OCTOBER (John W. Isham, mgr.): E. Saginaw, Mich., Nov. 25. Lansing Dec. 1. Grand Rapids 2-4.

PARIS BEAUTIES (No. 1: Ed F. Jerome, prop. and mgr.): Northampton, Mass., Nov. 25. 30. Worcester Dec. 2-4. Walpole 6. Dedham 7, 8. Attleboro 9-11. Taunton 12-15.

PARIS BEAUTIES (No. 2: Ed F. Jerome, prop. and mgr.): Kane, Pa., Nov. 25. 30. Ridgebury Dec. 1. 2. Emporium 3, 4. Lockhaven 5, 6. Williamsport 7, 8. Muncy 9, 10, 11.

PARIS GOLF CLUB (A. Ed F. Jerome, prop. and mgr.): Herkimer, N. Y., Nov. 25. 30. Utica Dec. 1, 2. Home 3, 4. Oneida 5, 6. Syracuse 7, 8.
 PARIS GOLF CLUB (B. Ed F. Jerome, prop. and mgr.): Newark, Md., Nov. 25. 30. Maryland Dec. 1, 2. Cumberland 3, 4. Bedford, Pa., 6-8. Chambersburg 9, 10. Carlisle 11.

PRIZE IDEALS: Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 25—Dec. 4.
 RENTZ-SANTLEY (No. 1: Abe Levitt, mgr.): Providence, R. I., Nov. 25—Dec. 4. Jersey City, N. J., 6-11. New York City 12-15.

REILLY AND WOOD: Washington, D. C., Nov. 25—Dec. 4. Pittsburgh, Pa., 6-11. Wheeling, W. Va., 12-15.
 RICE AND BARTON: Hartford, Conn., Nov. 25—Dec. 1. Albany, N. Y., 2-4.

ROSE HILL: Detroit, Mich., Nov. 25—Dec. 4.
 ROSSOW MIDGETS: Providence, R. I., Nov. 25—Dec. 4.
 RUSSELL BROS.: New York City Nov. 25—Dec. 4.

STEVE BRODIE (Gus Hill, prop.): Chicago, Ill., Nov. 25—Dec. 4. St. Louis, Mo., 6-11. Louisville, Ky., 12-15.
 SAN DEVERE: St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 25—Dec. 4.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY MAIDS (Harry Morris, mgr.): New York City Nov. 25—Dec. 4.
 VANITY FAIR (Gus Hill, prop.; Fred J. Huber, mgr.): Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 25—Dec. 4. Baltimore, Md., 6-11. Washington, D. C., 12-15.

VAUDEVILLE CLUB (Weber and Fields): Baltimore, Md., Nov. 25—Dec. 4.
 VERMONT BURLESQUES: Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 25—Dec. 4.

WHITE COCK BURLESQUE: Jersey City, N. J., Nov. 25—Dec. 4.
 WILLIAM'S OWN: New York City Nov. 25—Dec. 4. Providence, R. I., 6-11. Baltimore, Md., 12-15.

WOOD SISTERS (Everett and Mack, props. and mgrs.): Middletown, Conn., Nov. 25—Dec. 2.

MINSTRELS.

AL. G. FIELD MINSTRELS (White; Dan Quinan, mgr.): Quincy, Ill., Dec. 1. Burlington, Ia., 2. Cedar Rapids 3. Dubuque 4. Davenport 5. Peoria, Ill., 6. Springfield 7. Decatur 8. Danville 9. Crawfordville, Ind., 10. Marion 11. Anderson 12. Muncie 13.

DIAMOND BROS.: New Lexington, O., Nov. 30. Junction City Dec. 1. Bremen 2. Rushville 3. Pleasantville 4. Baltimore 5.

DUMONT MINSTRELS (Geo. H. Barber, mgr.): Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 15—indebited.
 FIELD AND HANSON: Raleigh, N. C., Dec. 1. Goldsboro 2. Kingston 3. New Bern 4.

GORTON'S MINSTRELS (C. H. Larkin, mgr.): Chattanooga, N. Y., Nov. 30. Coxsack Dec. 1. Catskill 2.

HI HENRY: Boston, Mass., 25—Dec. 4.
 LEON W. WASHINGTON (J. M. Wall, mgr.): Renovo, Pa., Dec. 3. Williamsport 4.

MCCARE AND YOUNG: Manhattan, Kan., Nov. 30. Topeka Dec. 1. Lawrence 2. Leavenworth 3. St. Joseph, Mo., 4.

PRIMEVAL WEST (Eastern): Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 4.
 RICHARDS, PRINGLE, RUSCO AND HOLLAND (O. E. Richards, prop.; W. A. Rusco, mgr.): Columbus, Miss., Nov. 30. West Point Dec. 1. Aberdeen 2. Winona 3. Greenwood 4. Greenville 5. Vicksburg 7. Natchez 8. Jackson 9. Demopolis, Ala., 10. Selma 11. Montgomery 12. Greenville 13. Evergreen 15. Pensacola, Fla., 16. Mobile, Ala., 17. Scranton, Miss., 18.

STEELE AND COOPER (F. Mayfield, mgr.): Columbia, Mo., Nov. 30. Centralia Dec. 1. Hight 2. Fayette 3. Moberly 4.

CIRCUSES.

FOREPAUGH AND SELL'S BROS.: Crockett, Tex., Nov. 30. Palestine Dec. 1. Longview 2. Texarkana 3. WALLACE: Columbia, Miss., Nov. 30. West Point Dec. 1. Aberdeen 2. Kosciusko 3. Grenada 4.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ADAMS TROUPE (R. L. Rend, mgr.): Altoona, Pa., Nov. 25—Dec. 4.
 CANADIAN JUBILEE SINGERS: Fall River, Mass., Nov. 25—Dec. 1. New Bedford 2-5.

CEBONKE (Hypnotist): Houtzdale, Pa., Nov. 25—Dec. 1.
 ELI PRINKINS: Peoria, Ill., Nov. 30. Henderson, Tex., Dec. 5. Athens 8. Arkadelphia, Ark., 9. Raymond, Ill., 10. Laketon, Ind., 11.

KELLAR (Dudley McAdow, mgr.): Toledo, O., Nov. 30. Dec. 1. Columbus 2-4.

McEWIN (Hypnotist): Salem, Ore., Nov. 25—Dec. 4. Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 1. Abilene, Kan., Dec. 1. Salina 2. Ellsworth 3. Lyons 4.

ORIENTAL TROUBADOURS: Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 24-30.
 SANTANELLI (Hypnotist; Ego, mgr.): Guthrie, O. T., Nov. 25, 30.
 SEVENGALA BROS. (Hypnotist; G. V. A. Conger, mgr.): Franklin, Pa., Nov. 25—Dec. 4.

THE LEES (Hypnotist; Thos. F. Adkin, mgr.): Staunton, Va., Nov. 25—Dec. 4. Lynchburg 6-11. Raleigh 12-15.

THE FLINTS (W. H. Savage, mgr.): La Salle, Ill., Nov. 25—Dec. 4. Ottawa 6-8. Sterling 9-11.

THE SAGES (A. B. McDoie, mgr.): Fitchburg, Mass., Nov. 25—Dec. 4. Portland, Me., 6-11. Hiddelford 12-15.

THE SAYERS (Hypnotist; R. A. Johnson, mgr.): Steubenville, O., Nov. 25—Dec. 1. Waynesburg, Pa., 2-4.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[Received too late for classification.]

ARKANSAS.

HELENA.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Newman and Ehrman, managers): Edwin Travers in A Jolly Night 19; performance fair. Never Again 23.

CALIFORNIA.

SAN JOSE.—HALL'S AUDITORIUM (C. P. Hall, manager): Lost, Strayed or Stolen drew good houses 15, 16 and was well received. The Hermanns drew fairly 17; splendid performance.

SAN DIEGO.—FISHER'S OPERA HOUSE (John C. Fisher, manager): Sam T. Shaw's co. 15-22.

CONNECTICUT.

PUTNAM.—OPERA HOUSE (George E. Shaw, manager): New England Home 15 to a much larger house than the play and co. deserved. Alabama 22. Delighted audience. Rice Comedians 23—Dec. 4. Bands Roma 31.

DELAWARE.

WILMINGTON.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Jesse E. Baylis, manager): A Stranger in New York 23. Devere Concert co. 24; large audience. Morrison's Faust 25. Other People's Money 26, 27. Cameron Clemens co. 29—Dec. 4. The Girl I Left Behind Me 7. Lindsey Concert Concerts 8. Darkest America 10, 11. Eight Bells 12.

FLORIDA.

KEY WEST.—SAN CARLOS OPERA HOUSE (Q. Charles Ball, manager): Peters and Green's co. 16-21; large business every night; finest repertoire co. ever here.—ITEMS: Fabio Homeni, booked for 29, failed to appear, although the show was billed and had good advance sale. Some remedy should be effected to prevent traveling managers from contracting dates and failing to appear without cancelling.—Manager Ball, of the opera house, is in Jacksonville attending to the bookings of his house.

ILLINOIS.

PANA.—NEW GRAND (Lou Foley, manager): Nellie McHenry failed to appear 15. Nelsonia 25. Hyer Sisters 29, 30.

AURORA.—OPERA HOUSE (J. H. Plin, manager): Farland, lanjoist, 17; played a good house. Madeleine to perfect satisfaction; small house. The Widow Jones 22 kept a large audience in laughter.

VIRGINIA.—TUMBER OPERA HOUSE (J. W. Decker, manager): John E. Dvorak co. in Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde opened our season.

FREESPORT.—GERMANIA OPERA HOUSE (Philip Arno, manager): Rents-Bentley co. 16; packed house; performance good. The Electrician 23 to a large and pleased audience. Robert Mantell Dec. 2-4.

OSKON.—OPERA HOUSE (F. A. Truman, manager): Gilbert Opera co. 29.

INDIANA.

TERRE HAUTE.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (T. W. Barhydt, issue and manager): Never Again 17 to fair house; performance did not please. Nellie McHenry presented A Night in New York 18; medium business. Marie Janzen and Frank Tannehill, Jr. in The Nancy Hanks gave a satisfactory performance. The most enthusiastic audience of the season greeted Otto Skinner and his excellent co. in their excellent presentation of Prince Rudolph. Fallen Among Thieves 23; light business.

DUNKIRK.—TODD OPERA HOUSE (Charles W. Todd, manager): Elhu B. Spencer in Merchant of Venice 25; good house and performance. Eldon's Comedians 29—Dec. 4.

ALEXANDRIA.—OPERA HOUSE (Otto and Manlove, managers): Simon Comedy co. opened for a week 22 in My Mother-in-Law to light house; fair performance. Elhu Spencer 1. Eldon's Comedians 6-11.

KANSAS.

McPHERSON.—OPERA HOUSE (J. F. McElvain, manager): Professor A. A. Willets lectured 25 to packed house. Al G. Field's Colored Minstrels Dec. 2.

KENTUCKY.

RICHMOND.—WHITE-BUSH OPERA HOUSE (J. Bush, manager): Alf Donnan's Big Show, billed for 18, did not appear. Lyceum Vaudeville co. Dec. 6.

MASSACHUSETTS.

TAUNTON.—THEATRE (R. A. Harrington, manager): Patent Applied For 24; good house; scenic and electrical effects good. James J. Corbett in A Naval Cadet 25; good business.

MINNESOTA.

BRAINERD.—SLEEPER OPERA HOUSE (James R. Smith, manager): The Gay Matinee Girl 22; small house; performance fair. Georgia Minstrels 30.

MISSISSIPPI.

NATCHEZ.—TEMPLE OPERA HOUSE (Clarke and Gardner, managers): Folk Miller 22 to good business.

MISSOURI.

LOUISIANA.—PARKS' OPERA HOUSE (E. A. Parks, Sr. and Jr., managers and owners): Al G. Field's Negro Minstrels 25; crowded house; performance excellent. A Broadway Girl 23 to light business. Railroad Jack 24; good business. Earl-Graham Comedy co. 29—Dec. 4.

POPLAR BLUFF.—FRATERNAL OPERA HOUSE (George H. Johnson, manager): Sadie Raymond 23; small house; audience pleased. Farmer Hopkins 29.

MONTANA.

HELENA.—MING'S OPERA HOUSE (John W. Luke, receiver and manager): Calhoun Opera co. in La Grande Duchesse 25; performance good; receipts \$600. Katie Putnam 24, 25. Pulse of New York 27. At Gay Coney Island 29.

NEBRASKA.

GRAND ISLAND.—BARTENBACH'S OPERA HOUSE (H. J. Bartenbach, manager): The Heart of Chicago 24; fair business; satisfactory performance.

NEW JERSEY.

PERTH AMBOY.—MUSIC HALL (George Searles, manager): Dan McCarthy in The Dear Irish Home 21; pleased a good house.

Two comedians wanted to co-operate with me in production of legitimate farce in vaudeville house. Address "Author," 208 West 142d St., New York.

DATES AHEAD.

[Received too late for classification.]

DR. JAKILL AND MR. HYDE (Hartigan): Newberry, Mich., Dec. 2. Munson 3. Norway 4.

THE KICKENBUCKERS: Pittsburgh, Pa., Nov. 25—Dec. 4.

CAPTAIN OF THE KOSKUCH (Ira J. La Motte, mgr.): Chicago, Ill., Nov. 25—Dec. 4.

POLE MILKERS: West Point, Miss., Dec. 1. Meriden 2. Tuscaloosa, Ala., 3. Birmingham 4. Decatur 6. Huntsville 7.

AL. G. FIELD'S COLORED MINSTRELS (W. A. Junker, mgr.): Emporia, Kan., Dec. 1. Newton 2. McPherson 3. Salina 4. Hutchinson 4. Arkansas City 7. Wichita 8.

JOHN E. DYORAK (Homer Drake, mgr.): Jacksonville, Ill., Nov. 25—Dec. 1. Petersburg 2. Mason City 3. Canton 6, 7. Peoria 9-11.

OBITUARY.

"Tom" Ballantyne, one of the best story tellers who ever stood on a stage or platform, died a few days ago in New York. He scarcely ever appeared in the regular theatres, except at benefits, but he was a star of the first magnitude in club circles, in which his talents met with emphatic appreciation. He was busy nearly every night in the week, throughout the season, and on Sunday evenings he often filled three or four dates in different parts of the city. He was equal to any and every occasion, and could entertain at a Sunday school or East side political club "stag" with equal facility. His fund of stories was inexhaustible, and he never failed to keep his repertoire freshened up with new ones. The entertainment field has lost a shining light by the death of Tom Ballantyne, and his taking off leaves a blank in the club life of New York, Brooklyn and neighboring cities which will be very hard to fill.

Harry C. Fisk, long identified with the Grand Opera House, Washington, D. C., as treasurer and manager, and with the Lafayette Square Opera House, died at Washington on Nov. 23 after a long illness of complicated diseases. He was born at New Brunswick, N. J., forty-three years ago, and was at one time associated with the Standard Theatre in this city. Failing health compelled his retirement in 1884. He leaves a widow and three children. The remains were buried in Glenwood Cemetery, Washington, and the pallbearers were the ushers of the Lafayette Square Opera House.

Herr Pollini, whose real name was Bernard Pohl, died in Hamburg on Saturday last, at the age of fifty-nine. He ranked among the first operatic managers in Europe and was well known for his artistic ventures. He began his career as a singer, and a few years later took to the managerial chair, directing companies in Lemberg, St. Petersburg and Moscow. In 1874 he took charge of the Hamburg City Opera and made it one of the most successful theatres in Germany. He was a shrewd business man and most of his success was made by producing the operas of modern composers.

The widow of Charles Diddin Pitt, and mother of Kate Bright, died at London, on Nov. 12, her seventy-sixth birthday. She appeared in America in 1847.

Francois Mons, a dramatist and translator, committed suicide on Nov. 24 at Paris, France.

BORN.

BAKER.—A son to Mr and Mrs Edwin Baker, at Davis, W. Va., on Nov. 17.

GOTTLIEB.—To Mr and Mrs Gottlieb (Jessie Merrille) a son.

HINTON.—A daughter to Mr and Mrs. George Frederic Hinton (Nancy Atherton), at New York city, on Nov. 21.

MARRIED.

WEYMAN-COTTON.—Louis Weyman and Miss Cotton, at Franklin, La., on Nov. 23.

DIED.

FISK.—Harry C. Fisk, at Washington, D. C., on Nov. 23, aged 43 years.

McNEIL.—Sarah E. McNeil, on Nov. 26, at Amesbury, of heart failure.

MONS.—Francois Mons, at Paris, France, on Nov. 24.

POLLINI.—Herr Pollini, the German operatic manager and impresario, on Saturday, in Hamburg, at the age of 59.

LETTER LIST.

Members of the profession are invited to use The Mirror's post-office facilities. No charge for advertising or forwarding letters. This list is made up on Monday morning. Letters will be delivered or forwarded on personal or written application. Letters advertised for 30 days and unneeded for will be returned to the post-office. Circulars and newspapers excluded.

WOMEN.

Abbott, Jessie P. Anderson, Margaret Field, Evelyn, J. Moore, Clara B. Marcelline, Louise Morton, Dorothy Murray, Katharine Merrill, Edith Marlon, Reelie Mason, E. E. Everham, J. E. Evans, Robt. Egan, John Egan, R. S. Edwards, Sam'l Fuller, Hart Farver, G. W. J. Maher, J. H. Menger, J. L. McAdams, Ernest McCarley, Wm. F. E. Fey, Carl Fields, Geo. H. Franklin, Nathan Fenton, J. H. Fenwick, Harry Fitzpatrick, S. Gilbert, John Graham, R. E. Graham, Ed. Glick, Arthur Graham, Harold Gerry, Jno. S. Greer, Julian Montgomery, Jennie Moore, Clara B. Marcelline, Louise Morton, Dorothy Murray, Katharine Merrill, Edith Marlon, Reelie Mason, E. E. Everham, J. E. Evans, Robt. Egan, John Egan, R. S. Edwards, Sam'l Fuller, Hart Farver, G. W. J. Maher, J. H. Menger, J. L. McAdams, Ernest McCarley, Wm. F. E. Fey, Carl Fields, Geo. H. Franklin, Nathan Fenton, J. H. Fenwick, Harry Fitzpatrick, S. Gilbert, John Graham, R. E. Graham, Ed. Glick, Arthur Graham, Harold Gerry, Jno. S. 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THE LONDON STAGE.

GAWAIN'S GOSSIP.

Thomas Q. Seabrooke Succeeds in London—
New Plays and Old—Notes.

(Special Correspondence of The Mirror.)

LONDON, Nov. 20.

We started our theatrical week most melodramatically, having been summoned to sample two strange specimens of blood and thunderism at suburban theatres very wide apart—namely, the Surrey at Blackfriars-on-Thames, and the Theatre Royal, Stratford, hard by Stratford-atte-Bowe on the Lea, Essex, in which ancient hamlet Chaucer's lady learnt her French so "faire and festonelle." The Stratford play was an uncompromising fourteenth century specimen of the good old "penny plain and two pence colored" kind of drama, full of weird witches, poisoned goblets, and gruesome ghosts.

It was called *The Golden Serpent*, after a certain magic armlet which a witch causes the hitherto chaste heroine to wear, whereby the heroine becomes promptly consumed by an illicit passion for a bold, bad earl, son of the witch, and as a means to "possessing" him takes measures to poison her husband. The husband, who is reported to have died of the plague, is speedily buried in a convenient charnel-house. But anon, lo! he comes out of his coffin and haunts his guilty wife by reason of the fact that she muddled the bottles which were around and, instead of giving him a deadly drug, only administered an opiate! The haunting husband presently, in the disguise of a hermit, entices his metamorphosed wife to his cell with a view to walling her up; but, owing to a trick, she contrives to wall him up instead—at least *pro tem*.

In due course, and after many a deadly combat, the magic bracelet is removed from the well-rounded arm of the heroine, and hey, presto! she at once evinces chastity again, and is forgiven by her once-killed, once-walled-up, and several-times-stabbed husband, and then they make arrangements to live happy ever after.

The author, T. N. Walter, who has written the piece for a good working company run by a well-known provincial actress named Violet Temple, is indebted for most of his gruesome situations to "Monk" Lewis, Mrs. Radcliffe, and other old-time marrow-freezing writers. For much of his dialogue, however, he has been content to rely upon a party by the name of Shakespeare.

The Surrey's melodrama was called *The Scales of Justice*, but though described as quite new and original I speedily recognized it as a much Anglicized version of *Une Cause Célèbre*, which had a great vogue in this country some years ago as *Proof*. The *Scales of Justice*, which has a strong nautical flavor, shows how a young sailor is, chiefly on the innocent circumstantial evidence given by his little daughter, condemned to the gallows on a charge of murdering his wife and a wealthy Spaniard who carries much bullion, notes and jewels about in a black handbag. Eventually the falsely accused hero is relieved and sentenced to transportation for life. After some twenty years, however, he escapes and tracks down the real double-murderer, who is now rich and would fain marry the now grown-up daughter of the innocent man. It is a crudely written play, but so full of exciting situations that the gallery boys went frenzied from time to time, and showed by their language a disposition to get on to the stage and rend the black-hearted villain limb from limb.

The chief production of the week has been a comic opera called *The Scarlet Feather*, with which the old established Australian firm of Williamson and Musgrove started their tenancy of the Shaftesbury on Wednesday. It may be at once said that although the new opera is somewhat old-fashioned, being in point of fact a version of *La Petite Marica*, produced in Paris twenty years ago, the new management have apparently got a big success. The enthusiastic reception of the piece was undoubtedly due in a great measure to the magnificent manner in which the opera was staged and to the splendid training which had been given to the principals and chorus. Here, for once in a while, we saw opera artists who had been taught to act as well as to sing; that is a rare thing. I may tell you, in our nation, whatever it may be in yours. For this training, Manager George Musgrove and that skillful musical director, Alfred Plumptre, who had come across the road from the Palace Theatre to lend a hand to his old Australian friends, were respectively responsible.

There is not much need to tell the plot of *The Scarlet Feather*, which really belongs to what one might call the "old red sandstone" period of comic opera. Two men, a baritone and a tenor, have in the past made a mutual vow not to marry. But in due course and on what the classical authors would call the "strict q. t.," each does marry, and is afraid to tell his friend the truth. One hides his wife away; the other, who thinks his wife is safe at home, is followed by her, disguised as a page-boy, and, of course, no one is able to recognize her. Just so the Lyceum Portia managed to deceive everybody on the stage as to her identity, but was promptly recognized by the boy in the gallery as only Ellen Terry pretending to be a lawyer. The music of *The Scarlet Feather*, which is by Charles Lecocq, whose opera, *La Fille de Madame Angot*, achieved great popularity in England nearly twenty-five years ago, is often in his most melodious vein. The continuity of the score, however, is frequently interrupted by interpolations of a more or less music-hally kind. The interpolations most in keeping with the original score are those furnished by the aforesaid Plumptre, who has had experience of this class of work. You will be glad to hear that

the chief comedian in this most gorgeous production—namely, your Thomas Q. Seabrooke—at once achieved a pronounced success. Thomas Q. is a genuine droll, and genuine drolls, of whatever nationality, are always welcome to us playgoers in this right little, tight little island. Other important scores were E. C. Hammond, Joseph Tapley, Decima Moore, and Nellie Stewart, who is a bright prima donna of extensive Antipodean celebrity.

Little Penley, who, with Charley's Aunt, broke all theatrical records, has just taken the lately neglected Novelty Theatre, which is near to Lincoln's Inn Fields, and close to the very site of the Old Duke's Theatre where the late Nell Gwynne was some time a star.

Beerbohm Tree has resolved to revive *A Man's Shadow* at Her Majesty's next Saturday. He had thought of playing it last Wednesday at the matinee he gave to the members of the National Conservative and Unionist Associations, but afterward he changed his mind (Tree does sometimes do that sort of thing), and gave them instead portions of *Tribly* and *The Red Lamp* and all of *The Balladmonger*. Also, he threw in a political speech, which was perhaps more humorous than common-sense.

Sir Henry Irving, who has decided to somewhat postpone his forthcoming production of son Laurence's new Lyceum play, *Peter the Great*, continues to make triumphant progress with *Ellen Terry* through the British Isles. Here and there he lets fall a speech mostly dealing with the British drama, and making it very warm for the detractors thereof. Owing to the above-mentioned postponement, Forbes-Robertson has to keep *Hamlet* on at the Lyceum a week longer than originally intended—namely, until nearly the middle of December. To-night no money can be taken at the Lyceum doors, as Professor Cusack, of the Day Training College, Northfields, near the ancient borough of Finsbury, has bought up every seat in the house in order to take two thousand of his pupils to see our new *Hamlet*.

George R. Sims and Leonard Merrick's new melodrama, *When the Lamps Are Lighted*, will be brought by John P. Sheridan and company to the Islington Grand on Monday to make its first appearance in London.

In the Days of the Duke, The Yeomen of the Guard and Sir Arthur Sullivan's Victorian ballet finish up to-night at the Adelphi, the Savoy and the Alhambra respectively. The first and the last named terribly expensive shows have had but short runs. Your fine native play, *Secret Service*, will be revived at the Adelphi on Wednesday. I hear that the play to follow *Secret Service* there will be your other native play, *The Heart of Maryland*. GAWAIN.

SOUSA AND HIS BAND GOING ABROAD.

John Philip Sousa has arranged to invade Europe next year at the head of his famous band and to the inspiring strains of his own martial music. A year ago, while on a vacation, Sousa conducted the brass section of the famous Philharmonic Orchestra of Berlin at a complimentary concert arranged in his honor, and the enormous success he achieved in the German capital convinced the American that there was a field for his band in Europe. Sousa's marches are played the world over, and their popularity should be doubled abroad when played as only Sousa's Band can play a Sousa march.

"Yes, I am going to Europe with my band next Summer," said Mr. Sousa to a *Minion* man. "The trip will occupy fourteen weeks, and we will sail from New York on May 25, returning in September. I go abroad under the direction of an English company organized expressly for the purpose of exploiting my band. The American representative is E. R. Reynolds, until recently general manager of the Long Island Railroad and of the Manhattan Beach enterprises. He will be general manager of the band and its tours. Henry Wolfsohn will manage the tour in Germany and Austria. We will open in London on June 3, and will devote five weeks to England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland. Then one week in Paris and Brussels, followed by six weeks in the principal cities of Germany and Austria, beginning with Berlin. The tour will extend as far as Vienna and Budapest."

"My band for the European tour will consist of sixty musicians, and they will form a representative American organization. We will take with us two of the greatest American soloists, a singer and an instrumentalist, both ladies. Their names will be announced later. We will take American printing with us, and our programmes will be the same judicious blend of the best works of the best composers with the lighter forms of musical expression that has so thoroughly proven its popularity with American audiences. George Frederic Hinton will accompany me to Europe as business manager, and Frank Christianer will remain in charge of the New York office and the booking of its American tours."

"On our return to America the band will play all the principal cities of every State in the Union. The twelfth tour commences in New York on Jan. 8, and will continue up to the date of our sailing for Europe."

ANOTHER CUBAN PLAY.

The Sterling Dramatic Association presented on last Tuesday evening at the Criterion Theatre a play by Rafael Navarro, Jr., entitled *The Cruise of the Margarita*. The piece is built on Cuban affairs, and was interpreted by a cast which included George B. Trumpler, E. J. Force, Frank A. Willis, Rafael Navarro, Jr., John T. Seson, J. A. Hughes, Albert Duckworth, Charles C. Sawyer, W. T. Wyatt, J. Van Winkle, Augustus Oelrichs, Lillian Wells, Alice Willard, Eleanor Knight, and Martha Briggs.

Grace Sherwood, comedienne, invites offers. Agents. *

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THE CALLBOY'S COMMENTS.

Recent quotation of a programme of the Spooners, who played *Caste*, under title of *Eccle's Girls*, has brought a letter from Mollie G. Spooner assuring me that Tom Robertson got proper credit for his old comedy in the advance matter, if not in the playbills. "Our advance notices," says she, "always give due credit to all authors." But it seems to me that the programme is the right place to credit an author. I am glad to note the information that the Spooners' salaries are good and paid in full every Monday. That is as it should be.

Last week I made one of my frequent visits to the burlesque houses—burlesques, I am cheerful to admit, are a weakness of mine—and I saw an incident which reminded me of another. The burlesque was away below the mark and, contrary to my usual experience, I failed to detect in the bill more than one performer worthy of a Broadway engagement. This one performer was an artist of real ability, and he won my esteem by a little act of gentlemanliness. He was heavily featured, and he owned the centre all the while. During the burlesque a jeweled breastpin worn by a chorus girl became unfastened and dropped to the floor. The gentleman aforementioned passed in a series of dexterous flipflaps, picked up the pin, gracefully returned it to its owner, and went on with his gyrations. Maybe you don't think this was much, but it recalled to me an episode of last season in a place quite different.

The other affair came forward at the Metropolitan Opera House during a performance of *Carmen* last Winter. In the second act a pretty jeweled dagger slipped from Emma Calvé's dress, and fell so near the footlights that when the act ended it was outside the curtain. There was the usual encore, and Madame Calvé came out hand in hand with Jean De Reszke and La Salle. They crossed the stage, passing to bow at the prompt side. The little dagger glittered right at their feet. Madame Calvé looked earnestly at it and glanced appealingly to the men. This was repeated during four more calls. De Reszke and La Salle bowed and smiled, but neither would lower himself to the gentlemanly duty of picking up that dagger. It would have been the neat, pretty, courteous, gallant thing to do, but the lady's appeal never touched them. When the calls were over, Madame Calvé chased out a stage hand who took in the jewel. I could not help making a mental comparison when I saw the burlesque actor, who was not afraid that a gentlemanly action would queer his stellar dignity.

The growing tendency to introduce intermissions in burlesque and vaudeville performances is to be deplored. Any entertainment, even the very best minstrel bill, which has not the consecutive interest of a play, suffers by the presence of the diabolical intermission. I had supposed that I knew why an intermission should be ordered in a house wherein no return checks existed, but wherein there was a barroom, but now we are getting them on almost all sides. A music hall manager told me the other day that at least ninety per cent. of his patrons were opposed to the intermission business, but that the proprietor had said it must be. And there you are. Some enterprising manager ought to take a straw ballot of his house on the intermission question. I'd like a chance to gamble on the result.

A good story comes about Al. G. Field, Dan Quinlan, and Joseph A. Reider. Down in Paris, Texas, these gentlemen stacked up against the professional "Rube" attached to Stowe Brothers' Circus. Now, it is the business of this "Rube" to single out prominent busy men in each town, to take up their time by some fictitious story, and to worry them to distraction, finally making himself known for the delectation of the populace, the disgust of the victim, and the glorification of the show. In the Texan Paris, the "Rube" spotted the minstrel men aforesaid, induced them to neglect important business matters, and sent them hunting all about town to find an imaginary man who had ordered a hypothetical wagon load of potatoes from the bogus countryman. Joe Reider says that the Stowes' "Rube" is the best ever, and avers that in one town he had the marshal and half the citizens trying to help him to find his supposed wife, who, he vowed, had eloped with one of the circus men.

Neil McNeil sends me an oddity in the way of a Western-dogger announcing: "—s Big Company in The Bells. This is the play that made Henry Irving famous. Miss —, Singing and Dancing Subrette. New songs and

dances introduced." Another friend forwards an Arizona programme containing an advertisement sporting the name of "J. Knox Corbett." This man must be a nifty person. Speaking of Corbett, the *World* made a funny break last week when it said: "A handsome new set for The Heart of the Klondike at the Star has been painted by Joseph Hart. It presents an authentic view of Carson City." Dan Stuart will please have his veriscope pictures altered so as to change the scene to Klondike. I had read somewhere that Carson City was in Nevada last March, but it must have moved up to Dawson City with the rush.

Agnes Farnum contributes one more for the merry collection of "mash" letters. This quaint specimen, written by a hotel proprietor, was received in an Indiana town, and there may be no two ways about its gentle impressiveness. Here it is:

KIND FRIEND: You will no doubt be surprised to hear from me. Probably this is not the first one it has been your fortune (or misfortune) to encounter. So pleasant a young lady as you may expect such, at any time. If agreeable with you I would very much desire to correspond with you, for pastime and pleasure. Yours sincerely

I have made a mental note of the letter writer's name and of his hotel. When I strike his town, I shall see if the foregoing quotation is good for a meal ticket. THE CALLBOY.

GOSSIP.

The Versin Sisters lectured last Saturday at 56 West Fifth Street about their "phonographic method" for changing foreign accents. The lecture will be repeated to-morrow (Wednesday).

Francis J. Fiesse's farcical comedy, *Lost-A-Bride*, will open at Richmond, Va., on Dec. 30, under direction of H. D. Grahame. The cast will include Maud Louise Barber, Alma Howard, Annie L. Keeler, Emily Stowe, Winifred DeWitt, H. Victor Morley, Frank Evans Hibler, W. F. Stone, Frank V. Le Mone, and Alfred Burnham.

In Town was not played last Friday at the Montauk Theatre, Brooklyn, owing to the illness of Louis Bradford.

Marie Barnum gave a private production of the *Venus Statue Dance* at the Grand Central Palace last Friday, Boula appearing as *Venus*.

The Cat and the Cherub will soon be presented in Paris.

Francis Carlyle's voice gave out during Friday's performance of *The White Heather* at the Academy.

G. De Yaulus will furnish orchestras for the Plant System of hotels in Florida, with headquarters in the Tampa Bay Hotel. He has also booked Ivan Greboff, the Russian boy pianist, who will give piano recitals semi-weekly at each hotel of the system.

Edward Morgan, of the Lyceum stock company, will appear in London next Spring with Mrs. Leslie Carter.

A fairy operetta, *Cinderella*, will be given for charity at the Metropolitan Opera House during the Christmas holidays.

Claire Tuttle's tour came to an end at Tully, N. Y., on Nov. 22.

Sam Fisher has joined Eight Bells as agent.

Jack Palmer, who made a hit with *Kate Claxton* in vaudeville, is now playing the role of Jacques in *The Two Orphans*.

August Spanuth, Ludwig Marum, and Anton Hegner have formed the New York Chamber Music Club, and will give three concerts at the Savoy Hotel—on Dec. 6, 1897, Jan. 3 and Feb. 7, 1898. Mrs. Corinne Moore-Lawson will assist at the first concert.

William Bauer and Dora Valesca Baker were the soloists at the concert of the Luther League Choral Union in Mendelssohn Glee Club Hall last Thursday.

Julia Baird, of May Irwin's company, will appear at the Waldorf-Astoria on Dec. 6 in a pantomime given by the Society of Musical Arts.

Mabel Gilman replaced Nancy McIntosh in *The Geisha* at Daly's when Miss McIntosh left to join Mr. Daly's regular company.

Carlotta F. Pinner gave a concert last evening at Chickering Hall, before sailing for London.

Columbia College students will soon present *Vanity Fair*, a new musical comedy by Donald McGregor and A. A. Powers.

Mrs. Edwin Baker gave birth to a ten-pound boy at Davis, W. Va., on Nov. 17.

Harry Kelly, of Jack and the Beanstalk, was presented with a handsome pair of diamond cuff buttons on his birthday by members of the company.

Bonnie Magin, the clever soubrette of *In the Name of the Czar*, is winning much praise and many encores nightly with her French and coon songs and toe dancing.

Manager C. Sumner Burroughs, of the Grand Rapids Opera House, was jailed on Nov. 28 for giving a Sunday night performance. He will sue the police for false imprisonment.

Managers of theatres wishing to book Col. Ingersoll for lectures during March and April next send open time to his manager, Mr. C. P. Farrell, 220 Madison Avenue, New York. *

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS

CHICAGO.

"Biff" Hall's Characteristic Comments on Players and Theatrical Events.
(Special to The Mirror.)

CHICAGO, Nov. 29.

Along with Sol Smith Russell and Lillian Russell and the Russell Brothers we are having one first real touch of Winter. At Hooley's to-night Sol Smith Russell made his first appearance at "the parlor house of comedy," presenting A Bachelor's Romance, which the astute New York critics recently said was first produced in Gotham, but which we saw here at the Grand long before it was given on Broadway. Of course, we never have the Broadway companies, but Nannette Comstock and the others are splendid substitutes, and Mr. Russell was given the cordial welcome to-night that is always his just reward in Chicago. During his engagement he will be seen in Taming of the Shrew, Mr. Valentine's Christmas, and The Spitfire. Mr. Crane, whom he followed, had a very successful three weeks in A Virginia Courtship. During his last week the company gave ten performances. Besides the regular ones was a professional matinee, on Tuesday, to show Mr. Jefferson why the play was not like The Rivals; the extra Thanksgiving matinee, and the special act of the play for the Sharpe benefit.

This testimonial to Manager Sharpe, at McVicker's Friday afternoon, packed the big house to the doors, and realized over \$3,000 for the good little man. Lotte was here, and paid \$100 for a box, while speeches were made by Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Crane, and Mr. Sharpe. It was one of the best bills of the year.

The Whirl of the Town was followed at the Columbia this evening by the triple alliance of stars—Lillian Russell, Della Fox, and Jeff D'Angelo—in The Wedding Day, under the direction of Frank Murray, ably assisted by Frank Slocum. There was a great house present and the opera made a hit.

Young Joe Jefferson sent a fine dog, of immaculate pedigree, to his friend, Nat Goodwin, last week. It is a dog that Mr. Goodwin had been coveting for weeks.

William Beach, of The Cat and the Cherub, spent a few days here last week on his return from New York, and left for Milwaukee yesterday, where the Chinese play was to be given at the Alhambra. Mr. Beach now eats with chop sticks.

This is the last week of A Black Sheep with the present cast, as when the engagement closes at the Grand Opera House next Saturday night the principals will go to Detroit to rehearse for Hoyt's latest, A Day and a Night.

The November dinner of the Forty Club ushered out the month at the Wellington to-morrow night. Among those present will be Sol Smith Russell, Richard Golden, Jeff D'Angelo, Frank Murray, W. H. Clark, J. K. Murray, Frank Slocum, Otis Harlan, William Devere, Gerald Griffin, and others of the profession.

Way Down East was followed at the Schiller last night by The Isle of Champagne, with Richard Golden and Katherine Germaine in the leading roles. A large audience welcomed the comedian and his associates, and enjoyed a bright performance.

At McVicker's last week Mr. Jefferson had his usual record-breaking business, playing Rip Van Winkle, Land Me Five Shillings, and The Cricket on the Hearth to the capacity of the house. He was followed last night by At Piney Ridge, creditably presented by the Higgins Brothers, and next week The Bostonians come in repertoire.

Many of the old friends of Frank Chapman, business-manager for Mr. Jefferson, are no doubt unaware of the fact that he was once a circus clown, and that he is the originator of the famous phrase: "Ere we are again."

The Carlisle Indian football team was here last month, and yesterday the only Indian actress, Go-Woo-Go-Mohawk, began an engagement at the Alhambra in The Indian Mail Carrier, by Nance Weptow-No-Mah. Mlle. Mohawk is a lineal descendant of Red Jacket, whose bitter old Charlie Clayton used to sell here at Fort Dearborn years ago. I stood in front of McVicker's the other day when the veteran Joseph Jefferson alighted from a carriage, and Bob Bagley, the Chicago Pullman, who was by my side, said: "There is a man Charlie Clayton had on his knee when he was christened." Mr. Bagley, by the way, is the man who told me that Colonel Foster, formerly of The Bostonians, acquired his title of colonel by drawing a sword in a raffle.

The Privateer attracted two very large audiences to the Lincoln Theatre yesterday afternoon and evening.

Last Friday evening Manager Henderson, of the Great Northern Theatre, and Manager Thompson, of the Boston Lyric Opera company, came to a "show down." Manager Thompson related his woes before the curtain, and the large audience was dismissed and money returned because The Bohemian Girl could not be handled by green stage hands. The house was "dark" all Saturday, but was reopened to-night by William Bonelli in The Captain of the Nonsuch. If Manager Thompson cannot get the lease of the Northern he will take his company to Denver for ten weeks.

Emeralda is being presented at the Hopkins Theatre this week along with "Visions of Art" and the big vanderbille bill.

I met a man the other day who wore arctic overboots, earmuffs, and a silk hat, and discovered him to be none other than our old fellow-townsmen, Thomas W. Prior, who is piloting Doctor Nansen through the West. The man from the pole gave three lectures here at the Auditorium to great houses.

Yayee is to be the soloist at the Auditorium

concerts next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening.

Anthony Hope, "The Prisoner of Zenda," begins a series of three lectures at Central Music Hall next Wednesday evening. He will not interfere with the illustrated lectures of Burton Holmes, which are drawing large crowds.

The Faust Brothers' English Pantomime company and Bell Ringers are at the Bijou Theatre this week, while at the Academy of Music, further up the street, Joe Flynn is presenting McInty the Sport.

Frank Small has discovered a new "soubrette sign" here in town for me. It reads: "C. Orchardson—Artesian Well-Driven and Portrait Painter."

Otis Skinner has been doing the "one-night stands" lately, and he writes me as follows: "In one place the local Hazlett announced the appearance, 'for one evening only,' of the 'noted Shakespearean dramatist, Otis Skinner.' Now, what can a fellow do with a proposition like that? Perhaps he thought I was Augustin Daly. We are going to put on a special performance of The Lady of Lyons soon, Mrs. Skinner to make her first appearance as Pauline. As I write these lines there comes from behind the closed door of the adjoining room an agonized voice crying: 'Claude, Claude, all is forgotten and forgiven. I am yours forever!'"

Ned Kennedy, of the Auditorium, told me the other day of a very pretty girl named Helen Hunt who plays the organ in a small suburban church. She is popular, and every one knows her. One Sunday not long ago, as the congregation was dismissed, she found a pocket book in the aisle and took it to the pastor. He called the people back, and made this announcement: "I would like to say that if any one has lost a pocket book he can go to Helen Hunt for it."

"Biff" Hall.

BOSTON.

The Week's Attractions—Wars on Hats, Late-Comers and Lithograph Passes.

(Special to The Mirror.)

BOSTON, Nov. 29.

The Belle of New York began a single week's engagement at the Boston, where Dan Daly, who is featured in the organization, is as big a Boston favorite as ever. Paula Edwards made a special hit in her part. George K. Fortescue and Harry Davenport are two other Boston favorites, and first-nighters were glad again to see Marie George, who was well remembered for work in The Lady Slavey.

The Circus Girl opened at the Museum to-night to a big house. There were many who had the impression that they were to see the original New York company, owing to the fact that extracts from New York papers were largely used on the billboard, but that was not the case, as this is the road organization, which has never played in New York.

E. S. Willard made the third change of bill in his engagement at the Tremont to-night, and presented David Garrick. Business has been tremendous during the past two weeks and the house has been all sold out nearly every night. In fact, so great was the call for tickets to Tom Pinch that plans were changed and arrangements have been made for an extra week of that play.

Little Em'ly was the play at the Castle Square to-night, following right on the Dickens revival down town and making a certain success. It seemed like old times at the Museum to see the present revival, and the presentation to-night was far better than had been given in this city for many years. Tony Cummings and his stock company have made themselves solid with all classes, and the season is a big success in every way.

The Walls of New York at the Grand Opera House to-night again presented lively Katie Emmett, who bore the burden of the play. The specialties introduced in the concert hall scene were especially liked, and the thrilling sensations were eminently satisfactory to the gallery boys. William Barry in The Rising Generation will follow.

Henry's Minstrels—the announcement of those mystic words in front of the Columbia may have made some think that the genial, popular, and clever resident-manager of the house had branched out into a new enterprise. But, no. It was not Tom but H., and the minstrel show was one of the best given here for a long time. The features were Mr. Henry's cornet solos, Arthur Deming, McMahon and King, Locke and Carroll, Harry Leighton, A. W. Bayley, and the Patrol Quartette.

This is the final big week of the engagement of the Empire Stock company in Under the Red Robe at the Hollis Street. In Town will follow.

Patent Applied For is the attraction at the Bowdoin Square this week, and Beatrice and the horseless carriage divide honors. To me the clever little dancer and actress was the more attractive, but the other served to indicate what an up to date melodrama Elmer E. Vance had produced.

The Girl from Paris still remains on the top wave of popularity at the Park, and no limit to the run is in sight.

The Gold King was given as the dramatic offering at the Grand this week. Wallace Campbell and Isabel Pitt Lewis were featured, James K. Keane contenting himself with directing the performance.

Edward Mackay, who did excellent work as Burton in Chimmie Fadden at the Columbia last week, is a younger brother of Charles Mackay, who is such a favorite at the Castle Square. The younger Mackay much resembles his brother in appearance, though he is of a bit smaller build, and his work quite suggests that of Charles Mackay. Were he a member of the Castle Square forces it is safe to say that he would at once become as great a favorite as his brother always has been.

Mrs. Isaac B. Rich, who has been quite ill at

her apartments at the Castle Square Hotel, is now greatly improved in health.

E. S. Willard is now rehearsing Sir Hugh Trevor in All for Her, but it is not ready for performance. He declares that he would like to play The Lyons Mail, The Bells, and Louis XI., but as Sir Henry Irving has done all, he will probably postpone their productions. Still, he has such a list of plays in preparation that before he returns to England in the Spring he will have them all rehearsed and ready for 1898-99, instead of having to worry about them all Summer, as he did this year.

This is merchants' week in Boston, and excursions from all over New England bring thousands to the city. The big stores of the city give discounts in honor of the week, and some of the theatres follow suit. The Boston makes a reduction of one-third to all country patrons coming on the excursions, while the Castle Square will admit free all merchants who visit the city during the week.

Rev. G. H. Emerson, editor of the Christian Leader, gave a lecture on Macredy and the drama at the meeting of the Playgoers' Club last week.

The ushers at the Boston theatres are enforcing the big hat law with vigor. The other night at the Tremont I saw notices served on six monsters of millinery, and there were six mad women the rest of the evening, but there were sixty grateful people behind. The next crusade is going to be against late-comers, who are becoming a tremendous nuisance. When Mrs. Flake was playing her recent engagement at the Tremont, she remarked to Mildred Aldrich: "Why is it that people cannot arrive at the play in season to see the curtain go up? It must be very annoying to those who wish to see and hear to have to get up several times during the first of the performance to let people pass them. I assure you it is very disconcerting to us on the stage. I have given directions to my manager to instruct the ushers that no one is to be brought down the aisles after the curtain rises. If people come late they must stand at the back of the house until the curtain falls on the first act. I don't know that it is possible to carry out such an order, but it is possible to try." This nuisance has been more marked than ever during the Willard engagement.

Charles M. Towle, a former newspaper man of Boston, is doing the press work in advance of The Bride Elect.

H. W. Savage, the manager of the Castle Square Opera company of Philadelphia, was in town last week looking after his big real estate agency in Boston. He says that he has enough annual subscriptions to make his company a paying venture, even were there no transient patronage. If Boston theatregoers could have their way, they would have Mr. Savage's singers brought back to this city as a permanent feature of the season.

A Temperance Town was given for charity by St. Gregory's Dramatic Club last week, and another amateur organization will present The County Fair in Union Hall Dec. 1.

Harriet A. Shaw, the famous harp soloist, did a graceful act of charity on Thanksgiving Day, when she gave a concert in the corridor of Clarke Street Jail. Last Summer she smashed her eye-glasses, seriously wounding one eye with the splinters of glass. For a long time the sight of the eye was despaired of, and there were even fears that both eyes might be adversely affected. A turn for the better came, however, and now her sight, while not perfectly restored, is well on the road to recovery. Miss Shaw wrote to Mrs. Florence Spooner, the prison missionary, proffering her services in beguiling the lot of some prisoners on Thanksgiving Day. Miss Shaw said she wished to make some thank-offering for the recovery of her sight, and felt that this use of her talent, in lightening the prisoners' burdens, would be as acceptable as any.

Goldie Klondike, the little skirt dancer, came on to Boston to appear at the Kirmess performance in Mechanics' Building, but she only danced once, and then came out with a card in the papers announcing that her refusal to participate further in the performance was not on account of any unpleasantness with the management of the Woman's City Relief Association, but entirely to a disagreement with the stage director in regard to her response to enclosures which the audience insisted upon.

Lithograph passes are coming in for more than their share of attention in the Boston papers. Lawrence McCarthy was interviewed to give the opinions of Eugene Tompkins on the subject. He said: "For three years past we have endeavored to dissuade every attraction playing here from using lithographs, and have asked the managers to put the amount of money they would spend on them into the newspapers. We, on our side, guaranteed to place in newspaper advertising what it would cost us to circulate and post these lithographs. Mr. Tompkins is a great believer in newspaper advertising."

Thomas H. Davis, one of the owners of the Columbia, has been in town to consider the advisability of abandoning the window lithograph method of advertising and its consequent free passes. Mr. Davis takes the same view as Mr. Schoeffel in regard to the uselessness of the lithograph plan and the benefits to be derived from newspaper advertising. As a consequence it is likely that the Columbia advertising will hereafter be done through the medium of the newspapers and the free pass lithographs will be relegated to the past.

William Humphreys has made such a success by his clever make-up at the Castle Square that the Journal singled him out to reproduce photographs of the most striking instances of his sinking of identity. His cleverness is specially marred in this respect.

Henry Miller's first Boston appearance as a

star will be made at the Hollis Street in January.

Al Canby's Boston friends made his return to the city a pleasant one to-day.

Dec. 16 has been selected for the date of the annual benefit of Boston Lodge of the Theatrical Mechanics' Association. It will be given at the Boston.

Paula Edwards, who is one of the hits of The Belle of New York, is well remembered here for her cleverness in taking prominent characters at short notice. When Bettina Gerard retired from A Black Sheep Miss Edwards made a signal hit by replacing her at exceedingly short notice, and earlier, in Tabasco, she made equal success when Elvia Croix was out of the bill.

Trilby will be revived at the Castle Square next week on account of the big success which it made there a few weeks ago.

Viola Allen has received seventy-nine requests for pictures and autographs during the past three weeks. Here's one from me to make the number eighty.

Minnie De Rue is a Boston girl, and her friends did not neglect her at the Museum to-night.

Theodore Bendix, who is the musical director for The Belle of New York, was for years here in that position during John Stetson's control at the Globe.

There is no question of who is the best actor to play Micawber in Little Em'ly, as Horace Lewis' work in that character at the Castle Square to-night was a perfect study.

Walter Kennedy is soon to star over the New England circuit in Damon and Pythias and Samson.

Two months ago I had a paragraph in my letter in The Mirror about the invalid lady who was taken in a wheel chair to the Grand Opera House, where she was able to enjoy the performances at a matinee. Since then the lady has died, and among the pleasantest features of her last days were these chances to attend the theatre. She was the mother of Charles Willard.

JAY BENTON.

WASHINGTON.

Joseph Arthur's New Play—Hanson's Superba—The Geisha—Doings.

(Special to The Mirror.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.

Joseph Arthur produced his new play, The Salt of the Earth, at the Columbia Theatre to-night. The piece is a country comedy and the title is in a way descriptive of the career of a man who is of the Salt of the Earth kind, the phrase being used to designate one who in humanity and nobility of character is worthy the love and admiration of all. The scenes are laid in the obscure little village of Vevay, situated on the banks of the Ohio River in southern Indiana, miles from any railroad—a quiet spot, where life is timed by the coming and going of the daily stage coach. Following is the cast of characters:

Tom	Theodore Babcock
Matthew May	George W. Wilson
Jean A. Lathrop	Frank Landers
"Doctor" McBriggs	R. A. Roberts
Isaac Kelly	George W. Denham
Judge Lingendefelder	Thomas Bunney
Rowley	Charles Harris
Ann May	Annie Russell
Cynthia May	Alice Fisher
Beenie Dole	Marion Berg
Kate Bonifant	Maud O'Dell
Mr. Small	Charles J. Greene
Mr. Smithers	Herman G. Vernon
Mr. Smoot	Herman Noble
Judge Fisher	Robert Robson
Mrs. Judge Fisher	Anna Dogwell

The play is in four acts, and the time 1894-96.

Act 1—May's Farm—The Tin Wedding. Two years pass. Act 2—Interior of May's House, Fourth of July. Act 3—Interior of Town Hall—Vevay—same day. Act 4—Interior of May's House—Three months later. The story deals with Tom, called the Shooting Star, an apprenticed plowboy—one of the kind who can with equal facility handle a crowbar or a lady's fan, who can toll all day in the fields and walk ten miles to a distant night school, who can quote poetry while he is feeding the stock, who can by the force of his eloquence quell a mob about to lynch the wrong man, and can with equal facility wrestle or run a foot race and win it. Tom, the apprentice, loves Ann, the daughter of Matthew May, a well-to-do farmer. Early in life he enters a contest with a rival for her affections, who seeks to shake her faith in him, to array the community against the popular young man, and succeeds in destroying Ann's confidence in him. This rival then tries to check the progress of Tom's meteoric political career by charging him before all the people, from a balcony in the village town hall, of intriguing with a woman in a neighboring town, and at the same time betraying the innocent daughter of the respected farmer, Matthew May. To do this he makes use of some apparently incriminating letters written by Tom himself. He has had ten thousand copies of these printed, and his attempt to throw them from the balcony to the crowd is defeated by Ann, who, while she believes that Tom has wronged her, cannot consent to see his brilliant career destroyed. By a trick she secures both the original letters and the copies, and presents them to Tom with the ring that was the pledge of their affection. The company is an excellent one. Annie Russell gives a charmingly natural portrayal of the part of the farmer's daughter. In a flag making scene she sang "The Star Spangled Banner," and won great applause. Theodore Babcock's Tom was strongly played, and a clever character impersonation was the village blacksmith and Town Hall janitor of George W. Denham. Maud O'Dell, Alice Fisher, Anna Dogwell, Marion Berg, Frank Landers, R. A. Roberts, George W. Wilson, Thomas Bunney, Charles Harris, and Robert Robson filled their respective roles with ability. The production was under the direction of R. A. Roberts. Miss Francis of Yale will follow.

Augustin Daly's production of The Geisha

opened to a large attendance at the Lafayette Square. The catchy operetta was well produced and received. James T. Powers contributed unlimited fun as Wun Hi, while Nancy McIntosh, Virginia Earl, Julius Steeger, and Herbert Gresham met with warm individual welcomes. The chorus was strong and effective, and the minor roles were in capable hands. One Round of Pleasure comes next.

Hanson's Superba is the attraction at the new National Theatre, opening to a big house. The completeness of this spectacular pantomime, the wonderful mechanical tricks and dazzling brilliance of transformation evoked praise-worthy remark. Charles Gayer is the capable Pierrot, and his work throughout is most interesting and entertaining. Louise Truax led the specialties in her whistling turn, and scored a pronounced hit, her single, double and triple notes and bird warbling receiving many encores. Henry Miller in Heartsease will follow.

James H. Wallick's production of When London Sleeps is at the Academy of Music. The play is in charge of a very clever company. Fanny Rice comes next.

Down in Dixie, with its pickaninny dancers, colored brass band, quartette singing and plantation features, drew the usual big Monday night attendance to the Grand Opera House. Robert McWade, Mabel Florence, Mathilda Welling, and Mrs. Milt G. Barlow are praised for their work. A Guilty Mother is the next attraction.

Shore Acres comes to the new National Theatre Dec. 13, and on the opening night, which celebrates the fifteen hundredth performance of the play, handsome souvenirs in the shape of gold plated large sized Florentine photograph frames will be given to every lady in attendance.

Miss Helene Hastreiter, Signor Giovanni Edgardo, and Herr Rudolf Van Scarpa, of the Hastreiter Grand Concert company, were entertained at the White House Wednesday afternoon by the President and Mrs. McKinley. A distinguished company, including Vice-President Hobart and family, were present, who thoroughly enjoyed the admirable programme.

I. H. Stoddard will commence a starring tour in January in a dramatization of Ian MacLaren's novel, "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," appearing as Lachlan Campbell. The dramatization has been made by James MacArthur, well known to the literary world as the editor of the *Bookman*, and Thomas Hall. It will be produced by and under the management of Frank L. Forley and Fred M. Ranken.

A season of four performances of grand opera will be given at the Lafayette Square Dec. 13, 14, 16 and 17 by the Damrosch-Ellis Opera company, under the direction of Walter Damrosch and C. A. Ellis. The repertoire will comprise Barber of Seville, Lohengrin, Carmen, and Faust.

Last Wednesday night the President and Mrs. McKinley and a party of friends occupied a box at the Lafayette Square to witness De Wolf Hopper's *El Capitán*.

Corinne Parker, of Augustin Daly's company, is at her home here during The Geisha engagement.

Halley's Washington Concert Band attracted a fine audience at the concert given at the new National Theatre Sunday night. A panorama of War Memories was given with descriptive music. Hattie Meads Smith, soprano, and Messrs. Theibach and Haina were the soloists.

JOHN T. WARD.

PHILADELPHIA.

Grand Opera at the Academy—The Highwayman at the Park—Other Attractive Bills.

(Special to The Mirror.)

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 29.

The stars and attractions offered here this week include Richard Mansfield, E. H. Sothern, The Highwayman, Castle Square Opera company in The Musketeers, What Happened to Jones, Donnelly and Girard in The Geizer, George W. Monroe in A Happy Little Home, and the Damrosch and Ellis organization in grand opera.

The six hundredth performance of the Castle Square Opera company will be celebrated at the Grand Opera House Dec. 1 with the distribution of silver souvenirs. Varney's delightful Musketeers is the opera for the current week. For week of Dec. 6 Carmen and Lily of Killarney, each four performances.

The Highwayman, De Koven and Smith's new comic opera, opened to-night at the Park Theatre to a large and brilliant audience, being an event of unusual importance. There were seventy-five people on the stage in a series of beautiful scenes laid in England in the good old time of stage coaches. Prominent in the cast are Hilda Clark, Jerome Sykes, Harry Macdonough, Nellie Braggins, James O'Mara, Maud Williams, Van Benschoten Wheeler, Reginald Roberts, J. H. White, George O'Donnell, and William S. Corliss. The applause accorded to the performance assures the great success which The Highwayman merits. The bookings to follow show the wise management of William J. Gilmore, including Augustin Daly's Geisha company for weeks Dec. 13 and 20, James A. Herne's Shore Acres Dec. 27, and Minnie Maddern Fiske's wonderful creation of Tess of the D'Urbervilles in January.

Richard Mansfield inaugurated his annual two weeks' engagement this evening at the Chestnut Street Opera House with The Devil's Disciple. This distinguished actor and Beatrice Cameron were warmly welcomed by hosts of admirers. Repertoire and nightly change of programme for final week. Frank Daniels in The Idol's Eye follows Dec. 13.

E. H. Sothern opened to-night at the Broad Street Theatre in The Lady of Lyons. For his second week he will present for the first time on any stage the new comedy by Anthony

Hope, called The Adventure of Lady Ursula. Next attraction here E. S. Willard.

One Round of Pleasure, last week at the Chestnut Street Theatre. Lilliputians follow Dec. 6.

The Academy of Music this evening is bright with our best society people, surrounded by the wealth, fashion and musical talent of the Quaker City, eager to show their high appreciation for the efforts of Walter Damrosch and C. A. Ellis to give seven weeks of grand opera in this city. Two nights and one matinee are to be given, the intervening nights during this engagement to be devoted to Baltimore, Washington and Pittsburgh. Faust was the opening opera, with Melba as Marguerite; M. Iba, the new French tenor, as Faust; M. Bouderesque, debut in America as Mephisto, and Campanini as Valentine. The performance was received with great applause, and proved a memorable night in the annals of our old Academy. Lohengrin and La Traviata, repertoire for Dec. 1 and matinee Dec. 4.

Donnelly and Girard in their merry operatic burlesque, The Geizer, are at the Auditorium this week, opening to a large house. This is the same company that lately appeared at the Park Theatre, introducing many specialties. Burt Haverly, Laura Biggar, and leading specialty artists in A Railroad Ticket follow Dec. 6. John and Emma Ray in A Hot Old Time Dec. 13.

What Happened to Jones, under the management of J. J. Rosenthal, is at the Walnut Street Theatre this week. Belle of New York Dec. 6, two weeks.

Girard Avenue Theatre presents Charley's Aunt, with Charles Avery specially engaged to enact the student who masquerades as the old lady from Brazil. Amy Lee, Frank B. Hatch, Emma Maddern, E. M. Bell, and Valerie Bergere deserve prominent mention for clever work. Alabama by the stock organization in rehearsal for Dec. 6.

The Girl I Left Behind Me is this week at the People's Theatre, to be followed by Two Little Vagrants, Dec. 6 week.

In the Name of the Czar is a drawing card at the Standard Theatre this week, with a strong company headed by Lettie Allen, Fred Montague, James R. McCann, Lizzie Kendall, Lillian Ames, Gus Bruno, Jerry Keenan, and others. For week of Dec. 6 Brother for Brother.

Forepunch's Theatre has Pawn Ticket 310 as the attraction for week, the cast including Carrie Radcliffe, George Learock, and a good supporting company. Signor Giannini, the tenor, is introduced in the performance with good effect. Business continues large at this popular family resort. Sins of the Night Dec. 6.

A Happy Little Home, with the noted fun-maker, George W. Monroe, and his large and talented company, opened to-night to a big house at the National Theatre. Annie Lloyd, Edwina, John H. W. Byrne, Laura Bennett, Lillian Mayard, Norma Mendia, James Norris, Dora Wiley, Aline Kremer, all introduce excellent specialties. The Cherry Pickers come Dec. 6. Guilty Mother 13. Man-o-War's Man 30. Hogan's Alley 27.

Nansen, the Arctic explorer, comes to the Academy of Music Dec. 7 to repeat his lecture on "The Ice North." With prices at \$2 a seat, he turned away hundreds last month in this city.

Eleventh Street Opera House, with Dumont's Minstrels, is having a very successful season, the programme remaining unchanged. Hughey Dougherty, John E. Murphy, Harry C. Shunk, Lew Sully, Alf S. Gibson, and Frank Dumont are the favorites.

Andrew A. McCormick, of the Broadway Theatre, and John P. Slocum are here looking after the interests of their latest operatic production, The Highwayman, which promises to be another Robin Hood.

The annual benefit of Theatrical Mechanics' Association No. 3 takes place afternoon of Dec. 3 at the Walnut Street Theatre. A long list of volunteers and large advance sales show prospects of big receipts.

Auguste Van Biele, the actor-violoncellist, will be a special feature at Keith's Bijou Theatre in this city week of Dec. 6.

Robbie's Knickerbockers come to the Lyceum Theatre Dec. 6.

Some of our theatrical managers are sadly violating the law at certain times in regard to placing extra chairs in the aisles and blocking the passageway, thus interfering with proper egress in case of fire or accident. The proper authorities ought to enforce the law without respect to persons that may claim to have a "pull."

THE MIRROR's circulation, in spite of all opposition, is continually increasing in the Quaker City.

S. FRANKENBERG.

ST. LOUIS.

W. H. Crane at the Century—Other Offerings this Week—Gossip.

(Special to The Mirror.)

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 29.

The engagement last week of Julia Marlowe at the Century was a success. Large audiences attended each performance, and the talented artist appeared in her best characters. To-night William H. Crane opens his engagement in A Virginia Courtship.

The Olympic drew large audiences last week, when Primrose and West's Minstrels played their engagement. Last night The Whirl of the Town opened.

Hopkins' Grand Opera House had for its dramatic attraction Niobe, which was given in a very strong manner to two crowded audiences. The vaudeville attraction included the Brothers Damm, who made a big hit; Lew Hawkins, the Mimic Four, Foy and Clark, Mayo Brothers, Lizzie and Vinie Daly, and Budworth and Brimmer.

The Imperial has a strong bill this week in

Young Mrs. Winthrop, which was put on yesterday afternoon with Victory Bateman, Fanny McIntyre, Lawrence Hanley, and Mr. Smith in the cast. A very finished performance resulted. The vaudeville card was the Martinetti Brothers. The two performances drew very large audiences yesterday.

Havin's had Northern Lights for its attraction yesterday, and the two performances caused two big overflows. The company presenting it gave a most excellent performance and pleased the two big audiences.

Manager James J. Butler, of the Standard, gratified two immense audiences yesterday, when Sam Devere's Burlesquers opened up. The company is headed by Sam Devere himself and gave two most entertaining performances.

Billy Rice's Broadway Theatre closed on Saturday night for good. Poor attendance was the cause. Rice joined Primrose and West's Minstrels, leaving here with them Sunday.

George S. Johns, of the editorial staff of the *Post-Dispatch*, and at one time its dramatic critic, will have his play, David Laroque, given at the Imperial next week by the strong stock company. It was given in Washington and the East by Robert Downing and company with great success.

Lew Dockstader played a special engagement here with the Primrose and West Minstrels last week.

Mr. Semon, of the musical team of Falke and Semon, was not here with Primrose and West last week, but was called East from Cincinnati by the serious illness of his wife. He will probably rejoin them this week, as his wife is better.

Some smooth fellow gulled a lot of clerks and office employees last week by selling them some forged Century passes. Manager James J. Brady caught on before any of them were used and reported the matter to the police.

Work on the new Columbia continues, and preparations are being made to open it as soon as it is completed. It will probably be ready about Christmas.

W. C. HOWLAND.

CINCINNATI.

Mrs. Fiske at the Pike—At Other Theatres—Notes.

(Special to The Mirror.)

CINCINNATI, Nov. 29.

Mrs. Fiske and her sterling company opened an engagement for the week at the Pike to-night in Tess of the D'Urbervilles. It is hard to speak in moderation of the genius of Mrs. Fiske. To those who had never seen her, she was a revelation. Those who had watched her upward career with enthusiasm felt they knew what to expect from her previous acting, yet even they were unprepared for her conception of Hardy's heroine. This engagement is the theatrical event of the season, and the audiences will be large and composed of the best people of the city. To-night Mrs. Fiske was forced to respond to numerous curtain calls. Her company renders most efficient support.

The Bostonians are here for the first time in several years and presented The Serenade at the Grand to-night. Robin Hood will be sung Saturday night. The Whirl of the Town is underlined.

The Prodigal Father, presented by a company of competent actors, opened at the Fountain yesterday afternoon to a packed house. Every one in the cast was well received and the songs and dances duly appreciated.

The Rays are at the Walnut this week in A Hot Old Time. Last night they did a big business. Many innovations have been made, and none of them failed to please.

The S. W. Brady company is filling the Star this week with an excellent performance of The Unknown. Special scenery has been secured for the occasion.

Black Patti's Troubadours are at Heuck's, where they began the week yesterday afternoon. The cake walk that is interpolated is humorous in the extreme.

As Mrs. Fiske does not act on Sundays, Manager Hunt brought an entire company down from Chicago to appear at the two performances yesterday at Pike's. They were all vaudeville stars.

Dr. Nansen, the Arctic explorer, lectured at Music Hall last Friday night before a big house. So great was his success that arrangements were at once made for him to repeat the talk some time in January.

Irwin T. Bush, of the Foster-Irwin sketch team, died here suddenly yesterday.

Julia Marlowe will be the Christmas attraction at the Grand.

WILLIAM SAMPSON.

BALTIMORE.

Double Bill by the Stock Companies—At Other Theatres—The Opera Season.

(Special to The Mirror.)

BALTIMORE, Nov. 29.

Manager Albaugh's Lyceum Stock company produced to-night a double bill, The Snowball and Delicate Ground, to the large audience who have become steady patrons of this popular place of amusement. Mr. Albaugh, William Harcourt, and Jennie Kennark were all most efficient in their roles, and the rest of the company showed the thorough capability which has been evident in all their work this season. The Bumble Shop will be next week's bill.

De Wolf Hopper presented El Capitán at the Academy of Music to-night, and will be followed next week by The Salt of the Earth.

Cumberland '61 is this week's attraction at Ford's. The Brothers Byrne in 8 Bells will appear next week.

The Damrosch Opera company will give Lohengrin and The Barber of Seville at Music Hall on Dec. 9 and 10 respectively.

At the Holiday Street McFadden's Row of Flats, with Estelle Wellington and many other

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THE DRAMATIC MIRROR,

1432 Broadway, New York.

clever specialty people in the cast, pleased a large house. When London Sleeps will follow Dec. 6.

HAROLD RUTLEDGE.

EXHIBITION DAY AT THE LEAGUE.

Yesterday was exhibition day at the Woman's Professional League, and a goodly number of members were present to view and comment on the programme. The entertainment began with the work of the musical class of the League, and the division of physical culture, under Madame Poté. Both did remarkably well. The fencing class, under the leadership and tutelage of Miss Sennac, followed and a number of interesting and spirited bouts took place. A display of the League's extensive wardrobe ended the afternoon, and proved especially attractive to the ladies present. Next Monday will be December Literary day, and a feature of the programme will be Ida Bell's paper on "The Soul of Literature."

FLORIDA, AUGUSTA, AIKEN—THE SOUTH.

The season is open for Southern travel. The Southern Railway announces the most perfect dining and sleeping car service for all Southern cities and winter resorts for the season of 1897-98. The two Limited trains—the Washington and Southern Limited and United States Fast Mail—are operated daily, every day in the year, giving the most superb service. New York to New Orleans, Aiken, Augusta, Asheville ("the Land of the Sky"), Savannah, Jacksonville, St. Augustine, Tampa, Atlanta, Memphis, Chattanooga, and, in fact, any point South or Southwest. Effective January 17th, the "Florida Limited" will be resumed—a most magnificently equipped train built especially by the Pullman Company for this service, and will be operated solid between New York and St. Augustine, composed exclusively of dining, library, observation, drawing-room, and compartment sleeping cars. Leaving New York daily, except Sunday, at 12.10 noon, reaching St. Augustine following afternoon for lunch; also attached to this train will be most perfect service New York to Aiken and Augusta; also Brunswick, Ga., and Jekyll Island. For full particulars, etc., call on or address Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern passenger agent, 27 Broadway, New York.

Good open time at Cumberland, Md., including January 1. Honestly playing to great business.

THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR

[ESTABLISHED JAN. 4, 1879.]

The Organ of the American Theatrical Profession

1432 BROADWAY, COR. FORTIETH STREET

HARRISON GREY FISKE,
EDITOR AND SOLE PROPRIETOR.

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NEW YORK, - - - DECEMBER 4, 1897

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EDEN MUSE—WAX WORKS AND CONCERT.
EMPIRE—A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.
FOURTEENTH STREET—AN IRISH GENTLEMAN.
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STAR—HEART OF THE KLOONKEE.
THIRD AVENUE—RUSSELL BROTHERS' COMEDIANS.
WEBER AND FIELDS—POUNCE CAPE, OR THE WORST BOY.
WALLACK'S—A LADY OF QUALITY.

A CHANCELLOR'S OPINIONS.

CHANCELLOR DAY, of the Syracuse University, described as a man "built on a generous plan physically," does not seem to be relatively generous in the intellectual meaning. He is characterized by the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle as a sound theologian and a loyal Methodist, and that editorially-admirable newspaper believes that he is as exemplary mentally as he is in body. It bases its belief, perhaps, on actual knowledge of the Chancellor in his social life; but it publicly bases it on his recent declarations as to football and the drama.

There is no more relation between football and the drama than there is between general civilization and a fracas. It will be admitted that football is indulged in most notoriously by young men who at the time of the physical frenzy in which they indulge are supposed to be cultivating their intellectual for the battle of life, which is a battle but figuratively, and which calls for demonstrations of mind far oftener than it does for proofs of muscular development. The aphorism that predicts the greatest measure of success on the union of a sound mind in a sound body is accepted everywhere; but in the actual philosophy of life it is an error, because a body physically sound may be the envelope and machinery of a mind, also sound, that is fitted only to direct that machinery in the hewing of wood and the drawing of water, whereas, in many notable cases of genius that have electrified the world, great and universally-achieving mind has tenanted a puny and unsound body, or itself has been akin to insanity, which does not figure in the aphorism.

This heresy aside, however, it is proper to examine Chancellor DAY's parallelism of football and the drama. He did not touch upon these subjects as related, but only as they concern that portion of mankind in his spiritual and educational charge that takes part in football as a foil to study, or goes to the play as a relief and a recreation. The Chancellor may have been a football player

in his youth. As to that game he may speak from practice and experience; the description of him as physically robust would suggest his commendable participation in youth in those exercises that fortify the body. But as to the theatre he confesses ignorance and non-enjoyment, a fact that discredits anything he may say about it.

No one will dispute Chancellor DAY's statement as to football that "A man who goes through a season of being trodden upon and knocked down deserves fairly a diploma in the art of self-control. It is valuable discipline." Any experience in great activity is a discipline, if the participant survives. But the Chancellor's remarks about the theatre, which he approaches with more caution, are naturally less definite. He says:

I am told that many of the students attended the theatre and listened to Mr. Jefferson. Now I am a person, and my privileges are somewhat restricted. I believe with the church in regard to the theatre in general. I am sorry that anybody thinks it wrong to see Joseph Jefferson. I believe that such men as he would redeem the stage from any doubtful characteristics.

Men before JEFFERSON, admirable as JEFFERSON is, have redeemed the stage from the "doubtful characteristics" which the church, itself open to severe criticism in many things, alleged as to the theatre. Chancellor DAY mingles daily with men who are the better in all humanity for being lovers of the better things the theatre inculcates. Let the Chancellor acquaint himself with the best that the theatre offers. If he will do this, his next declaration about the theatre will be as definite, and no doubt as complimentary, as is his opinion about the noble and elevating game of football.

EFFORTS FOR ART.

THERE be newspapers whose admiration is greatest for the plays their own critics write, and such newspapers are apt to make sport of serious and dignified efforts in the theatre.

The altogether commendable plan of the Criterion Theatre association in this city to make known to that part of the public that is interested in such manifestations, the exceptional stage works which deal peculiarly with psychological and philosophical subjects should not be prejudiced by persons who are under no obligation to torture themselves by paying attention to such works, and who prefer melodrama or sophisticated French farces instead.

Art has at least as many phases as artificiality, and it is encouraging to know that so great an artist as DUSE is at the head of a movement in Italy to render stage pieces that are caviare to the general. The theatre to be built under the direction of DUSE and D'ANNUNZIO, the author, on the shores of Lake Albano, near Rome, has enlisted not only the Roman nobility, but many prominent Frenchmen whose co-operation gives new proof that art is universal. Count FRANKENSTEIN, who owns large estates on the shore of the lake, has given the ground for the building, and a competition open to all architects of the Latin races will be held to decide who shall design the new theatre. DUSE is to collect a company made up of the best Italian actors, and D'ANNUNZIO, who has already translated Antigone and Agamemnon into Italian for the repertoire of the theatre, will write for the opening of the institution a tragedy of Persephone. The object of the theatre is to elevate and ennoble public taste. The date fixed for the opening is March 21, 1899, and performances will be given during April and May in every year.

TRUTH.

VITAL truths as to any great institution are often lost to the view of persons who selfishly or ignorantly use that institution for their own ends or administer to it from a narrow view point. The Denver Republican utters a great truth as to the theatre in this:

In respect of theatrical attractions there is more occasion to consult the wisdom of the public than in almost any other line of business. The public is under no obligations to the management of a theatre, and those in charge of such an enterprise can make no greater mistake than to try to demonstrate that they know more about what the public wants than the public does itself. This much may be suggested concerning the right of the public to be consulted with reference to the selection of a company and also the choice of plays, since it lies with the theatre-going people to determine whether a theatrical venture shall succeed or fail.

The public determines its own theatrical wants where it has the opportunity. When plays that please it or stars whom it admires are presented it patronizes them, and nothing can induce it to support what it does not want.

THE drama of the stage, although looked upon as artificial, presents many parallels to reality. In life, as well as in theatrical show, what the "crook" calls a "lead pipe cinch" often melts, and what the gambler describes as a "dead sure thing" is sometimes side-tracked. The time when honest men should quit the association of dishonest men is always the present.

PERSONAL.



HAWORTH.—Joseph Haworth's appearances with Madame Modjeska have been a series of notable successes, the greatest being Macbeth, Hamlet, and Orlando.

THOMPSON.—Denman Thompson will collaborate with Charles H. Hoyt in writing a New England play for production next season.

DIXEY.—Henry E. Dixey gave a professional matinee last Tuesday at the Garden Theatre before a crowded house.

KELCEY.—Herbert Kelcey has purchased a new play by Clyde Fitch upon the strong lines of Jim the Penman. It will be produced this season.

HERMANN.—Leon Hermann has had his hands photographed by a San Francisco artist, to show the muscular movements incident to his remarkable feats of palming.

KOPACSY.—Madame Julie Kopacsy, the eminent German actress, was banqueted last Sunday evening by the Hungarian Literary Society at their rooms in this city.

IRWIN.—May Irwin and a party of her friends were entertained last Tuesday at luncheon on board United States steamer Iowa by the officers of that cruiser.

HOFFMAN.—Richard Hoffman will celebrate to-morrow (Wednesday) the fiftieth anniversary of his first public appearance as a pianist in New York. A testimonial concert will be given at Chickering Hall in the afternoon, when Mr. Hoffman will be assisted by the Dannreuther Quartette.

STANOR.—Stanislaus Stange has written a new musical comedy, The Courtship of Miles Standish, for early production in Boston by John Mason and Marion Manola.

HOPE.—Anthony Hope's new play for E. H. Sothern has been rechristened The Adventure of Lady Ursula.

HENDERSON.—W. J. Henderson will lecture at the Lyceum Theatre on Dec. 7, his subject being "The Orchestra and Its Instruments Explained."

IVES.—Alice E. Ives underwent yesterday a second operation upon her right shoulder, which has been affected since last August. She hopes to be able soon to resume her writing.

DAVIS.—Jessie Bartlett Davis was taken ill at Detroit on Nov. 21, and was unable to appear with The Bostonians early last week. Mrs. Davis has announced that she will retire from the stage at the end of this season.

HOYT.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Hoyt (Caroline Miskel) went last week to Old Point Comfort, where Mr. Hoyt will compete his new play, A Day and a Night, for production at Syracuse on Christmas day.

KIDDER.—Edward E. Kidder has been engaged as business-manager for Madame Viarda, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

ENGLISH.—Thomas Dunn English is writing an Irish comedy drama in collaboration with a Newark, N. J., newspaper man.

GOODWIN.—Nat C. Goodwin contemplates an early production of Clyde Fitch's drama based upon the life of Nathan Hale.

NORDICA.—Lillian Nordica, who has been seriously ill at the Auditorium Hotel, Chicago, has so nearly recovered that she expects to resume her tour this week at Denver.

NOBLES.—Milton Nobles has about concluded arrangements for the production of a new comedy by a local stock company. Should the negotiations end satisfactorily, the author and his charming wife will in all probability appear in the cast.

MANFIELD.—Richard Mansfield's engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, which ended last Saturday, was the most successful he has ever played in this city. Upon his next visit, in the Spring, he expects to present The First Violin and a dramatization of Robert Louis Stevenson's last story, "St. Ives."

FRENCH.—Mrs. French, mother of Mrs. Charles Evans and Mrs. William Hoey, was thrown from a cable car last week and severely injured.

THORNE.—Mrs. Edwin F. Thorne is visiting her sister, Mrs. E. Rennebar, at Chicago.

ELDRIDGE.—"Aunt" Louisa Eldridge has called together the members of the stage children's festival committee, and has instructed them as to their duties in the Christmas work. The festival will occur on Dec. 26 at Tony Pastor's Theatre.

HINTON.—Margaret Sousa Hinton is the full name of a newcomer in the family of Colonel

George Frederic Hinton, business-manager of Sousa and his band. The baby is a lusty ten-pounder, and both mother and child are doing well. Mrs. Hinton was formerly Nancy Atherton.

SUTHERLAND.—Anne Sutherland, who has won unbounded praise as leading lady with Joseph Jefferson, will remain with that actor until his season closes on Dec. 18.

THE ACTORS' FUND OF AMERICA.

The names of Cyril Scott and Frank Mordaunt were added to the list of life members who have joined the Actors' Fund since the beginning of the present fiscal year in response to President Aldrich's appeal. The list is as follows:

James J. Armstrong, Henry Clay Barnabee, Louis C. Behman, Henry E. Dixey, Agnes Ethel, Louis M. Fields, Minnie Maddern Fiske, Bronson Howard, Joseph Jefferson, Jacob Litt, Frank Mordaunt, Felix Morris, Helena Modjeska, Fulton Russell, Jr., J. H. Ryley, Cyril Scott, Joseph M. Weber, E. S. Willard, George Woodward and Nat C. Goodwin. Mr. Mordaunt's letter follows:

BUFFALO, N. Y., NOV. 25, 1897.

My Dear Aldrich:

"The better the day, the better the deed." I offer up thanks in the shape of \$50 for life membership in the Actors' Fund. Hoping that you may have many thanks of the same kind, I am, yours truly,

FRANK MORDAUNT.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

THE ACTORS' SOCIETY DISCUSSION.

NEW YORK, NOV. 27, 1897.

To the Editor of The Dramatic Mirror:

SIR.—Mr. Ganthony's letter, which appeared in a recent Mirror, scarcely called for a reply, as I feel certain it will carry but little weight with the members of the A. S. A. who have given the subject of affiliation with the F. of L. serious thought; but as there are many unconverted ones who might cease to investigate were his words permitted to pass unheeded, I beg leave to again encroach upon your valuable space.

Mr. Ganthony, in my opinion, places too high a value upon art and too low a value upon comforts that might be gained through the concentrated energies of all persons employed back of the curtain, all working for a common good. Like many actors, he refuses to look our present condition squarely in the face, and assumes that as artists we should be absolute rulers of our own destiny, failing to appreciate the fact that as employees we are compelled to act our part as our managers desire—the same as the shoemaker who works by the day is compelled to do the bidding of his master.

Now, let us be honest, and strip off the raiments that do not belong to us. An artist is one who excels in his chosen vocation, be it painting, music, or tailoring. We are a class numbering many thousands. We can not all excel, therefore we are not all artists. There are but a few true dramatic artists in all America. The theatrical profession is an avenue chosen by many in which to gain a livelihood, and all honorable means that will tend to increase their weekly earnings are dignified—all labor is dignified.

Our profession, owing to the present combination system, is in such a state that the question arises, is there such a thing as dramatic art existing in our country? Hundreds of actors understand the art of acting thoroughly, can originate roles, devise business and stage plays. On the other hand, it has been proved that the annual output from the drama schools and drawing rooms of persons understanding but little of acting, but who can, by careful drilling, usurp the places of those skilled and experienced in stagecraft, is considerable.

With this condition existing, the conscientious student, having grown old, in the service of artists to the finger tips, are compelled to compete with the feather-brained aspirants anxious to "strut and fret their brief hour on the stage," with little thought about remuneration for their labor. The spectacle is appalling. With the revival of the stock system how many so-called thespians—actors who, like Tennyson's brook, "go on forever," but never act—would be able to stand the wear and tear of a season's work? Still, we are having our substance wrested from us by this class. The future is growing darker and our means of gaining a livelihood are growing more precarious day by day.

Now, where is Mr. Ganthony's beautiful art when the novice can step into the shoes of the veteran and walk in them gracefully?

His reference to painters and sculptors is absurd, inasmuch as it is impossible to compare them with the actor working for salary. The painter or sculptor, be he dauber or decorator with the ribbon of the Royal Academy, is an independent worker, and as such is exactly in the same position that Mr. Henry Irving is. They are working for themselves. They are not wage-earners. They are masters of their own fortunes engaged in the manufacture and sale of pictures and carved marbles.

The same argument applies to the poet and the composer—to any and all professions and arts where the individual deals directly with the public and does not work for a stipulated salary.

But when the artist becomes an engraver, as thousands of them do, and the composer sinks to the obscurity of second violin, the condition changes, and they are affected by all laws governing supply and demand; and working for wages as they do they inevitably become the legitimate prey of those who pay wages.

Engraving is an art. Engravers working for fixed wages are wage-earners, and are affiliated.

Music is an art. Musicians working under like conditions are wage-earners, and are affiliated.

Fainting is an art. Seismic artists work for a stipulated sum, and are wage-earners. They, too, are affiliated.

Years of diligent toil are necessary to enable the followers of either of the arts mentioned to earn a livelihood by the practice of their art, but they, realizing the importance of affiliation, joined hands with honest toil.

The actor's art, as I have endeavored to prove, is one that the novice can master after a brief course of drill to the satisfaction of the speculative manager. Yet in his egotism the actor deems affiliation beneath his dignity!

There is but one hope for our profession—regulation of supply, which can be done by affiliation or the return to the stock system.

Mr. Ganthony says: "actors are strong enough already—that much work is at hand for the Actors' Society to do," and ventures the opinion that were an equitable contract made the platform of the Society, actors would tumble over themselves in their mad scramble to become members.

Mr. Ganthony should not write letters and make predictions until he knows what he is writing about. An equitable contract has ever been the platform of the Actors' Society. For over a year it has been urging its members to insist upon its use, but the actor, with all of his strength (7), has been unable to enforce it.

Alfred Bradley, directing the tours of Christopher, Jr., and The Mysterious Mr. Bugle, is the only manager who has consented to use it, and he did so through choice, fully appreciating its honesty. Mr. Ganthony complains of lack of the tangle in the affiliation movement, and names many evils the actor is compelled to endure that might be remedied were the entire profession to concentrate its forces. The Actors' Society was organized for the express purpose of remedying those evils. Therefore Mr. Ganthony is not pointing out new labors for the Society to perform.

But the Society has been unable to correct the evils single-handed, and that is just why many of its members wish to affiliate with the Federation of Labor.

When we are, as we hope to be soon, part of that mighty body, we may not be able to redress all our wrongs, but we will certainly be able to complete something in that direction. Then we will have not only 8,000 members—the limit of Mr. Ganthony's optimism—but the entire dramatic profession will be enrolled on the books of the Actors' Society.

Yours respectfully,

DANOS.

THE USHER.



Richard Mansfield's engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre closed in a blaze of glory on Saturday. The actor made one of his characteristic speeches in response to uproarious demands from the packed house.

In the course of this speech Mr. Mansfield uttered the following timely and significant words:

The actor is no longer his own master. The condition under which his work is done to-day is a very different one from that which formerly existed, not to say a very bad one; and it may be that I, with other entirely worthy actors, may be kept out of New York city henceforth, and possibly out of the United States, by the unfortunate circumstances which control and dominate the dramatic art in America to-day. But if we are permitted to return—as I sincerely hope we may be—I expect to present to you other new plays.

Undoubtedly Mr. Mansfield will be permitted to return to New York. The cause of art has powerful champions, and it will be victorious.

Hillary Bell pays Edwin Knowles a deserved compliment in yesterday's *Press* in calling attention to the worthy place in art that the Fifth Avenue is taking.

"This Brooklyn man, Knowles," says he "is by no means so provincial as his previous state would argue, but has kept his metropolitan stage up to a standard of excellence which is not always maintained by native New Yorkers."

Why should Mr. Knowles be considered provincial?

He used to be a handsome young leading man in the old Madison Square days. All his managerial experience before he leased the Fifth Avenue was confined to Brooklyn, which is now an integral part of the Greater New York.

This year, just to spite managers, it rains on Mondays and holidays. But in spite of the wet, according to the reports that have reached *The Mirror*, Thanksgiving Day's business as a rule was phenomenally large.

Do you read the *World*?
If not, get it.

Howbert Billman, formerly dramatic critic of the *Chicago Journal* and later of the *Chicago Tribune*, has assumed charge of the theatrical department of the *Chicago Record*.

Mr. Billman is prominent among the brilliant dramatic writers of the City by the Lake.

James Forbes, until recently the dramatic critic of the *Pittsburg Dispatch*, has been engaged for the theatrical department of the *World*. Mr. Coward will undoubtedly find him a capable lieutenant.

Hepburn Johns, of the *Chicago Chronicle*, I regret to learn, was badly injured in a street car accident the other day.

He was riding to the Auditorium Hotel when a street urchin threw a brick through the car window, and it struck him over the eye, knocking him senseless.

Fortunately, the injuries sustained are not of a serious nature, and he will be back at his duties soon.

I hear excellent reports of Charles Coghlan's new play, which will come to New York soon. In the piece Miss Coghlan makes a charming Juliet for the balcony scene, which forms a part of it, and as her father is pleased with the performance it may be confidently set down as an adequate one, for Coghlan is a difficult critic to satisfy on the acting question.

A curious story has reached me regarding the business of ticket speculators as carried on at some of the theatres in this city. The question of ticket speculation is one that peculiarly interests the playgoing public, and in spite of all that has been printed on this subject from time to time by the daily press, the information I have received points to the fact that the true state of affairs is not known and that it ought to be investigated.

A NOTABLE AMATEUR PRODUCTION.

The French department of Harvard University are preparing to present Racine's *Athalie* on Dec. 6, 8 and 10 at Sander's Theatre in Cambridge. M. Louise Cushing and Mary Coolidge, of Boston, will be *Athalie* and *Joas* respectively, and the company will include students, graduates and instructors of Harvard University and Radcliffe College.

"AT GAY CONEY ISLAND" (Matthews and Bulger) is now published as a straight 3-act Farce-Comedy, under the title "She Would Be a Widow; or, Butternut's Bride." Price 25 cts., postpaid. Harold Roobach, publisher, 132 Nassau St., N. Y. Send for catalogue of plays.

CORRESPONDENTS AS CRITICS.

The recent publication of letters availing that *Mirror* correspondents in smaller cities and towns should confine their reports to mere record of attractions and should never attempt criticism, has brought an avalanche of objection from *The Mirror's* excellent corresponding staff. A few quotations from these letters may be interesting and instructive. Will H. McGown, of Urbana, O., *The Mirror's* oldest correspondent, says:

At times correspondents have good cause to differ in reporting the same attraction. When a company whose members have had long jumps, no sleep and poor hotels gives a bad performance may a correspondent be blamed for giving a report in accordance with the playing? Again, when a company gives a poor performance because the audience is small, should they blame the correspondents for not giving a good report? And still again, when the actors consider that they were playing to a "jay" audience, because they are in a small town, and give a "jay" performance, cut and slur their work, should they blame a writer for telling the truth?

R. Holcombe, of Elyria, O., writes:

The associate managers at this place do not book a company without first searching *The Mirror* correspondence to see what is said of the attraction, and managers of companies are anxious—more anxious than they used to be—in regard to what a correspondent may say.

C. M. Edson, of Toledo, O., observes:

An attraction that would mightily please an audience in a small town, where they have but one or two attractions a week, plays the next night in a larger city, where more performances are seen, and may not please so well. The faithful correspondents, instructed to tell how the performance was received, write the facts in each case.

T. W. McCue, of Akron, O., says:

In following reports of correspondents from various cities and comparing notes when the attraction visits Akron, I find the reports to be as nearly correct as it is possible to make them. It is suggested that *The Mirror* should confine reports of provincial correspondents to mere record of attraction and business. If this were done it would open field in the provinces for a class of attractions which would soon lead the public to look upon the profession with distrust.

F. J. Hill, Newburyport, Mass., says:

Inasmuch as it is said that because provincial critics disagree they should be suppressed, I beg to report from the larger cities, wherein it will be seen that metropolitan critics fail to agree equally as often as the provincials, which should condemn them also to exile from the ranks, and when conditions are such that all men agree there will then be no need of critics.

OPERA FOR THE AMERICAN.

After several weeks of planning it has been at last definitely decided to turn the American Theatre into a home of stock English opera. The scheme was hatched in the minds of Elliot Zborowski, owner of the Broadway and American Theatres, and Henry W. Savage, proprietor and projector of the Castle Square Opera company, of Boston, and of like companies in Philadelphia, Washington, and Baltimore. A company will be incorporated under the laws of the State of New York.

Yesterday a force of workmen began renovating and in many respects altering the American Theatre, and as soon as they have finished and a company has been selected and gotten together, the season will begin. The repertoire will range anywhere from Lohengrin and Cavalleria Rusticana to *Olivette*. All the settings used will be painted especially for the productions, and will be elaborate. The cast will include many of the best known operatic vocalists in this country. Joseph Sheehan and Grace Golden possibly being among them. A thoroughly efficient, well drilled and costumed chorus will also be provided. All the operas presented are to be sung in English, and the prices will not be higher than \$1 for any performance. Altogether, the season should be excellent and as peculiarly successful as it has been wherever the organizations under this style have appeared.

BROADWAY THEATRE OPERA COMPANY.

The coming of the Broadway Theatre Opera company to the Broadway Theatre on Dec. 13 to present De Koven and Smith's new comic opera, *The Highwayman*, is interesting in many respects. For one thing the New York public will be introduced to a new comic opera company which, in point of numbers and general excellence, has seldom been surpassed, and to an opera which, wherever produced, has been proclaimed the rival of De Koven and Smith's *Robin Hood*. During the nine seasons since its origin the Broadway Theatre has been devoted almost exclusively to comic opera, and the leading comic opera successes during these years have been made at this house. A permanent home company has never been maintained until now. That the new organization is up to, and even beyond, what would be expected of the Broadway Theatre, is proven by the list of principals, which includes Joseph O'Mara, Hilda Clark, Jerome Sykes, Van Rensselaer Wheeler, Maud Williams, Harry Macdonough, Nellie Braggins, George O'Donnell, and Reginald Roberts. A. A. McCormick, of the Broadway Theatre, left for Philadelphia last night to witness the first production there.

THE VINCENT BENEFIT.

The programme for the Leon J. Vincent benefit, to be given at the Manhattan Theatre early in December, has been nearly completed by Mrs. Packard, and was announced yesterday. It includes Joseph Wheelock in a sketch, Harry Connor, Ross and Fenton, Sheridan Block, Kate Claxton, Laura Burt, in a speech on Woman's Rights; Maude Winter, C. G. Craig, John Kellar and Amelia Summerville, in a sketch entitled *My Brother's Wife*; May Fielding and Brandon Hurst, in *The Blunders* of Mary McShane; Little Annie Laffin, in imitations of Mrs. Leslie Carter; Frank Cotter, Tom Lawrence, Elvia Croix, Mike Kennedy, Dave Murray, Peyton Gibbs, John Studley, in one act of *The Bells*, and possibly Maurice Barrymore. The theatre has been volunteered for the occasion. Leon Vincent was stage-manager for Edwin Forrest and other famous stars. His case is deserving, and there will undoubtedly be a large audience present.

THE BUFFALO MUSIC HALL STOCK CLOSES.

Manager Charles P. Salisbury has announced the discontinuance of his stock company at the Music Hall, Buffalo, N. Y. The great number of outside bookings—conventions, concerts, balls, and the like—which continually interrupted the stock season have proved inimical to business, and finding it impossible to shift these bookings, Manager Salisbury has abandoned the season. The company is playing this week at Hamilton, Ontario, whence the leading members will proceed to St. Louis, where Mr. Salisbury's new theatre will open in January. The manager expects to arrange for an uninterrupted season in Buffalo next year.

PROFESSIONAL DOINGS.

Ollie Redpath played the title-role in *The Girl from Paris* last week in Harlem.

Mr. Bagby's eighty-seventh "musical morning" will occur at the Waldorf-Astoria next Monday. Anton Seidl and his orchestra will appear, and Beethoven's life will be sketched in a little play, *Adelaide*, enacted by David Bispham, Mackenzie Gordon, Mrs. Whiffen, Mrs. Walcott, Nita Carritte, and Julie Opp.

Garrett P. Serviss will lecture at the Waldorf-Astoria on Friday about "Climbs in the High Alps."

William Lee was taken suddenly ill on Nov. 17, when Duncan Preston, at a few hours' notice, played his part, *Scar Brow*, in *The Girl I Left Behind Me*, finishing out the week at the Gayety Theatre, Brooklyn.

Arnold Daly's success as Wilfred Varney in the special Secret Service company is even more pronounced than as Chambers in *Pudd'nhead Wilson*, a point conceded by the critics who have seen his work in both characters.

Henry Brinsley has resigned from *Old Money Bags* to accept the heavy part in *Hands Across the Sea*.

"Baby's Crossing Dreamland's Border," a new lullaby by Robert J. Donnelly and W. E. Slafer, is meeting with much favor everywhere. Pauline Hall is among the list of well-known people singing it.

Cinderella will be presented for the week beginning Dec. 2 at the Metropolitan Opera House by an amateur cast of three thousand children. There will be several ballets and a drill of all nations by four hundred girls in uniform. The performance is for the benefit of the Seton Hospital for Consumptives, the St. John's Day Nursery, and the St. Ann's Maternity Hospital, all of which are connected with the New York Foundling Asylum.

Maxine Elliott lost last week a diamond valued at \$2,100. A gem answering the description was found in a Brooklyn jewelry shop, and the police are trying to find how it got there.

J. T. Tanner, the English dramatist, author of *The Ballet Girl*, will see his New York production at the Manhattan Theatre on Dec. 20.

Jesse B. Foreman, a fifteen-year-old electrician, has sued the Salt Lake, Utah, Dramatic Association to recover \$10,000 damages for injuries received while working in the Salt Lake Theatre. A wooden plug fell from the ceiling and fractured young Foreman's skull.

Vivian Bernard is so greatly improved in health that she is expected to leave the New York Post Graduate Hospital in a few days.

The English musical comedy, *Little Miss Nobody*, is underlined for the first week in January at the Garden Theatre.

Lettice Fairfax, a new member of Augustin Daly's Stock company, is a recruit from George Edwards' forces.

Shamus O'Brien will be revived next Monday at the Star Theatre.

Howard Ferrer Peirce will give a recital at Chamber Music Hall to-morrow (Wednesday) afternoon.

Thomas Arthur Humason conducted the choir and chorus of St. Andrew's Methodist Episcopal Church last Sunday evening when Gail's "The Holy City" was sung.

Alvin Schroeder has declined an offer from the Berlin Opera House to continue as cellist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the Kneisel Quartette.

The subscription sale for the Damrosch-Ellis grand opera season will open to-morrow (Wednesday) at the Metropolitan Opera House. The season will begin on Jan. 17.

Carrie Lee has resigned from Patent Applied For.

Darkest Russia will close next Saturday.

Beresford Webb has retired from the cast of *A Guilty Mother*.

The Tree of Knowledge will be the next bill at the Lyceum.

Kitty Courtney made her debut last week in Richard III. with Richard Mansfield at the Fifth Avenue Theatre and scored a success.

Mr. and Mrs. Henochel will give a recital at Chickering Hall on Thursday evening.

Mrs. Jeannette Robinson Murphy, a pupil of the late Achille Errani, gave an enjoyable entertainment of negro dialect readings last evening at the Boys' Reading Club.

Camille D'Arville will reappear, it is said, in Peg Woffington at the Garden Theatre on Dec. 27.

The Palm Theatre, Santa Cruz, Cal., was burned last Wednesday. The loss was total, insurance having expired on Tuesday. The theatre was the second largest in California, and was leased by Werner and Heard. The San Francisco Star Company lost their wardrobe.

The Music Hall Stock company, of Buffalo, which has been having a most successful season under the management of Charles P. Salisbury, probably will have to close, as the hall has been booked for numerous fairs, concerts, and balls during the Winter, which interfere seriously with the work of the stock company. Manager Salisbury has notified the managers of the Music Hall that unless an agreement is reached regarding outside bookings, the season of the company will be terminated at once. The matter has not been settled as yet.

What Happened to Jones is said to have played last week at the Grand Opera House to 16,579 people. The nine performances brought in \$8,604.50.

The Frank E. Long company has been pirating *The Middleman*, Alabama, and other copyright plays in Topeka, Leavenworth, and other Kansas towns in theatres controlled by L. M. Crawford, of Topeka.

Louis Weyman and Miss Cotton, of the Metropolitan Opera company, were married at Franklin, La., on Nov. 23.

The troubles of Oscar Hammerstein were increased last week by a suit for the foreclosure of a mortgage of \$35,000 on some lots which he owns on 125th Street.

Manager Jacob Litt reports a big Thanksgiving business with several of his attractions. In Old Kentucky at the Columbia Theatre, San Francisco; Chimmie Fadden at the Columbia Theatre, Boston; and Shall We Forgive Her at the National, Philadelphia, broke the record of the house in each instance.

Lulu Tabor will leave on Wednesday night for Denver to join Jacob Litt's in Old Kentucky, replacing Affie Warner, who is obliged to retire from the cast on account of illness.

Laura Keene's Biography for sale everywhere. "It is intensely interesting."—*St. Paul Dispatch*.



Lynn Pratt, whose likeness appears above, has played successfully during the past year a score of parts, including Jacques in *As You Like It*, Don Pedro in *Much Ado About Nothing*, de Barados in *Richelieu*, de Varville in *Camille*, Lord Rochester in *Nell Gwynne*, Horatio in *Hamlet*, Wallace in *The Love Chase*, Count Morant in *At the Carnival*, and Beaumont in *The Lady of Lyons*. Mr. Pratt originated Wilfred Melville, the leading part in *The Hour Before Dawn*, in the author's production last December, others in the cast were J. Leslie Gossin, Nelson Wheatcroft, Jeffreys Lewis, and Maids Craigen; also the leading juvenile role in *Odd Miss Pudd*, produced by Neil Burgess. Mr. Pratt is now a member of Margaret Mather's company, under the direction of B. C. Whitney, playing *Pisano* in *Cymbeline*, and is receiving high commendation from the press.

William A. Day, father of George W. Day, the vaudeville comedian, and Edmund Day, of the Neffert Stock company, of Louisville, Ky., is very ill at his home in Bridgeport, Conn., where he has been confined for nearly three years with inflammatory rheumatism.

J. J. Spies has just finished booking a company for *Kit, the Arkansas Traveler*, at the Bowdoin Square Theatre, Boston.

A Husband by Deputy closed on Thanksgiving night in Troy, N. Y. The company is now in this city.

Manager Edwin P. Hilton says that *The Gay Matinee Girl*, in which he is starring Ned Monroe and Billy Hart, is doing excellent business everywhere, finding from 40 to 60 per cent. improvement over past two or three seasons. Mr. Hilton has completed changes in the company, the present roster being Ned Monroe, Billy Hart, Lola Pomeroy, Fern Melrose, Trilzie Coleman, Myrtle Franks, Alice Hamilton, Charles H. Dean, Arthur E. Davison, James J. Boyd, Harry M. Barlow, Eugene Speyer, Lucile Rogers, Florence Brace, Berna DeVore, Mollie Rogers, Myrtle Broeze, Homer B. Day, Thomas Clifford, and William Herbert.

Thanksgiving proved to be an unusually poor day in the smaller towns, and business was generally bad. In most places the people seemed to prefer home and home celebrations to outside amusements.

Samuel Freedman's unique and fascinating story, "Monseigneur," which attracted much attention when recently published in *Collier's Weekly*, is being dramatised, and probably will have a production in this city this season.

A concert for the benefit of the German hospitals and dispensaries in the State of New York took place on Sunday night at Carnegie Hall. An excellent programme was contributed by Frau Johanna Gadski, soprano; Olive Mead, violinist; Fraulein Josephine Jacoby, contralto; and choruses from the Arion and Liederkranz societies.

The first popular concert of the season was given Sunday night at the Metropolitan Opera House by a variety of stars, including Yvonne, Pugno, Piancon, Seidl, and his orchestra. The latter had very little to do, and did that badly, while the others on the programme were by no means at their best. The audience was large, however, and in the best of humor, and every feature but one was heartily applauded. Miss Van Cortlandt rendered a solo, of which the less said the better.

Affie Warner, the Madge of Old Kentucky, whose engagement to Burt Dasher was recently announced, was last week informed by her physician in San Francisco that she is suffering from aggravated tuberculosis, and must leave the stage at once. She will quit her company and return to California for treatment. The necessity for doing this was a severe blow to Miss Warner, who is a clever and ambitious woman.

Theodore Hamilton will open in Norfolk, Va., with Pudd'nhead Wilson at the close of his Fall season with Joseph Jefferson. The piece will be on thirteen weeks. He will be seen in Chicago, May 8, in a new play, taken from one of Fargson's novels by Daniel Hart, and entitled *Sacred Nugget*. J. P. Tucker, who is to play Tom Driecoll in Pudd'nhead Wilson, will have charge of the production.

F. C. Zebrung, who has assumed the management of the Grand Opera House, Peoria, Ill., will continue to manage the Funke Opera House, Lincoln, Neb., which has been most successful under his able direction.

McGinty the Sport, the farce in which the ever popular Joe Flynn in starring, broke the house's record for two years past, during its recent engagement at the Ninth Street Theatre, Kansas City, and also played to record business at Lincoln, Neb.

Harold Roobach has just published a very jolly three-act farce comedy, *She Would Be a Widow; or, Butternut's Bride*, by Levin C. Tees, author of that great laugh maker, *At Gay Coney Island*. The play is admirably adapted to the uses of clever amateurs.

A divorce was granted on Saturday at Bismarck, N. D., separating Lillian Blauvelt from her husband, Royal Stone Smith.

William Redmond severed his connection with Frederick Warde on Nov. 25, and returned to New York.

Walter Loftus has left 8 Bells to go in advance of Cumberland.

Grace Sherwood, comedienne, invites offers. Agents.

AT THE THEATRES.

Lyceum—The Princess and the Butterfly.

Comedy in five acts by Arthur W. Pinero. Produced Nov. 21.

Sir George Lamorant. James K. Hackett.
Major-General Sir Robert Chichele, K. C. B.
Edward Oriel. Charles Walcott.
Maxime Demilly. Edward Morgan.
Honorable Charles Demstroude. William Courtleigh.
Mr. St. Roche. Felix Morris.
Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Eave. George Allison.
Mr. Adrian Mylls. H. S. Taber.
Mr. Bartley Levan. Henry Muller.
Mr. Percival Ord. Seymour George.
Pauling. John Findlay.
Fay Zuliani. Mary Mannering.
Lady Rincostou. Mrs. Charles Whiffen.
Lay Chien-chi. Katharine Florence.
Annis. Elizabeth Tyree.
Mrs. St. Roche. Alison Skipworth.
Mrs. Ware. Grace Root.
Mrs. March. Helen Macbeth.
Blanche Oriel. Nina Morris.
Mrs. Sabiston. Evelyn Carter.
Catharine. Julie Opp.
The Princess Pannonia.

If London liked *The Princess and the Butterfly* it can only be explained on the ground that there is no accounting for taste—and English taste at that. Your stolid Briton will patronize anything that happens to be in fashion or in good form, don't you know, no matter whether the thing happens to be deserving of patronage or not.

It would seem as if the Lyceum Theatre manager must have been banking on the support of American Anglophobes when he selected *The Princess and the Butterfly* for the opening play of the regular season at the Lyceum. The play is so "talky" that it must needs prove a dreadful bore to a genuine American audience. The theme is ostensibly the romance or rather the lack of romance in middle-aged persons of either sex. That's not a very alluring theme to begin with. The cardinal sin in a playwright is dullness. And Pinero has dealt out dullness throughout five acts in the tedious exposition of his theme.

The only semblance of action in the entire performance occurred toward the close of the third act when Mr. Courtleigh spoils the immaculate dress shirt of Mr. Hackett by sousing him with the contents of a glass that happens to be within easy reach. This leads to a duel that is left to the imagination of the audience. Indeed, it requires a good deal of imagination on the part of the audience, for in the last act the auditors find that the duellists have become bosom friends without any logical reason whatever.

Having disposed of the "action" of the piece, let us see what all the talk is about. In the opening act the Princess Pannonia tells the audience that she married an old man, twenty years ago; that the old man had lingered till he was eighty, and consequently that she had reached middle age—forty—without ever having enjoyed love, or found her affinity—or something of that sort. Then the author has Sir George Lamorant trot on to inform the audience that he has reached the unromantic age of forty-five, and is in a similar plight, being an old bachelor, and also minus an affinity. Then there is a good deal of talk from all sorts of nondescript people at Mrs. St. Roche's in Grosvenor Place on account of a woman with a past, the cause of the duel already referred to.

Meanwhile the Princess discovers that she has found her affinity in Edward Oriel, a youth of twenty-seven summers. To avoid making herself ridiculous by marrying him, she proposes matrimony to Sir George Lamorant to take effect thirty-one days from date, intending during the intervening month to indulge in a glorious flirtation with the aforesaid youth. Sir George agrees to this proposition, and then loses no time in finding his own affinity in a lively young person, Fay Zuliani by name, who is supposed to be his niece during the first part of the play, and is presumably the "Butterfly" contingent in the play's title. This, you see, makes the denouement perfectly clear to the most unsophisticated theatregoer. The middle-aged couple release each other by mutual consent. The Princess secures the youth with a penchant for middle-aged females, while Sir George captures the Butterfly.

The acting was very much better than the play. Julie Opp is not exactly in the nature of a histrionic revelation. It was scarcely necessary to have her come all the way from London to give New Yorkers the benefit of her acting in the role of the Princess. There are plenty of other American actresses who could have been engaged for the part, and who would have made much more of it, even if they had not had the benefit of a London endorsement, or the opportunity to acquire an ultra-English accent. Miss Opp possesses a fine figure, but like most tall women she seems just a trifle awkward in moving about the stage in a drawing room scene. Still considering the ridiculous nature of the character she had to impersonate, her acting despite her artificial delivery and palpable inexperience gave evidence of considerable ability.

James K. Hackett was handicapped by being cast for such an absurd role as Sir George Lamorant, and he did the best he could under the circumstances. Edward Morgan as Edward Oriel, William Courtleigh as Maxime Demilly and Frank R. Mills as Honorable Charles Demstroude were as interesting and forceful as the lines and scenes allotted them would permit. Felix Morris evolved a neat comedy bit from the role of a duped husband.

Charles Walcott and Mrs. Whiffen were called upon to impersonate an elderly couple of spooning propensities, and acquitted themselves as usual with artistic cleverness.

Mary Mannering, barring occasional lapses from her assumption of an Italian accent, acted the part of Fay Zuliani with appropriate vivacity.

Alison Skipworth made a favorable impression as Mrs. Ware, and Katharine Florence, Norah Lamson, Grace Root, Helen Macbeth,

Nina Morris, and Evelyn Carter were also seen to advantage in minor roles.

It is to be regretted that the talents of such competent performers as those comprised in the Lyceum Stock company should be thrown away on such an insane play as *The Princess and the Butterfly*, which is utterly unworthy of production in what has hitherto been looked upon as one of our leading theatres. It is doubtful if Mr. Frohman would ever have put the piece in rehearsal if the name of Pinero had not been attached to it as author and it had not received the stamp of British approval on its production at St. James' Theatre, of London.

Fifth Avenue—Alexandra.

Play in four acts by Richard Voss. Produced Nov. 29.

Erwin. Max Apple.
Mr. Andrea, LL. D. A. H. Stuart.
Anthony Moll. John MacLin.
Gerland. Frank Evans.
A Physician. Harry Gwynette.
A Porter. Kraft Walton.
Mr. Lemm. C. W. MacDonald.
Madame von Ebert. Jonny Reiffarth.
Charlotte. Etie Dinmore.
Alexandra. Alexandra Viarda.

Alexandra Viarda, the noted Polish actress, made her New York debut last evening at the Fifth Avenue Theatre before a large and brilliant audience. Madame Viarda has won fame in Germany and Austria for her acting in such exacting characters as Medea, Magda, Mary Stuart, Iphigenia, Deborah, and in various male impersonations, such as Hamlet, Don Carlos, Demetrius, and Uriel Acosta. She selected *Alexandra*, a problem play by Richard Voss, for her New York opening. Madame Viarda played the title-role in German, while the supporting company spoke their lines in English.

The action of the play takes place in a large city of Germany during the present time. Alexandra is a woman who was betrayed in her girlhood, falsely accused and convicted of infanticide, and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment for a crime which she never committed. At the opening of the play Alexandra has just been released from prison, a lawyer by the name of Andrea having proved to the satisfaction of the court that, although she had threatened in the agony of her despair to kill her illegitimate child, it had actually died from a natural cause.

Andrea is in love with Alexandra, and provides her with the means of education during her imprisonment, but she leaves prison possessed only by the desire to revenge herself on Erwin, the lover of her youth, by marrying him and then bringing disgrace on the name of his family, which is of noble lineage.

Erwin meets her, not knowing that she has been in prison. Their love is rekindled, and Erwin is desirous of making her his wife. Alexandra's desire for vengeance is overcome by her ardent love, and instead of revealing her past she tries to hide it forever. As Erwin and Alexandra are about to marry Andrea arrives, and insists that she confess her prison experience and the alleged cause of her imprisonment before entering upon a matrimonial alliance with such a high born family.

Thereupon Andrea tells her story to Erwin's mother, who orders her to leave the house. She refuses to give up her lover so readily, and when Erwin enters she tells him her story as though she were telling it of another person, and asking his opinion. He declares that the marriage would be impossible under the circumstances, and that a man who married a woman with such a history would kill himself on discovering her past.

"But I have not finished," says Alexandra; "the poor girl committed suicide."
"She did right," answers Erwin.

Whereupon Alexandra goes to her room and takes poison.

Madame Viarda received a hearty welcome on her first entrance, and the auditors then began to measure from a critical standpoint the distinguished actress, who has won the highest encomiums from European critics, and such signal histrionic triumphs in Berlin, Vienna and St. Petersburg. She possesses splendid eyes, mobile features and a well proportioned figure, and she had not been on the stage five minutes before she gave proof that her reputation as one of the foremost tragediennes of the day had not been exaggerated.

Throughout the first act Madame Viarda acted with a marvelous simulation of suppressed emotion. As the play progressed she gave full vent to dramatic force of an unusual order that made the house ring with applause time and time again. Her acting gave evidence of a deep purpose, and a personality almost awe inspiring in her alternating moods of calm repose and intense passion. In fact, the magnetism and authority of her acting dominated the entire performance.

The supporting company was fairly good. Max Apple, who impersonated Erwin, comes here from the Vienna and London theatres. He speaks English with a decided German accent, but his acting on the whole was quite commendable. Jennie Reiffarth as Madame von Ebert, and A. H. Stuart as Andrea, the lawyer, were both seen to good advantage.

Madame Viarda has in preparation Medea, Mary Stuart, and Uriel Acosta, and the lovers of classic drama have consequently a great treat in store for them.

Daly's—The Taming of the Shrew.

Ada Rehan and Augustin Daly's Stock company returned last evening to New York, and their revival of Shakespeare's comedy, *The Taming of the Shrew*, was greeted at Daly's Theatre by an immense audience. The reappearance of Miss Rehan as Katherine, by many justly regarded as her very happiest Shakespearean impersonation, was made the occasion of an enthusiastic outburst of prolonged applause—applause which meant both a royal per-

sonal welcome to the returned actress and an earnest tribute to her glorious achievements as an artist. There were splendid receptions, too, for Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, for George Clarke, John Craig, Edwin Varrey, and all of the other favorites of Mr. Daly's superb company.

Miss Rehan's Katherine was as captivating as ever. Her portrayal of the willful, coy, rebellious yet loving character was, as always, a true delight—her presence enlivened the eyes, and her delicately controlled voice—now high, now low, as Katherine's wayward moods ran wild or docile—bewitched the ears. Probably no other single role has shown so well Miss Rehan's wonderful mastery of her art and her stage authority. Her gowns were, as usual, an especially striking feature of the production.

George Clarke repeated his former success as Petruchio, reading with his customary forceful intelligence and playing with excellent discretion. Tyrone Power made an excellent Christopher Sly, and Hobart Bosworth played admirably as the Lord in the Prologue. Joseph Herbert made his first appearance here as a member of Mr. Daly's company as Tranio, and scored a most favorable impression. Mrs. Gilbert was charming, as she always is, as Curtis; Marie St. John was a pretty and dainty Bianca, and John Craig was a capital Lucentio. In the altogether admirable cast were Edwin Varrey as Baptista, William Owen as Gremio, Sidney Herbert as Hortensio, Wilfred Clarke as Grumio, Jefferson Winter as Biondello, Virginia Navarro as the widow, Nora O'Brien as the hostess, and others.

The comedy was mounted with Mr. Daly's accustomed care, richness, and attention to detail, and the incidental music was delightful. The first new production of the season will be made known next Monday evening, when will be offered *The Lady of Ostend*; or *Number Nine*, a farcical comedy adapted by F. C. Burnand from the German of Oscar Blumenthal and Gustave Kadelburg.

People's—A Guilty Mother.

Melodrama in five acts by Arthur D. Hall. Produced Nov. 29.

Madame Charles. Henrietta Vaders.
Madeline Verril. Eleanor Merron.
Gabrielle. Adelyn Wesley.
Madame Romaine. Therese Newcomb.
Blanche Verril. Christie MacLean.
Cleo Duparc. Ella Baker.
Mrs. Caroline Oakley. Carrie Dodson.
Shrimp. Anna Cole.
Kitty Jumper. Gordon Well.
Lady Elms. Harry L. Barker.
Miss Langdon. F. A. Yelvington.
Lord Cumberland. M. M. Murray.
Paul Verril. Thomas J. Jackson.
Francesco Castelli. Edward Ames.
John Rutland. Michael Carney.
Doctor Macmorris. Charles Woods.
Major Oakley. Thomas Meegan.
The Honorable Artie Fitzgibbon.

To audiences enamored of the class of melodrama that reeks with villainy of every type, with detectives and deserted wives and children, with attempts at suicide and family skeletons, with lords and ladies and thieves and vagabonds jumbled together in a heap, from which virtue rises phoenix-like at the fall of the curtain, Arthur D. Hall's play, *A Guilty Mother*, should be the acme of their dreams and desires. Such an audience was present at the People's Theatre last evening, when the play had its first New York production, after a tour of several weeks.

Prior to the opening of the play Pietro Mandola, the unscrupulous partner of Paul Verril, a rich Parisian banker, contrives, by means of tales of her husband's unfaithfulness, to induce Verril's wife, Madeline, to elope with him to America. Shortly after their arrival Madeline discovers the falsity of Mandola's stories, and orders him to leave her. This he does, but takes with him Madeline's four-year-old child, whom she had brought with her. Madeline searches vainly for her child, returns to England, takes lodgings with a Mrs. Rutland, and when the play opens is earning her living as a seamstress. Mrs. Rutland has a son Jack, a detective. He is employed by Verril to search for the lost wife and child. Rutland saves a young girl from suicide, and she turns out to be the lost daughter Gabrielle, who had been singing in Paris and there married Lord Cumberland, who had deserted her. She and her mother are reunited.

Meanwhile Mandola, under the alias of Francesco Castelli, is pursuing a shady existence in London, having as companion and confederate Cleo Duparc. They plan a robbery of the house of a Mrs. Oakley, while a ball is in progress. Lord Cumberland, with whom Mrs. Oakley had had a flirtation, is present, as is Gabrielle, who has been engaged to sing. During the ball, the tower in which it is being held crumbles and falls. In the excitement Castelli, or Mandola, attempts the robbery. Mrs. Oakley resists and he shoots her. Suspicion is fastened upon Lord Cumberland. Gabrielle, convinced of his guilt, and in order to revenge herself for his supposed desertion, does all in her power to convict him, and he is arrested. Mandola discovers that Mrs. Verril is in London and demands money from her. She refuses; he attempts to shoot her, but she wrenches the pistol from his hand and shoots and apparently kills him. Verril, followed by Rutland, then enters. Verril, his love for his wife returning, accuses himself of the crime and is jailed. The body of Mandola is taken to the Morgue. Gabrielle, disguised as a nun, visits there. Mandola suddenly comes to life. Gabrielle obtains from him a confession, exonerating Verril and Lord Cumberland, and both are released from prison. With the arrest of Mandola and the reunion of Verril and his wife, and Gabrielle and Lord Cumberland, the play ends happily.

Of the cast, the best work was done by Eleanor Merron, who had three roles assigned her and played them all with earnestness and sympathy. F. A. Yelvington and M. M. Murray were also efficient in their work, and the rest

of the company were either virtuous or vicious enough to satisfy the house.

Grand—The Silver King.

Denver, Nellie, Clay, Ned, Eliza, Coomba, Parkyn, Cripps, Daniel, Tabatha and all the other well-known characters that have made *The Silver King* famous were seen at the Grand Opera House last night in the hands of competent and clever actors. Carl Haswin's revival of his old-time success was adequate in every particular, and provoked almost continuous applause from the audience present. Aged as the piece is it has not yet lost the power of pleasing. The settings with which the revival is staged are complete and elaborate in detail. Carl Haswin brought forward the same methods that have always made him a favorite. His diction was emphatic, his action ready, and his reading intelligent. The atmosphere of the play was maintained from start to finish and made the production charming as it was forcible and forceful.

Third Avenue—Russell Brothers.

The Russell Brothers and their clever company are the attraction here this week. The olio consists of Staley and Birbeck, Montgomery and Stone, Caron and Herbert, the Dillons, Herr Grais, the Fremonts, and Lizzie B. Raymond. The Russell Brothers are as mirth provoking as ever, and were heartily received.

At Other Houses.

HERALD SQUARE.—The French Maid is as charming as ever.

BROADWAY.—The Idol's Eye looks out on big houses nightly.

STAR.—The Heart of the Klondike is still running, and promises to be good for some time.

CASINO.—1999 is going smoothly at this house.

MANHATTAN.—His Little Dodge and A Close Shave enjoy continued popularity.

GERMANIA.—Dollars and Cents still pleases large houses.

MURRAY HILL.—The Ticket of Leave Man is the attraction for the week at this house.

These other attractions are announced: Academy of Music, *The White Heather*; Garden, *The First Born* and *Lottie Collins*; Harlem Opera House, *In Town*; Hoyt's, *A Stranger in New York*; Columbia, *Sweet Inniscarra*; Empire, *A Marriage of Convenience*; Jonah, *The Veriscope*; Garrick, *The Little Minister*; Knickerbocker, *An American Citizen*; Wallick's, *A Lady of Quality*; Metropolitan, *The Lilliputians*; Fourteenth Street, *An Irish Gentleman*.

WAY DOWN EAST.

William A. Brady's production of Lottie Blair Parker's original play of New England life has just closed a most successful special engagement at the Schiller Theatre, Chicago. Its financial success exceeded that of any attraction that has appeared at the Schiller Theatre during two years, and its run would have been extended until after the Christmas holidays were it not that previous bookings prevented. The last five performances were given to standing room only, the final matinee being the largest known in the history of the theatre. The Chicago press is unanimous in its praise of the play's simplicity and dramatic strength, and Manager Brady has undoubtedly secured a winner. Individual hits are made by Phoebe Davies, James O. Barrows, Howard Kyle, Louise Galloway, Sara Stevens, and George Leslie. Steps are being taken to give *Way Down East* an elaborate New York representation at no distant day with a star cast and an unusually complete production.

MR. SULLIVAN'S FEAT.

Last week John T. Sullivan performed what in these days is a remarkable feat. On Friday evening, learning that Francis Carlyle had temporarily lost his voice, he consented to play the part of Lord Angus Cameron at the matinee performance of *The White Heather* at the Academy of Music on the following day. Mr. Sullivan sat up all night studying the long part, comprising seventy-seven pages of manuscript, and he played it at the matinee without missing a line. He acted the part also on Saturday night. Mr. Sullivan had no rehearsal, and the part required eleven changes of costume. In the circumstances, he is entitled to a sprig of laurel. This week Mr. Sullivan is playing in his dramatic sketch with Eleanor Barry at Proctor's Theatre.

SAID TO THE MIRROR.

CHARLES B. POOR: "I wish to deny emphatically any reports to the effect that I am 'dead.' Such a rumor, reaching the ears of managers who might desire to engage my services, would do much to injure my chances of securing a position. I am very much alive, thanks."

MARK PRICE: "Your last issue reported that copyright had been granted to Frank Dumont on a play entitled *False Colors*. A few years ago I copyrighted the same title and had the play produced at the Grand Opera House, Boston, Mass."

J. J. SPIES: "Business is booming now, and there were never fewer actors unemployed. I have all that I can do between booking and play work, and expect to be kept busy on the overflow until way into next month."

HAL REID: "Human Hearts has not closed, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding, and will fill all dates. We are doing well, and are carrying all the original scenery."

GEORGE M. MCCARTHY: "William Jerome's Herald Square Comedians are using, I believe, as a second act of *A Jay in New York*, the words, situations, business and imitated make-ups of my copyrighted play, *The Man from Indiana*. Three professionals have written to me about the matter, and my attorney is attending to the legal part of the affair."

FLORINE MURRAY: "Let me correct your Harrisburg correspondent's statement that Miss Bonington played there Laura Millard's part in *The Geisha*. I gave at Harrisburg two very satisfactory performances in Miss Millard's part."

DE WITT CLINTON: "I wish it distinctly understood that neither myself nor my wife, Grace Beebe Clinton, are in any way connected with Collinge's Railroad Jack company."

Grace Sherwood, comedienne, invites offers. Agents.

A CHAMBERLAIN CURIOSITY SHOP.

A flat surface of wood in a frame about six feet across and suspended from the wall like a picture is a chamberlain curiosity shop.

There is nothing interesting about this big picture like a flat surface of wood, but within the frame, looking upon the wooden surface, is an array of things, vases, hats, and other articles of wearing apparel, besides a miscellaneous lot of things that are not of the chamberlain of the Empire Theatre in New York.

There is a story that tells a story. The inscription is: "This spoon, through the kindness and solicitude of Sadie King, saved Maud Gordon's life." This rather obscure sentence means that Sadie King saved Maud Gordon through an illness, and that the spoon exhibited is the one which Sadie used in giving Maud her medicine. An act of kindness and sisterly aid is here indicated that one feels the better for knowing of, but the name Maud Gordon again catches the eye, and you smile with different feelings when you read: "These are the stockings worn by the Scotch dance last season by Edith Kennedy and this season by Maud Gordon."

Gems of revelry are suggested by a champagne cork, a present from Janie Gregory. The muse of music is represented by a few bars from the celebrated Midway Plaisance dance, and is the contribution of the restless Tyne and Evelyn. Two more sisters, who style themselves "The Sisters Never Too Quick," have contributed a hat, a blond wig and gloves. Thomas Rooney has tucked up a glove with the terse and pathetic sentence: "I lost the other." Lillian Black, of the Night Owls, has left a red cap, on a flap of which is a skull and cross-bones.

The leader of the orchestra indicates by his contribution a philosophical spirit. It is a bit of red, accompanied by the appropriate remarks: "It is not what we read, but what we remember." A brass tag and room key of a provincial hotel is nailed up without comment. Just what impression this is intended to convey it is impossible to say, except, perhaps, a sudden leaving without saying good-by to the clerk. Martial scenes are brought to the mind by a drumstick and the words: "This stick beat many a hide during the War from 1861 to 1865." (Signed) C. F. Kalmbach. Near the stick is a brass button from a policeman's coat. Absence of a descriptive tag in this case also leaves room for the play of the imagination. There is nothing to indicate whether the donor of the button acquired it as "one of the finest" in some former dark period of his career, or whether it was a part of the spoils of battle in an argument with a member of the force.

A murder-looking carving knife is a present from William Byler, and Ada De Mar also contributes a knife. It is a curious penknife, with a rule marked upon the ivory handle. On a card is a sort of pedigree as follows: "This knife was given to Freddy Hale, bicycle rider, by Bessie Bonhill in England. Then it was passed to Richard Mansfield, and so on to me." (Signed) Ada De Mar.

Other ornaments of the board are a pink garter, a waist of a dress worn by Lottie Elliott upon her first appearance, a pair of fancy shoes made by a convict in Auburn prison, and presented by him to Lizzie Jerome. There are many other curios on the board. It is a sort of suspended curiosity shop, reminding those that come of those who have gone.

BRADY'S SUCCESS AT THE SCHILLER.

Since William A. Brady, who is a hustler in every way, assumed the direction of the Schiller Theatre, Chicago, business at that house has taken a strong upward boom, and the theatre is now one of the most prosperous in that city. Last week Lottie Blair Parker's realistic play of life in a New England village, "Way Down East," was produced, with a thoroughly competent cast, and was an immediate and emphatic success. The receipts for the week were \$5,205. So strong was the approval manifested that Mr. Brady has determined to produce "Way Down East" in this city during the season.

Sunday evening "The Isle of Champagne," with Richard Golden and Katherine Gormaine in the leading roles, opened at the Schiller to an immense audience, the receipts being \$1,102.

MIRROR CALLERS.

Among those who visited THE MIRROR office during the week were:

Francis Wilson, John Carter, Seth C. Halsey, John M. Welsh, Frank Hurligh, Jack Farley, W. G. Anderson, D. S. B. Ayers, George Mandeville, Frank G. Baker, William Brown, Edwin Frank, J. Edwin Leonard, June Stone, Thomas Wood, Joseph Menchen, Ralph P. Lewis, James Bankson, Robert Robson, George Farren, W. Marriott, Morris Ketcham, Jacob Dezan, J. A. Mellon, C. E. Ball, Joseph C. Briel, Edwin F. Lloyd, Robert A. Fisk, Harry Dickerson, Thomas W. Wharton, Alex. Kearney, C. F. Neusen, Frank Hayden, Frank Herrman, E. A. Summers, E. S. Lawrence, Charles B. Cantor, Gus B. Robinson, O. C. Kyle, C. W. McDonald, Alex. C. Butler, Ed O'Connor, Alvin Drehe, John Cote, Victor V. Vass, John Spaulding, Howard Power, Calvin Tibbets, A. G. Kranz, L. P. Hicks, Frank Doane, Joseph Danery, Carl St. Aubyn, James Kennedy, E. J. Lowell, Scot Inglis, Herman Noble, Professor Walter, George W. Wilson, Clayton Lege, A. D. Foudray, Walter Schilling, Ned Wayburn, George J. Elmore, Harry B. Marshall, Francis Byrne, B. D. Hood, Walter Lenox, B. W. Hopkins, William McCormack, A. J. Lyman, Jaguarina, Helen Lee, Iza Breyer, Irene Perry, Nellie Parks, Grace Huxley, Lena Lorraine, Ruth Gortold, Mlle. Wiani, Fred, Louise McElroy, Zolna Beck, Mrs. L. R. Stockwell, Marie De Beau, Hattie Schell, Vivian Graham, Daisy Dixon, Myra Morella, Gilbert Learock, Belle Livingston, Ella Fontainbleau, Anna Lloyd, Mrs. Conover, Lulu Farrance, Mrs. J. C. Simms, Bessie Sears, Mrs. George C. Denton, Sadie Ward, M. Carleton, Helene Lowell, Miss McCall, Emma Field, Adelle La Gros, Dolly Theobald, Helen Guest, Lillian Kemble, Cora L. Adams, Lizzie May Umer, Mary Breyer, Ida Van Stien, Julia Kingsley, Edith Tolton, Josephine Harvey, Ellena Maris, Annie Alliston, Agatha Whitehead, Grace Ogden, Sara E. R. Schenck, Ethel Brandon, Gertrude Haynes, Grace Whitehouse, Dorothy Rosemore, Virginia Stewart, Iva Donnette, Jennie Jacobs, Charlotte Little, Nita Sykes, Emma Scott, Julia Romaine, Katherine Walsh, Edith Shaw, Stuart Harold, Frank Valentine, S. E. Neif, Carleton Wells, W. P. Sprague, Robert P. Gibbs, Richard Bennett, Thomas C. Clayton, Nestor Lennon, W. J. Romaine, James W. Kennedy, F. M. Croswan, E. C. White, John Read, David Miles, Charles Forrester, A. E. Moore, E. N.

Boyt, Gertie Palmer, M. Cleveland, Lucille Stewart, Ella Bailey, Dorce St Cyr, Lillian Carlsmith, Emma Donaldson, Edyth Raymond, Edna Marlowe, Grace Beyer, Olive Wallace, Francis Lincoln, Beatrice Lewis, Pauline Harvey, Carrie Huestis, Blanche Ring, Camille Cleveland.

MATTERS OF FACT.

The Miles Ideal Stock company opened the new Opera House at Frederickton, N. B., Nov. 15, and played the week to S. R. O. at every performance. The Opera House is said to be one of the finest in the province.

The Elroy Stock company played the Griswold Theatre, Troy, on Thanksgiving Day to 3516 paid admissions.

Charles Halford's Pay Train played Northampton, Mass., on Nov. 25 to 1612 paid admissions.

The roster of the Ford Comedy company is as follows: J. M. Ford, proprietor and manager; L. S. De Kalb, stage manager; Arthur Powers, advance agent; R. J. Green, Horace Weston, Benjamin Stanton, Abe Belson, Charles Gibson, Dorothy Lawrence, Helen Crandall, and Anna Burdman. The season of the company opened in Michigan, Nov. 15, and profitable business has resulted.

Edward C. White says: "Our Thanksgiving Day business at the Grand Opera House, Brooklyn, broke all previous records. Hundreds were turned away who were unable to obtain standing room at any price."

The Newport Opera House, of Newport, R. I., has declined to do any business with the *Herald* of that place. This takes no small amount of business away from attractions playing there, as the *Herald* is the only morning paper in Newport, and managers of attractions playing at the Newport Opera House are advised to contract with the *Herald* for their own advertising.

Damon Lyon has been contributing some good acting in *Courted Into Court*, in which he plays the role of the burlesque actor. He was for three seasons with Augustin Daly's company.

Both Christmas and New Year's weeks and time in January, February and March are open at the Piqua Opera House, Piqua, O., where Manager C. C. Sank will only accept strong attractions.

Myra Morella having closed her engagement as prima donna, cabrette of the Tivoli Opera company, San Francisco, is open to offers for the rest of this season.

The Auditorium at Port Huron, Mich., with a seating capacity of 2,000, can be rented for concerts, lectures and various entertainment purposes. It is excellently located, and L. A. Sherman is the manager.

A Klondike Millionaire is offered for sale by "A. W." care of this office. It is a comedy-drama with ten characters.

A special meeting of the Actors' Society has been called at the Society's rooms, 1432 Broadway, Dec. 2, at 3 o'clock to fill a vacancy in the board of officers.

May Irwin is doing the biggest business in the history of the Bijou Theatre with *The Swell Miss Fitzwill*. People are turned away every night, and even the Goodwin record in *The Nominee* has been broken.

Edwin Thanhouse has made a decided hit in the West as Captain Larolla, the foppish officer in *Under the Red Robe*. The *Denver Evening Post* said last week of his rendition of the lines and version of the part: "It stands out as distinctly excellent."

T. H. Winnett has acquired from A. C. Gunther the sole rights to *Two Nights in Rome*, and by agreement with Sidney E. Ellis special territory for Darkest Russia and Bonnie Scotland on royalty. Henry T. Chanfrau has been specially engaged to present *Kit, the Arkansas Traveller*, at the Bowdoin Square Theatre, Boston, week of Dec. 6 through the Winnett Bureau.

Corse Payton has purchased *Is Marriage a Failure*, *Peril*, *Parisian Princess*, and *Flirtation*. Mr. Payton's average weekly gross receipts, with both companies, are said to aggregate \$6,000, at cheap prices.

W. F. Croseley, manager of Russell Brothers, has offered a \$100 prize for the best name suggested for the comedians' new farce. The contestants are not to know the nature of the piece, and the committee deciding on the best name will be equally ignorant. Some funny results may be looked for.

Supporting people to M. L. Kinsey in the new *Uncle Hiram* are being engaged by W. E. Miller and Co., Butler, Ind. Strong specialties are one of the necessary qualifications of each applicant.

The Southern Theatrical Publishing Agency, 195 Main Street, Memphis, Tenn., have just published a book, entitled "Stage," telling how and where to start when entering a stage career.

Mrs. Stanley, who conducts a boarding-house at 147 Lawrence Street, Brooklyn, solicits the patronage of professionals. Her rates are reasonable.

The People's Theatre, one of New York's most popular theatres, whose management has decided to keep the theatre open all year round, playing first-class combinations only, has some open time in December and later in the season, which Manager A. H. Sheldon is now filling.

Charles Leonard Fletcher is preparing an extensive tour in a new and special production of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. Mr. Fletcher has played these difficult characters over three hundred times. His tour is now being booked.

Good attractions are doing a good business at the Empire Theatre, Holyoke, Mass., where Christmas week is open.

Emmett Corrigan will withdraw from the A Southern Romance company on Dec. 8, having fulfilled his contract to play the leading part and stage the production. He has been most successful in the leading role, and his work has received the endorsement of the press. He will return to New York to accept offers for New York productions.

James Newton Drew, playing light comedy and old men, may be addressed care of this office.

William H. Sherwood, manager for John L. Sullivan, reports that business has been very good and that the attraction is giving the best of satisfaction.

Chris Bruno proved quite successful in a grotesque comedy act at Weber and Fields' last week. He closed for the part of Perch in *The Ballet Girl* with E. E. Rice yesterday.

Florence Hamilton, the talented young leading lady with Corse Payton's big comedy company, has made quite a hit in Colonel Milliken's version of *Denise*, playing the part of Denise

Duval. The press through Pennsylvania are loud in their praise of her interpretation of the character.

The Litchfield, Neil and Stella, closed their engagement with the Little Jack Horner company at New Haven recently.

Grace Sherwood played the Countess De Baine, the dancing girl from Paris, in Gayest Manhattan, scoring a hit in the rôle as well as in her two difficult dancing specialties. She is back in town, having left the company.

Carrie Lee Stoye played Felicity Hobbs in *A Husband by Deputy* at short notice recently and received excellent notices from the press, who, however, erroneously credited Florence Gerald with playing the rôle.

Proprietor A. V. Grossetta has already booked a good line of attractions for his theatre, the new Tucson Opera House, which was opened but a short time ago. It is a thoroughly modern structure, fully equipped with every facility as to stage and auditorium.

Daniels' Theatre, formerly known as the Pearl Street Theatre, Albany, N. Y., will give two performances a day at cheap prices. It will open under the new manager, Louis Daniels, Dec. 6. The time is all open at this house.

The ushers of the Chatterton Opera House, Springfield, Ill., will have their annual benefit in February or March. Henry Bolte, who has charge of the arrangements, would like to hear from a strong attraction on share or guarantee.

The A. S. Seer company announce the removal of their establishment on May 1, 1898, to 242 and 244 West Forty first Street, which building is now in course of erection. The upper story of the building will be utilized for a photographic plant, with a competent photographer in charge.

Christmas and New Year's are open at the Park Theatre, Butler, Pa.

Watson R. Howe has secured Edgar Smith and Herman Perlet's extravaganza, *Miss Philadelphia*, and will send it out under management of his brother, Junius Howe. Anna Boyd, Elvia Croix Seabrooke, Jessie Villars, George Stewart, William H. West, the Collins Sisters, the Shoemaker Quartette, and the choruses have been engaged through the office of the W. L. Lykens company. The season will open Dec. 25. Wemyss Henderson will act as business manager, Paul Brackett as stage manager.

ENGAGEMENTS.

Ethel Marlowe, for the juvenile part in *The Hearstone*.

Emilie Everett, to succeed Ramie Austen, in *Two Little Vagrants*.

Eads Bernard Thornton, with Eleanor Newton, joining at Washington, D. C.

O. B. Thayer, replacing G. W. Anson in *A Close Shave*, the Manhattan Theatre curtain-raiser.

Ed Maas, for Alabama.

John S. Bristor, for A. Q. Scammon's *Real Widow Brown* company.

E. H. Stephens and Rita O'Neill, with Aldora Shem, joining at Alliance, O.

Viola Bancroft, to play leading juveniles with Aubrey Mittenhal.

Charles Avery, to play the title-role in *Charley's Aunt* at the Girard Avenue, Philadelphia.

Thomas Watson, to succeed Nick Conway in the *Greater New York Trio*.

LEFT COURTED INTO COURT.

Billy Clifford and Maud Huth, popular favorites in vaudeville, and who were the strongest cards with *Courted Into Court*, have retired from that organization, as they put it, "to seek much needed rest by playing the continuous houses." Circumstances over which William Harris, the manager, claimed he had no control necessitated this step. Their specialty and individual work was warmly commended by the press everywhere. Miss Huth made the biggest kind of a hit as the understudy, and her comings were warmly received. A general carried everything before them. Mr. Clifford was somewhat handicapped by restrictions, but nevertheless scored in his rôle. Their cake walk, closing the first act, was the hit of the performance. Miss Huth was called upon to play Marie Dressler's rôle at short notice upon several occasions, owing to the latter's illness. She played the part at the three closing performances at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, during *Courted Into Court*'s engagement there, acquitting herself creditably.

A WORTHY STOCK THEATRE.

The Girard Avenue Theatre, Philadelphia, has had a prosperous season thus far. The stock company organized by L. C. Durban is one of the strongest in the country. The plays that have been given are by the best known American and foreign authors, and a number of them have never been produced in stock theatres before. Scenery and properties are provided with a care and a disregard for expense that many managers preparing for a whole season's tour do not display. Mr. Durban purposes to produce during the season in Mizoura, *The Nominee*, and *The Prodigal Daughter*, plays that have not been seen on the board of stock houses, and also such great favorites as *All the Comforts of Home*, *Alabama*, *Jim the Penman*, and *The Two Orphans*.

AL. W. MARTIN'S COMPANY.

The tour of Al. W. Martin's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* company through the East has started, and notwithstanding opposition, managers invariably say this attraction is the money maker of all Uncle Tom's Cabin companies. The parade is so arranged that it never fails to draw crowded houses, while the performance ranks with the best of its kind. The stage is under the personal direction of John W. Hartwell, who plays the title rôle. The comedy is handled by Stella Thompson as Topsy and George W. Park as Marks the lawyer. The Alabama Quartette is popular.

Richard Barker has been engaged to play Simon Legree. The singing specialty of Artie Thompson, "the four year old wonder," has won for him a high place among the children of the stage. Will J. Banks is in advance, with two competent assistants while Lou Duches looks after the interest of Mr. Martin. Sixty-five persons, ten ponies, four donkeys, two oxen, twelve bloodhounds, two chariots, two large floats, with banners and three bands of music help to make one of the largest parades that ever visited a city with a stage attraction. The new sleeping car built expressly for Mr. Martin will be ready for use about Dec. 22. Negotiations are now pending to take this company to the coast at the close of the present season.

H. S. TAYLOR.

Taylor's Exchange, which is in THE MIRROR Building, is meeting with success. Mr. Taylor's policy is independent, and the exchange is being run. Mr. Taylor says, on the same principles as when he was on Fourteenth Street. On short notice one day last week Mr. Taylor filled twelve weeks in cities with recognized attractions. From the tone of his correspondence from all over the country there is every evidence that the managers are glad to see him at the helm once more.

Grace Sherwood, comedienne, invites offers. Agents.

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EVEN DIANA'S CHEEK

would be marred by tan or freckles or sunburn. But there is something new to use against the sun as well as under it, too—Solomon to the contrary notwithstanding. It's not hot and sticky, like gloves. It requires no constant attention, like velle. It's better than both, or either. It cools, it refreshes. It is delightful for the skin of face and neck and hands. It removes thoroughly, pleasantly all those crimson shadows traced by the summer sun on tender, suffering hands and face. It makes it possible for a woman to walk abroad at noon without being awed like a Tu kish hour. It is called *Rose and Cucumber Jelly* and it is simplicity itself. With the sponge or towel apply night and morning—and sunburn and tan and freckles shall have no more terrors for you. Sold on all toilet counters. Ask your dealer for it. Price, large bottle 25c. WILLIAMSON & McPHAIL N.Y.C. Co., Detroit, Mich. Your address on a postal will bring a free sample

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Week Nov. 29 East End Theatre, Pittsburgh, Pa.

WANTED.

Soprano-tenor, Baritone and Pianist,

For small High Class Company. Address by letter only, stating experience and full particulars.

C. Y., care MINNOS, 1432 Broadway.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

[No replies by mail. No attention paid to anonymous, impertinent or irrelevant queries. No private addresses furnished. Letters addressed to members of the profession in care of THE MIRROR will be forwarded.]

CHARLES H. PATTERSON, Washington, D. C.: The review referred to appeared in THE MIRROR dated Nov. 28, 1896. Richard Mansfield at that time was playing an engagement at the Garden Theatre, New York city.

N. C. L., Boston, Mass.: Mary Devlin (Mrs. Edwin Booth) died Feb. 21, 1893.

H. V. B., Oakland, Cal.: Emma Abbott died at Salt Lake City on Jan. 5, 1891.

CONSTANT READER, Chicago, Ill.: The Gehruze Sisters are with A Boy Wanted company.

GEORGE L. FROST, Pawtucket, R. I.: The first American production took place in Boston and not in New York. The date of the production was Sept. 16, 1890.

ROBERT S. WEBSTER, Brooklyn, N. Y.: The Murray Hill Theatre, of New York city, was dedicated on Oct. 19, 1896.

C. T. SHIRLEY, Lexington, Ky.: The Lady of Lyons was originally produced at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, London, in 1858.

J. O. CLIFFORD, Wilmington, N. C.: The Miller and His Men is published by Samuel French both as a melodrama and as a burlesque.

W. S. N., Tiffin, Ohio: The Octoroon is the property of Mrs. Henrietta Chanfrau.

E. K. R., New York city: Loie Fuller is filling an engagement at the Folies Bergere, Paris, France.

GEORGE C. CALDWELL, Lowell, Mass.: Yes, Mary E. Wilkins wrote a play called *Giles Corey, Yeoman*, which was produced by the Theatre of Arts and Letters, at the Hollis Street Theatre, of Boston, on April 1, 1893.

PERUCHI, Birmingham, Ala.: 1. Write to C. G. Callahan, care of the American Dramatists' Club. He is the author and owner of *The Buckeye*. 2. In regard to *The Galley Slave* write to Robert and John Campbell, 1449 Broadway, New York city.

STANLEY DEAN FORBES, Fort Worth, Texas: Marie Tempest is appearing in *The Geisha*, at Daly's Theatre, in London.

CLAUDE B. DORE, Quincy, Ill.: It is probable that the play was dramatized in part from Robert Louis Stevenson's novel, "Prince Otto."

H. C. W., Philadelphia, Pa.: Charles Fechter made his American debut at Niblo's New York city, on Jan. 10, 1870.

J. G. CASTLETON, San Francisco, Cal.: Yes, a play of that description was produced by Madame Januschek at the Walnut Street Theatre, in Philadelphia, on Dec. 13, 1877. It was called *Catherine of Russia*.

INTERESTED READER, Washington, D. C.: 1. *Ermine* was produced at the Casino, New York city, on May 10, 1896, with the following cast: Ermine, Pauline Hall; Corise, Marion Manola; Princess de Grampeaux, Jennie Wetherby; Javotte, Agnes Folsom; Marie, Victoria Schilling; Deaunay, Rose Beaudet; Cadenax, Francis Wilson; Ravennus, W. S. Daboll; Marquis de Pontvert, Carl Irving; Eugene, Marvel; Harry Pepper; Chevalier de Brabant, Max Freeman; Dufois, Murray Woods; Simon, A. W. Matfin; Vicomte de Bressac, C. L. Weeks; Sergeant, E. Furry. 2. Pauline Hall also appeared as Ermine when the opera was revived at the Casino on Jan. 16, 1898.

THE VAUDEVILLE STAGE

A CLEVER VOCALIST.



LYDIA BARRY.

Lydia Barry, the pretty and talented daughter of Billy Barry, the Irish comedian, is again delighting the patrons of Tony Pastor's, with whom she is a great favorite, by her excellent rendition of ballads of the popular order.

The people who go to Pastor's regularly are a loyal lot. If a performer makes a hit there once, he or she is not forgotten, and a hearty welcome is always given when a return engagement is being filled by a favorite. There are a number of players who appear at Pastor's several times during the season with success, and Miss Barry is one of the chosen few who are always sure to make a hit no matter how often they return.

THEATRES AND MUSIC HALLS.

Tony Pastor's.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Nobles head the bill, presenting for the second time at this house this season Mr. Nobles' comedietta, *Bilgeville Junction*. A novelty in the moving picture line is presented by the Edison company. It includes the Edison projectoscope, the Lumiere cinematograph, and the Edison phonograph. Pearl Andrews appears for the first time here in her new entertainment, assisted by her pickaninies. The others are Lydia Barry, balladist; Cora Rount, comedienne; W. T. Bryant, assisted by Miss Burrows, in *The Saving Woman*; McBride and Goodrich, comedy duo; Armin and Wagner, operatic travesty duo; Sam S. Sanford, the old-time minstrel; Edwin R. Lang, tramp comedian; the Three Leonards, acrobats; Ford and De Vern, negro comedy sketch, and Mae Rhea, soubrette. Tony Pastor sings as usual.

Weber and Fields' Music Hall.

Owing to the elaborate production and the great amount of preparation necessary, the opening of *A Pousse Cafe* has been postponed until Thursday evening, Dec. 2. The full strength of the stock company will be brought out on this occasion, as the cast will include Ross and Fenton, Peter F. Dalley, John T. Kelly, Sam Bernard, Sylvia Thorne, the Beaumont Sisters, Lillian Swain, and Weber and Fields. The chorus has been enlarged and the burlesque will be put on in perfect style. For the first half of the week *The Glad Hand* will continue, with Vesta Tilley and Lew Dockstader in the olio.

Proctor's.

John T. Sullivan, assisted by Eleanor Barry and Argie Vana, presents Captain Huntington. The other features are Edward M. Favor and Edith Sinclair in *The Maguire*; Charles B. Welles, in *Frederic Lemaire*; Dixon, Bowers and Dixon, "the Three Rubes"; George Evans, "the Honey Boy"; Smith and Fuller, musical act; Fisher and Carroll, Irish comedians; Adeline Bostling, vocalist; Lina Pantzer, wire walker; Fields and Salina, comedy duo; Vinnie De Witt, vocalist and instrumentalist; the Grammes, sketch team; the Helstons, dancers, and some new subjects in the series of living pictures.

Pleasure Palace.

Edward J. Henley makes his vaudeville debut in a novel dramatic monologue, embodying a recital of Edgar Allan Poe's poem, "The Raven," with new scenery and realistic effects. The bill includes the Four Cohans, who make their first appearance at this house in *Money to Burn*; Bobby Taylor, Irish comedian; Charles T. Aldrich, tramp juggler; Merri Osborne, comedienne, who makes her new New York debut as a vaudeville star; the José Quintette, headed by R. J. José; Conway and Leland, the monopedes; Derenda and Breen, club jugglers; Manning and Prevost, who present for the first time in New York their new acrobatic sketch *From the Klondike*, and the World's Trio, Perry and Lulu Ryan, and Emma Wood.

Koster and Bial's.

Anna Held remains the star, and is adding to her popularity every week. Marie Lloyd is in her last week. The rest of the bill is the same as before, and includes the Faust Ballet, Musical Dale, Alice Atherton, comedienne; Mlle. Bombello, sand modeler; the De Kock Troupe of acrobats, Pablo Diaz, contortionists, and Max Gabriel's excellent orchestra.

Harlem Music Hall.

Frank Bush, who returns to vaudeville after three years in comedy, heads the bill, which also contains Josephine Sabel, Jennie Yeaman, the Unique Trio, Edwin R. Lang, Pearl McIntyre, Baldwin and Daly, and McIntyre and Rice.

Keith's Union Square.

Lydia Titus has been re-engaged for another week. The other performers are John W. Ransone, in his impersonation of Richard Croker, which has a new interest on account

of the recent election; the Nichols Sisters in their wench specialty; Leola Mitchell, "the living doll"; Ed Latell, musical comedian; the Vilona Sisters, musicians; Johnson, Blano, and Bentley, comedy acrobats; Ray Burton, equilibrist; Jessie Miller, cornetist; the Adolphi Trio, gymnasts; Lavender and Thomson, comedy duo; Adelman and Lowe, xylophone players, and others.

The Burlesque Houses.

MINER'S BOWERY.—Robbie's Bohemian Burlesquers have returned to the Bowery for a week.

THE LONDON.—Harry Morris' Twentieth Century Maids began last evening a week's engagement at this house.

MINER'S EIGHTH AVENUE.—Miss New York, Jr., appears this week for the first time on the West Side.

THE OLYMPIC.—The May Howard Burlesque company is the week's attraction in the uptown district.

LAST WEEK'S BILLS.

KOSTER AND BIAL'S.—Anna Held and the other excellent artists who have been here for some weeks past continued to please very large audiences. Miss Held sang "Play With Me" and some catchy French songs; Alice Atherton made a hit with her laughing song; Marie Lloyd warbled her lively ditties with success; Mlle. Bombello drew pictures with colored sands; Musical Dale played sweetly on his bells; the DeKock Troupe, Pablo Diaz and Dick, Dick and Dickie were seen in all sorts of acrobatic and contortion acts, and Max Gabriel's orchestra furnished some fine musical numbers. The Faust ballet was continued. The English girls, who have been dancing in it since the opening, went home last week, and their places were taken by some American dancers, who give just as good, if not better, satisfaction than their English cousins.

WEBER AND FIELDS' BROADWAY MUSIC HALL.—Vesta Tilley made her regular appearances before crowded houses, nearing the close of her successful eight weeks' engagement in a blaze of glory. Besides her regular selections last week she sang "Sweetheart May," a very pretty ballad, and a new American song called "Broadway After Three," in which she impersonated the types seen on New York's famous thoroughfare every fine afternoon. Chris Bruno sang some songs and told a few stories, and the Lamont family presented a first-class tumbling act. The Glad Hand continued its career, but will make way for its successor, *A Pousse Cafe*, or the Worst Born, which will be put on Thursday evening.

KEITH'S UNION SQUARE.—Lydia Titus, the inimitable comedienne and vocalist, made her reappearance after a long absence, and received the heartiest kind of a welcome from her thousands of admirers. Her voice is as clear and sweet as ever, and her performance is even more refined and artistic than before. Her celebrated baby imitation was applauded to the echo, and she was encored again and again. She introduced some new songs, including a few bars of *Little Dolly Daydream*. F. J. Titus played her accompaniments sympathetically and effectively. J. K. Emmet and Anna Morland were seen in the pretty little domestic comedietta, *A Honey Moon*, in a Harlem flat, by Charles Dickson and May Melvin Ward. It was fully reviewed when it was done at Proctor's a short time ago, and it is only necessary to say that Anna Morland improves greatly as the weeks go by. Her impersonation of the cooing, pouting, weeping, laughing little wife is positively warming. She will probably be "discovered" by some of the big managers some day, when she will get a chance to show her talent to even greater advantage than at present. The Adolphi Trio of gymnasts made their first appearance in New York, and scored a decided hit with their act, which consists of swings from two high bars by one of the trio, who is caught by the others, who hang from the bars by their toes. The act is very neat, and made a very pleasing impression. The Three Angolas Sisters introduced an almost entirely new repertoire and sang so sweetly that the absence of the other sister was scarcely noticed. Their melody of coon songs was especially well received. Reno and Richards in their funny acrobatic comedy act scored heavily. Their finish with the camera tickled the audiences greatly. Conroy and McDonald made a big laughing hit with their Celtic sketch. They sang "Oh, Mrs. O'Flarity!" and the audience screamed with delight, as though they had never heard the ditty before. Matthews and Harris won a good many laughs with their gagging sketch. Mr. Matthews' pantomime business with the bottle of beer made a big hit. Blanca Benedetto played very sweetly on her violin and was encored. The Lassards and Fonte presented their familiar sketch, *The Country Schoolhouse*. The Francioli Sisters were seen in a neat singing and dancing specialty. D. Robbins did some good tricks on the bicycle. Others on the bill were Finley and Touhey, Joe Linder and Burke and Andrus. A view of Battery Park, taken from a moving boat, and an excellent view of Niagara Falls were new features on the biograph, which finished its forty-fifth week, and seems as popular as ever.

TONY PASTOR'S.—Eugene O'Rourke and Alice Holbrook were seen in their sketch, *After the French Ball*, arranged for them by McKee Rankin. Mr. O'Rourke has a quiet, easy, natural method of acting which is very pleasing, and he was well supported by Miss Holbrook. The little sketch, while not boisterously funny, is quite amusing, and the laughs were numerous during its progress. Alice J. Shaw whistled a solo in her usual pleasing manner, and then she and her twin daughters whistled some trios, which met with warm approval. The Elinore Sisters scored their usual big hit in their new sketch, *The Irish 400*, which has been improved by the addition of some new jests. George Evans made his first appearance since his return from the West, and, of course, scored a decided success with his songs and sayings. He told several new stories and sang two new parodies, and in addition sang his original successes, "The Honey Boy" and "Baby, Tell Me True." Louise Royce and Josie Intropodi made their first appearance as a team, and met with fair success in a rather neat act. Both changed their costumes three times. Miss Intropodi introduced her old maid specialty, and the turn wound up with a cake walk. John E. Drew, the nimble dancer, now has a colored assistant, who is no addition whatever to Mr. Drew's act. He makes a very bad attempt at rag-time piano playing, and seems relieved when he gets through and begins to dance. While he is dancing Mr. Drew comes on dressed as a circus clown, and turns somersaults. Charlotte Ray sang her little songs as usual, and had her shoes shined by a gallery singer, who seemed highly pleased at his chance to appear in public. The Three Bouffons did some remarkably good twisting and tumbling. John H. Shepley played

cleverly on various instruments. McIntyre and Rice were amusing in their sketch. Pearl McIntyre danced neatly. Bryant and Cleaver, the De Graups, and J. P. Oronson were also in the bill.

HARLEM MUSIC HALL.—Lizzie Derions Daly reappeared after two years' absence from the stage and scored a success. In the course of her sketch she made four widely different character and costume changes, each of which, with the songs accompanying, was done with ability and spirit. Her opening song, "Jolly Josephine," by Max S. Witt, ought to become very popular. Bonnie Thornton's songs met with their usual good reception. Billy Emerson pleased with his minstrel act. John Le Clair did his juggling act, which is an excellent one. Alf Grant received little applause for his timeworn stories and gags. Gracie Emmett's little monologue was bright, and she recited it with fine effect. Keno and Welch's grotesque act was both vulgar and tiresome. Castalet and Hall did a comedy sketch of little merit. The Two Dons and Grunt, Beers and Grunt, did the acrobatic work, and their turns seem to be what Harlemites want.

PROCTOR'S.—Edward McWade, Margaret May, and Frederick Webber made their first appearance in vaudeville, presenting a farce called *A Matrimonial Blizzard*, which is a condensed version of Sardou's *Divorcement*. The piece made an instantaneous hit, and as far as laughter is concerned it is one of the best sketches ever presented in vaudeville. The plot whirled around a lawyer who is engaged by a husband and wife to get them a divorce, neither party knowing that the lawyer has been secured by the other. The farce is excellently played by the performers mentioned above, and they keep the ball of fun rolling continuously. Mr. Webber made a big hit as the husband who is seeking a divorce, and Mr. McWade and Miss May played their parts in the true spirit of farce. Gertrude Haynes made her reappearance after a long absence in the West. She made a pronounced hit with her piano playing, and when she had finished her selection on her wonderful organ the applause was loud and long continued, and she was obliged to play her Mexican march as an encore. Miss Haynes' act is the only one of its kind in vaudeville, and she deserves the recognition she receives from the public. Jennie Yeaman, who was an added feature of the bill, made a hit with her quaint and original monologue, in which she finds the piano player of great assistance. She was in excellent form last week, and made a hit at every performance. The Brothers Griffiths introduced their hat spinning and Blondin donkey acts with much success. The antics of the donkey would break up a Quaker meeting. Frederic Solomon made his debut as a vaudeville star, and failed through his own fault. He sang three of the most antiquated ditties that have ever been heard in a theatre. They were songs of the old, old school, which were considered funny in England about seventy-five years ago. It was cruel to dig them up at this late day. Any of the innumerable topical songs which Mr. Solomon has sung during his comic opera career would have been better for his purpose than the things he used. His last song, in which he impersonated a man who weeps continuously, made a better impression than the other two, but that is not saying much. George H. Wood, who was down on the bills for a "new and original collection of travesties," repeated his act word for word as he has been doing it for many years. He had a hard row to hoe following the Griffiths, and his act did not make as big a hit as usual. O'Brien and Havel made their first New York appearance since their tour of the Pacific Coast, and went through their singing, dancing and tumbling act with their usual success. Master Walter Leon's new selections are not as good as the old ones, and the long speech on *Woman's Rights* is tiresome. Lina Pantzer and the Northern Troupe pleased as usual. Others on the bill were Weston and Bensley, De Veaux and De Veaux, Sheehan and Lacy, and Eva Clay's trained animals.

PLEASURE PALACE.—Auguste Van Biene appeared for the first time in this city in a dramatic sketch called *An Old Love Story*, which is probably adapted from his play, *A Wandering Minstrel*, in which he starred during the early part of the season. The story deals with the adventures of a blind musician, who becomes reconciled to his wife after a long separation, through the influence of his little girl, who brings him into the house without knowing who he is. It is simply an excuse to allow Herr Van Biene an opportunity to introduce his excellent cello solos, which of course made a great hit. Lena Burnleigh played the part of the wife very well, and the child was impersonated by a smart little soubrette whose name did not appear on the programme, which was an injustice, as she had as much to say as either of the principal characters. Clifford and Huth made their reappearance in vaudeville after a short absence in the legitimate. They were warmly welcomed, and scored a big hit in their sketch, *The Chappie's Call*. Miss Huth sang some very catchy coon songs, and made a strong impression with "Ram-a-Jam." Mr. Clifford sang "The Sweetest Thing in Town," and appeared in a very natty new suit of a vivid shade of blue. Maxwell and Simpson made a pronounced hit with their illustrated song act. They were obliged to put on almost their entire repertoire at every performance, and the act was run off to the accompaniment of almost continuous applause. This act stands alone as the very best of its kind. The songs are well selected and well sung, and the pictures are really beautiful. Josephine Sabel introduced a new song called "I Love Somebody Just Like You," which made a big hit, and several others, winning plenty of applause. She is as full of vim and bounce as ever. Haines and Pettigill put on their burnt cork disguise once more and presented their high-class comedietta in one act and two scenes, entitled *The Pool Room*. Nat Haines played the part of the Lobster in his own peculiar way, and won lots of laughs with his impromptu witticisms. Joe Pettigill appeared as the *blond roué* with much success. Nonsensicalities scored a hit as usual. The Five Whirlwinds—Masand, Abachi, Muma, Hassan, and Hussayn—made their first appearance as a troupe, and did some excellent work in the acrobatic line. Barnes and Simon worked in some new gags, and won encores for their rendition of some old little songs. Webb and Hassan, the hand balancers, and Ostrado, the gymnast, were successful in their athletic efforts. The business was very large throughout the week.

A NOVELTY FOR KEITH'S

The latest European engagement for the Keith circuit is that of M. Rudinoff, a Frenchman, who is said to be clever and versatile. He is a comedian, a mimic, a musician, and a good all-around entertainer. He sailed from Paris last week, and is booked for his American debut at the Union Square in a week or so.

A POPULAR COMEDIAN.



GEORGE W. DAY.

This is a good likeness of a good-looking young comedian who is rapidly coming to the front. At times he hides his features under a layer of burnt cork and rattles off his monologue in dark dialect, but he can be just as amusing in white face, as he has a knack of telling a story which compels his hearers to laugh, no matter how he is made up.

For several seasons Mr. Day confined his efforts to entertaining at clubs and church concerts, and his work met with such emphatic approval that he decided to branch out into vaudeville.

He made his appearance at Keith's Union Square Theatre, in this city, last season, and, of course, scored a hit. Since then he has played successful engagements at Proctor's two houses, at the Keith houses in Boston and Philadelphia, and in many other first-class vaudeville theatres.

His business interests in New York prevent him from taking very long trips, and in consequence he has had to refuse flattering offers from distant points. He is quite satisfied with being a New York favorite, and finds work enough to keep him as busy as he cares to be throughout the season.

He is always in demand at the leading clubs, and always has a fund of new stories, so that no matter how often he appears at the same club he is sure to make a hit.

A feature of his performance is the recitation of original verses and the singing of songs of his own composition. His talent as a writer of rhymes enables him to entertain an audience with material which has not been worn threadbare by other comedians.

Some of his songs are in a pathetic vein, and two of them, "Dolly's Mamma" and "He Told Her Fairy Stories," are gems of their kind, and are meeting with great success.

Mr. Day appeared recently at one of the famous "Saturday nights" of the Lotus Club in this city, and the warmth of his reception by the men of brains who comprise the club was convincing proof of his ability as an entertainer. The best known performers in the world appear at this club, and it is safe to say that none of them ever made a bigger hit than did Mr. Day with his songs and stories.

NOBLES' DRAMATIC PLAY.

A stage hand in one of the local vaudeville houses, who occasionally acts as callboy in the absence of that functionary, was in a chatty mood as a Minnow man stood in the wings the other evening waiting to see the manager.

He was talking to a variety actor of the old-fashioned type, who did "knockabout stuff" long before the present era of "vaudeville."

Their talk turned on the entrance of legitimate stars into vaudeville, and after the actor had given his views, the stage hand said with a laugh:

"Ah, dem legit make me so tired I kin go to sleep wen I see one o' dem! I recollect wen Milton Nobles come here to work. De foyst show he give I was sent to call him. I yell up de stairs: 'Say, Nobles, your sketch is on next!'"

"Well, he don't say a word till he comes down stairs, an' den he calls me over, an' he says: 'Look here, young man, I want you to understand dat I don't do no sketch, see?' 'I pursect,' he says, 'a one-act dramatic play, an' don't you forget it,' or words to dat effect. It near took me breath away, only I had tree or four before comin' to work, an' me wind was pooty strong."

"Well, in de evenin' wen I had to call him fer de show, I goes up to his door, wit me dicer in me fat, an' I gives an imitation of Billy Clifford wit me voice, an' I says, very swell-like: 'If you please, Mr. Nobles, de hands on de clock is approachin' de hour wen de public is purposed to gaze upon your dramatic play.' Dat made a hit wit him, an' before de week was out him an' me was de best o' friends."

ANOTHER SKETCH FOR THE COHANS.

George M. Cohan, the indefatigable young author and comedian, not satisfied with the great success made by *Money to Burn*, has written another one called *Running For Office*, which is now being rehearsed by the four Cohans. When they have it in running order they will have a repertoire of three fine up-to-date comediettes, the other two being *Money to Burn* and *The Professor's Wife*. The Cohans are to be commended for their endeavors to reach the top rung of vaudeville popularity. There are a good many quartettes who would rub along for ten or twelve seasons if they could get hold of a sketch as good as *Money to Burn*, and here are these hard workers starting the variety world by producing three brand new pieces before the season is half finished. Besides writing these sketches George Cohan has written many others for comedy duos, besides a number of very successful songs.

MISS BENNETT RETURNS TO VAUDEVILLE.

Every one was surprised a few weeks ago to hear that Johnstone Bennett had retired from the stage and taken up the business of selling swell neckwear. It is true that Miss Bennett has opened an establishment for the sale of stylish scarfs, and intends to keep it going, but everything is running so smoothly in her new business that she has decided to devote part of

VAUDEVILLE.

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23 MINUTES OF CONTINUOUS LAUGHTER.

Immense Success in Vaudeville

MARGARET MAY—EDWARD McWADE
IN A MATRIMONIAL BLIZZARD, By EDWARD McWADE.—AT PROCTOR'S 230 STREET THEATRE LAST WEEK.—
Margaret May and Edward McWade presented a curtain-raiser, A Matrimonial Blizzard, at Proctor's Monday, with decided success. . . . It is this sort of thing vaudeville really needs. . . . I enjoyed the performance more than I have the work of better known players.—N. Y. Telegraph.

her time to playing dates in the neighborhood of New York. Robert Grau is booking a route for her, and she will make her reappearance Dec. 6 in A Quiet Evening at Home, with a new assistant.

THE FUTURE OF OLYMPIA.

Hammerstein's Olympia will be reopened soon. A plan has been devised by which the vast amusement structure will again be in the list of the pleasure resorts of the city.

A stock company has been formed called The Olympia Amusement company, with a capital of \$500,000 in shares of \$100 each. This company will run the building and the amusement enterprises connected with it. It is said that \$100,000 worth of the stock has already been subscribed for.

The plans, as far as they have been arranged, provide for the leasing of the entire building by the corporation. The theatre part will be sublet to some outside manager, but the rest of the building will be controlled by the company. It is intended to put an operatic ballet and spectacular productions in the music hall, concerts by a large orchestra in the concert hall, and an exhibition of wax works in the basement. The roof will be used as an ice skating rink in winter and as a roof garden in summer, with vaudeville and comic opera as the attraction. In the autumn, athletic shows will be given on the roof, such as bicycle races and bicycle polo.

The stockholders, besides sharing in the profits, will be accorded unusual privileges. It is hoped that things will be in such shape that the reopening will take place during the holidays.

The New York Life Insurance company, which holds a mortgage of \$500,000 on Olympia, has begun a foreclosure suit, but it is probable that the suit will not be pressed, as it is expected that everything will run very smoothly and profitably under the new arrangement.

It is rumored that Mr. Hammerstein intends to put La Poupée on again this month at the Lyric. He has been negotiating with Ollie Redpath, of the Girl from Paris company, with a view to engaging her for the leading role in the opera.

ASSORTED SUITS.

Oscar Hammerstein, F. Ziegfeld, Jr., and Anna Held are mixed up in a network of legal entanglements, which will keep several lawyers busy for a good many months to come. The suits have arisen over the sudden closing of La Poupée, on account of the withdrawal of Mlle. Held from the cast. Mr. Hammerstein says he has begun suits against both Ziegfeld and the French singer for \$25,000 damages for leaving him in the lurch, compelling him to close his theatre and make an assignment. A. H. Hammer, speaking for Mr. Ziegfeld and Mlle. Held, says that the suits have not been begun, and that the only notification his clients have had was the service of a Supreme Court summons.

Mr. Ziegfeld on his part has begun a counter suit against Mr. Hammerstein for Mlle. Held's salary for the week of Oct. 29 and 10 per cent. of the gross receipts of the theatre for the time she played there. This suit will be tried in a city court, and will be decided long before Mr. Hammerstein's suit can be brought up.

The situation is rather muddled and the only people who are looking happy are the legal lights, who will win, no matter which side comes out ahead.

THANKSGIVING IN SPRINGFIELD.

Manager P. F. Shea, of the New Gilmore, Springfield, Mass., desired to give a continuous performance on Thanksgiving Day, and he asked the people in the week's bill if they would consent to play three times for him on that occasion. They assented, and big business was the result of the venture.

After the performance Mr. Shea did not allow his success to make him forgetful of the people who had contributed toward it, and he invited everybody into the Gilmore Hotel, where a sumptuous repast was awaiting. Viands, liquors, and pleasures were enjoyed until a late hour, and the long bill was closed with cigars, coffee, and many good wishes to the genial host and manager. Those present were Diana, Mr. and Mrs. William Robyns, Senator Frank Bell, Juno Salmo, Spencer Brothers, O'Rourke and Burnett, "Happy" Handy, Winchester and May, the Kavanauo Japs, P. J. Cassey, William Howley, Lizzie Otto, Maggie Shea, George Potter, John F. Burke, George Gates, John Shea, James H. Fitch, Clarence Waters, and Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Shea.

KOSTER AND BIAL'S CONCERT.

The first of a series of Sunday concerts was given at Koster and Bial's on Sunday evening last, in the presence of a large audience. Max Gabriel's orchestra was increased to fifty pieces, and it is safe to say that no finer music has ever been played at any Sunday concert in this city than that furnished by this splendid band under its able leader. Besides the orchestral selections, there were solos by M. A. L. Guille, the tenor; Anna Held, Alice Atherton, and Marie Lloyd. Mlle. Rombello and Musical Dale also contributed their specialties. Judging from the attendance and the enthusiasm, it seems likely that the Sunday concerts will become a permanent feature at Koster and Bial's, which fact will allow Manager Aarons to place another feather in his cap.

MORE SUNDAY CONCERTS.

The success of E. J. Nugent's Sunday concert at the Star has prompted Wood and Sheppard to try their luck at running the same sort of entertainment at the Manhattan. Their first concert was given on Sunday evening last. The bill included McKee Rankin and Nance O'Neill, Jennie Yeomans, Irene Franklin, Gertie Cochran, Diamond Comedy Four, Horace Goldin, Smith and Campbell, M. and Mlle. Rosini, and Robert Recker's Harmonists.

MADGE ELLIS ARRIVES.

Madge Ellis, the American serio-comic, who went over to London several months ago, and succeeded in making quite a good-sized hit in

the city of fog and costers, returned to her native land last week on the steamer *Shree*, accompanied by her husband, "Doc" McDonough. Miss Ellis came over to fill an engagement at Koster and Bial's, and when it is finished it is very likely that she will return to England.

MISS TILLEY MAKES PRESENTS.

Weber and Fields, proprietors, and Manager L. C. Teller, of Weber and Fields' Broadway Music Hall, were each presented with a beautiful diamond and emerald scarf pin last week by Vesta Tilley, as a testimonial of her appreciation of their kindness and courtesy during her long engagement at Weber and Fields'. Miss Tilley will start on a tour of the United States shortly, at the head of a big vaudeville company, and will carry with her the best wishes of the company and attaches of the music hall, with whom she has become a great favorite. Souvenirs in the shape of statuettes of Miss Tilley as "The Piccadilly Johnnie" were distributed at last evening's performance at Weber and Fields'.

JOHNSON COMPLAINS OF PIRACY.

Carroll Johnson, who is with Primrose and West's Minstrel company, writes from St. Louis, complaining of the unauthorized and unwarranted use of his name by the managers of the Wonderland at Easton, Pa. Mr. Johnson incloses an advertisement of the show which announces that Carroll Johnson's Minstrels are appearing at the Wonderland. Mr. Johnson adds: "I am the only Carroll Johnson, and no one else has a right to use my name. I have worked hard to gain my reputation, and if this piracy is continued I shall take action against the parties concerned."

MILTON NOBLES' NEW SKETCH.

Milton and Dolly Nobles are again the features at Proctor's. Mr. Proctor says that these popular players could fill a profitable week at his house once each month during the entire year. They were at Keith's only three weeks ago. Bilgeville Junction will be given at each performance this week excepting on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 1, when Mr. Nobles' new play-ette, *Why Walker Reformed*, will be substituted. It will be seen by many local and out-of-town managers and agents. Later in the season it will be seen at Keith's for a week.

THANKSGIVING DAY BUSINESS.

The business done at the vaudeville houses on Thanksgiving Day was enormous. The continuous houses throw their doors open early in the morning, and from that time until the closing hour they were thronged with happy holiday audiences. The only people who did not enjoy the day were the actors, as they all had to work overtime.

RAYMON MOORE RETURNS TO VAUDEVILLE.

Raymond Moore, the tenor, will leave Primrose and West's company on Dec. 4, and will return to vaudeville. He has commissioned Robert Grau to lay out a route for him, beginning Dec. 6. Mr. Moore will be doubly welcome if he will leave "Sweet Marie" behind him as a legacy to the minstrels.

SMITH JOINS WILSON.

Jo Paige Smith has come back from the West, and has joined hands with Clint Wilson. They will conduct a general vaudeville agency at Mr. Wilson's old headquarters, and one of the members of the firm will be on hand at all times to extend "the glad hand" to professionals.

VAUDEVILLE JOTTINGS.

Jere O'Halloran, the composer of "I Wonder Why," has written a new song for Truda, entitled "That's How She Tells It to Her Friends." The music is by Charles Bendix. It is also being sung by Gertie Gibson.

Manager Sherwood of the John L. Sullivan company, writes to inform us of some excellent time booked through his Minion advertisement. His company has just closed a most successful week over A. P. Way's circuit in Central Pennsylvania. Big receipts were taken in at Curwensville, Punxsutawney, Big Lake, and Johnstown. The business in Clearfield was bad, through mismanagement, but Houtzdale and Philipsburg made up for any loss. The receipts for seven performances were over \$9,000.

Several New York papers stated last week that the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau had been successfully photographed by the cinematograph, and that the pictures were shown in Philadelphia. The last performance of the Passion Play took place in 1894, and the moving picture machines were not perfected for a long time after that, so there must be some sort of a fake in this latest freak in the line of "graph" pictures.

H. C. Miner is said to be looking for a purchaser for his Eighth Avenue Theatre property.

Josephine Gassman, the Frisco darkey song exponent, has been making a hit with Nat Mann's "Honey, Youse Ma Lady Love" and William and Perrin's "Mamma's Little Pumpkin, Colored Coons."

An entertainment and ball was held at the Lexington Avenue Opera House on Sunday evening last for the benefit of the Hungarian Ladies' Aid Society. The affair was under the management of Weber and Fields.

Manager E. D. Price, of the Pleasure Palace, has secured a star for next week's bill, and he will have to do some expert juggling in order to let the public know who she is. Her contract is signed. Elizabeth Nicholson, formerly Le Baroness Blane. Her husband got out an injunction some time ago preventing her from appearing under the name of Baroness Blane. She has a new song, which she will sing in the uniform of a military officer.

One of the ballet girls in Faust at Koster and Bial's is said to be engaged to a rich French merchant who has only been in the country three weeks. That is a good deal better than being diamonds or falling into a fortune.

Witter Penbody, the boy soprano, has returned to vaudeville. His bookings are being looked after by Robert Grau.

Robert Grau's prediction that high-class vaudeville will pay in small cities is beginning to come true. He has booked Clara Morris at Smith's Auditorium, Bridgeport, and Pauline Hall at the Casino Theatre, Fall River, this week. The small towns

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evidently do not intend to confine themselves to small acts.

Ben Harney's new rag song, "I Love My Little Honey," is introduced by Ford and Dot West. They made a hit with it at Proctor's Theatre last week.

Frank Gardner, the animal trainer, is said to have broken three of his ribs last week. In spite of this he insisted upon working.

The Keddys have been booked for a long season through the West by H. A. Covell.

The grand ball which was to have been given in honor of Vesta Tilley and Marie Lloyd last week fell through on account of several misunderstandings.

The Griffiths Brothers sail for England this week, as they are booked to take part in the Christmas pantomime at the Drury Lane Theatre, in London. It is too bad they could not remain longer, as they are very entertaining performers. They will be a hearty welcome whenever they come back.

Itley and Hughes have scored a big success on the Keith circuit with their new act. They will open on the Orpheum Circuit about the middle of February.

Gertrude Haynes made a pronounced hit in her unique musical specialty at Proctor's last week. She recently played at one of the stag entertainments at the New York Athletic Club, and made one of the greatest successes of the evening, although the bill was made up of star performers.

Among the songs introduced by May Irwin in her new play, *The Swell Miss Fitzwill*, were two songs by King Kolins, entitled, "There's a Good Thing Done to You" and "Can't Bring Him Back."

Frank Bush is back in vaudeville again and is filling an engagement in Harlem this week. He will be seen shortly at Proctor's Theatre.

Lefty and Mind hand balancers and equilibrists, from Europe, will make their American debut at Proctor's this season.

The Yukon Varieties, now in their third week at Lexington, Ky., are meeting with great success. The people who appeared there last week were Ed Canan, John Boyce, John B. Sol, Carrie Scott, Alice and Walter Armin, Gus Slingerland, and Ray Hollingshead.

Berenda and Breen played a successful engagement at the Gaiety Theatre, Quebec, Canada, last week.

The testimonial benefit tendered to Mrs. M. C. Dore, mother of the late William C. Dore, the band-leader, was well attended and a tidy sum was realized. A number of prominent platform and vaudeville favorites took part in the entertainment.

Dora Parnes, the celebrated international chanteuse, from the Folies Bergères, Paris, will soon make her appearance at Koster and Bial's.

Harding and Alford and Mlle. Olive have been engaged with the Spooner Comedy co. to introduce their specialties between the acts of the plays presented by the company. B. S. Spooner has the distinction of managing the first traveling company to introduce continuous performances, which have proven a great success.

Frank Whitman, the comedy trick violinist, has just closed a successful return engagement at Keith's Boston, and is playing this week at the Bijou Theatre, Worcester, Mass.

The Clover Trio made a hit last week at the Olympic Theatre, and were booked for a return. This week they are playing Keith's, Boston.

Lydia Barry's rendition of "I Love You in the Same Old Way" is artistic and charming. She is also singing Olcott's new songs, "Old Fashioned Mother" and "Kate O'Donoghue."

The Arklow Trio, who were expected to create a sensation at the Pleasure Palace last week, did not come to New York after all. They sent word to Manager Price at the last moment, and he secured Simon and Morton to fill their place on the bill.

F. F. Proctor, having succeeded in drawing packed houses to the evening performances at the Pleasure Palace, is devising plans to increase the attendance at the theatres. To accomplish this the prices for matinees have been reduced to 20, 25 and 35 cents.

MR. KENNETH LEE

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The Yankee Mimic and the Actress Musicians.
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Smoking and drinking are prohibited at the afternoon performances, and the consequence is a decided increase in the attendance of women and children.

Maud Ruth introduced a little novelty in her costume last week at the Pleasure Palace. She wore a sleeveless gown, and each of her arms was ornamented with a little crystal of chiffon fastened at the elbow, and falling a few inches below it.

Hallen and Fuller's First Prize Ideals will be at the Pleasure Palace next week. The company includes Frederick Hallen and Mollie Fuller, George Fuller Golden, Tom Lewis and Charles Ernest, Florence Hindley, the Haggensons, Smith and Cook, Carrie Scott, and Johnson, Davenport, and Lorella.

Emile Gautier, the horse tamer, who is touring the Keith Circuit with success, will appear shortly at the Union Square.

Francesca Rodding slipped accidentally the other day, and in falling her wrist struck a pin which was standing point upward on a desk. It cut a deep gash, in which several stitches had to be taken.

Kelly and Voss made a hit at the benefit of the Holy Innocents Church at Lenox Lyceum on Nov. 22.

A telegram received in this city yesterday states that H. C. Stanley and Adelle Jackson opened successfully at the Orpheum in San Francisco on Sunday night. Miss Jackson has been suffering for some time with laryngitis, and but for the skill of her physician she would not have been able to appear. A number of Miss Jackson's friends from the Revere House, Chicago, formed a box party at the Chicago Opera House on Nov. 16 and presented her with a beautiful floral token.

Russell and Russell and their dogs, "Jim" and "Sam," made a hit last week at the Bijou Theatre, Washington, D. C.

Laverna Charming, a female trapeze performer, who does a startling undressing act, will appear soon at Koster and Bial's.

The managers of the London Alhambra will entertain the Casino de Paris in Paris hereafter. It is said that the London Empire management are about to take charge of the Folies Bergères.

Manny Warner has removed his headquarters to a cozy office on one of the upper floors of the Broadway Theatre Building.

Little Sylvia Teller, the ten year old daughter of Manager L. C. Teller, of Weber and Fields' Music Hall, appeared at the benefit of the Hungarian Ladies' Aid Society on Sunday evening last and acted

ished everybody by her wonderfully clever imitation of Vesta Tilley. She sang three of Miss Tilley's songs, with a correct change of costume for each. She had the business and details of the songs down so fine that Miss Tilley simply sat and gazed at her in astonishment. She declared afterward that it was the best imitation of herself that she had ever seen.

Bobby Manchester, manager of Gus Hill's Gay Masqueraders burlesque co., gave many old friends "the glad hand" during the co's engagement at the Star Theatre, Cleveland, O., Nov. 22. Mrs. Manchester, Bobby's mother, visited him and saw the performance during the week.

Paulinetti and Piquo are on their way to San Francisco.

The Five Eddys open at Hopkins', St. Louis, on Dec. 5.

Madge Ellis' opening will occur at Koster and Bial's on Monday, Dec. 6.

Jessie Morrill presented her husband with a beaming boy weighing eleven pounds the other day.

Millie Price Dow is in New York. She will shortly make her reappearance in vaudeville.

Lodge No. 8, Theatrical Mechanics' Association, of Cleveland, O., are making preparations for a benefit at one of the local theatres. The Committee of Arrangements is: Harry M. Scott, of the Star Theatre; Charles Estinghaus and Charles White, of the Opera House; Harry Blyth, of the Lyceum, and Frank Madigan, of the Cleveland Theatre.

The Vaidis Sisters will soon go to Mexico, where they open with Orrin Brothers in January.

B. F. Keith followed his annual custom of presenting a fine turkey to each of his employees on Thanksgiving Day. The order this year called for 5,000 pounds of the finest turkey in the market. One of the employees at the Union Square had a big gilded wishbone as a souvenir of Mr. Keith's generosity.

Margaret Webb returned to town on Nov. 18 after a most successful Western tour, and sang last week at New Haven, where her work was highly praised. She may remain in New York for local engagements.

The Vaudeville Club Burlesquers will be the Christmas week attraction at the Star Theatre, Cleveland, O.

The employees of Keith's Union Square Theatre look very fine in their new winter uniforms. The painters and glaziers have been busy on the house for some weeks past, and everything about the house is spick and span.

Seymour Howe and Emil Edwards have met with great success in their skit, "My Uncle's Visit." They were the topstars at Moore's, in Detroit, last week, with Rochester to follow. Miss Edwards, who has won recognition as a writer through her stories, "A Royal Heiress" and "Love's Temptation," has contributed a short pathetic story, called "Who Was She?" to the forthcoming Christmas Minion.

James Reed, for the past eight years balcony ticket taker at the Star, Cleveland, O., who has had a long spell of illness, is able to be about again.

Rudolph Aronson has composed a ballet intermezzo for a new dance, which Lolo Fuller will put on soon at the Folies Bergeres, in Paris.

Allie Gilbert, the soprano, who has been in retirement for the past two years, will make her reappearance and her vaudeville debut at the Star Theatre, Cleveland, O., on Monday, Dec. 6.

Harry Morris is the prime mover in doing away with the "Hopsies" at the Star Theatre, Cleveland, O., and has decided to give the experiment a trial with Morris' co. next week. The outcome is anxiously awaited.

Eckert and Berg are finishing a ten weeks' tour of the Hopkins-Castle circuit, during which they have met with great success. They will come East in a few days.

Mr. Girard, the New York representative of the Orpheum circuit, is negotiating with T. H. Winnett, agent of Gaudier, for the services of the horseman, who has been creating a decidedly favorable impression with his work on the Keith circuit.

Sparrow, the clown juggler, joined the Gay Masqueraders at Cleveland, O., Nov. 22, but was delayed on account of a cold. He arrived about thirty minutes before his time to go on, without any baggage or customary tools to work with, but Drew and Campbell and Bobby Manchester hurriedly got together enough junk to start him. It was a very funny act to those behind the scenes, but a serious performance to the audience, who were greatly pleased notwithstanding.

VAUDEVILLE CORRESPONDENCE.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Hopkins' Theatre: The beautiful "Visions of Art" continue for another week. They made a decided hit during the past week, and are the talk of the town. The vaudeville bill is excellent, and includes such favorites as Lillian Barlett, supported by Caryl Wilbur, in one of the cleverest little one-act plays yet seen in vaudeville, entitled "Dropping a Hint"; Eckert and Berg, in a delightful sketch; Frank Lawton, E. M. Hall, and the La Porte Sisters.

Haymarket Theatre: Hyde's Comedians moved over to Jay's hall, headed by Helen Hope, who has a number of new descriptive ballads. The five Castillians, the Sextette of Street Artists, Simon and Monti, the Handalls, Mlle. Turrou, Prince Matman, Bob Brannigan, Le Clair and Hayes, Lawrence and Walters, and several others.

Chicago Opera House: Lebel's Theatre is the top-liner, and offered a one-act comedy, in Durand's "The German Comedian," with his usual good bundle of funny sayings; Ward and Curran, May Wentworth, Mass and Massett, Irene Franklin, Professor Leonard's educated dog, and cats, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond, Stephens, John West, the Painter Trio, Werts and Adair, Val Vanden, Rosely and Lee and the Coyne Brothers.

Olympic Theatre: An attractive programme is arranged by Manager George Castle, headed by Van Arden, McPherson and H. H. Charles, Mary, Lillie Evans, and Harry Mills, Paula and Dina, Lawrence and Harrington, Fox and Summers, Bonnie Male, the Smith Family, Schaefer and Bononi, Almont and Dumont, Falkowski, Gilbert Brown, Kitty Miles, Charles Diamond, and Gray.

Sam T. Jack's Opera House: The Casino de Folies Burlesque co., with Karina, remains for another week. The bill includes Sigfried, Charles Banks, Carletta, and others. Colonel Jack reports that his three road shows are doing a big business, while the old stand is packed nightly.

Clifford's Gaiety: Gus Hill's New York Stars, no doubt, will do the biggest business that Manager Clifford has seen for some time. The co. is made up of Annie Hart, Curtis and Gordon, C. W. Will, Ham, Conkey and Husted, Matt and Pearl, Leslie and Curdy, Garnella and Blirik, and Joseph Wolger.

Clifford's Savoy: The Martin and Clayton Burlesque co. are presenting a farce comedy, Fun in a Railroad Station, and are headed by Vesta.

Imperial Music Hall: Business has improved somewhat during the past week, and if the Northerners keep this up there will be good chances for the success of this house. The offering for the week is led by the clever Stewart Sisters. Owing to the hit they made they have been retained, and have proved to be the best drawing card that Manager Epstein has had in his house thus far. Al Fields, who is retained, and has scored a strong impression. The others who are also in the bill are Georgie Emery, the Musical Macks, Jennie Le Beau, J. J. Gaffney, and Belle Nicholson.

Pony Moore, who was connected with the Cynosurds and the Western circuit some time ago, is now looking after the press matters for the Gaiety Savoy. Tom Jordan, formerly representative for the Pulse of New York, is managing Across the Trail. Charles V. Seamon, who was with Clifford's in Gay Paris, has joined W. A. Brady's Way Down East.

BOSTON, MASS.—Talk about business! Keith's has been breaking all records lately. Last week the attendance for the last three days easily over 2,000, and every box seat for the three days had

been sold out for both afternoon and evening as far back as Tuesday. Who says that Boston does not appreciate a perfect vaudeville theatre when it gives a perfect programme? For the present week Gaudier, the daring horseman, is retained as a feature, and the biograph continues. The other attractions are O'Brien and Havel, the Clover Trio, Fille's trained dogs, Billy Emerson, George Gardner and Edgar Ely, Rice and Elmer, Wilford Russell, Stern and Evans, Powers Brothers, Finley and Tuckey, Willett and Thorne, the Three Dovers, John R. Harty, and the Fitzgibbons Trio. Odell Williams in "The Judge's Woe" will be the star attraction at Keith's next week.

There is a house olio at the Howard Athenaeum this week, headed by Hope Booth. The lesser attractions are Haines and Pottinghill, Delmore and Lee, Mr. and Mrs. William Robyns, Hodges and Launchmore, the Watanabe Troupe of Japs, Alma Howard, Murphy and Murphy, Minnie Cline, Murray and McCoy, Toggie and Daniel, Francesca Redding and Harold Hartwell, Brooks and Brooks, Julia Kelly, Stanton, Chi, Georgia Harrington, Jeannette Lifford, the Holbrooks, and Jasper.

In addition to the performance of The Gold King at the Grand, this week, there is an olio which includes Osborne and Imhof, M. Nizaras, Alf Byron, Carmanelli and Lucille, the Parvies, Professor Schlan, and George Barlow. Weber's Olympia is the attraction at the Lyceum this week, and among those who appear in the olio are the Comopolitans Trio, Reno, Yule and Galpen; Tenley and Simonds, Howard and Emerson, Lizzie Van, Burman Sisters, and Boyce and Black.

Sam T. Jack's Tenderloin Extravaganza co. is at the Palace this week. Living pictures are big features of the olio, in which appear the Fouti Boni Brothers, Clark and Thompson, and others.

Among the vaudeville attractions at Austin and Stone's for this week are Mlle. Margetti, Professor Hornmann, Emma Cottrell, the Howard Trio, Hawley and Leslie, Gilbert Sarony, the Exiles Quartette, Mrs. Sam Lucas, Lon Wells, Drake and Hughes, Marion Bailey, Fisk and Oliver, the Sisters Wardens, and the Three Grundys. Cora Beckwith is doing finely in her attempt to float on the water 300 hours, and is already a strong card to advertise patent medicine, as was shown by the Sunday papers. The other attractions are the cinematographs, the Chinese twin sisters, Lavender Richardson, and the Boscow Brothers were entertained at Waltham during their recent engagement at the Bowdoin Square.

One of the big hits with the Rents-Santley co. at the Lyceum last week was the act of the Engstrom Sisters. They are artists and are sure to be welcome whenever they return to Boston.

To make the Thanksgiving Day entertainment a memorable one at the Charlestown State Prison, B. F. Keith sent from his theatre such popular performers as Dave Fitzgibbon, pianist; Mardo, juggler; J. W. Harrington, mimic, and George W. Day, humorist. Who says that there is no bright side to prison life?

A mass meeting of the Armenians of Boston was held recently to adopt resolutions of thanks on the liberality of B. F. Keith to them. This was the manager's thoughtful and appreciative reply to their resolutions. "I desire to acknowledge receipt of your letter of this date, together with resolutions adopted by your fellow countrymen, in meeting assembled at the Old Colony Chapel. My continued readings of the inhuman atrocities practiced upon your long-suffering people caused me to take a deeper interest than would have been possible at home, where I am so thoroughly engrossed by business cares, and find but little time to read or give attention to other matters. This interest was greatly enhanced by association with one of your own people during my sojourn in Europe. I found him to be a man of extraordinary capacity in many ways. His earnest and self-sacrificing efforts in behalf of a people added much to my feeling in the matter. Please convey to the Armenians of Boston my earnest appreciation of the compliment they have paid me in adopting the resolution which you inclose." JAY BARROW.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—With the Standard Theatre out of the field of vaudeville, and Gilmore's Auditorium devoted to plays for two weeks, we have but five places of amusement that cater to variety loving audiences.

Manager Jack Barnes, of Rose Sydel's London Belles, was looked at in advance notices, but on account of some disagreement the Watson Sisters' co. was put in their place at the last moment. A suit will likely follow, as the London Belles laid off for the week.

Gilmore's Auditorium has Donnelly and Girard's Gaiety for the week. The features at the Bijou are new local pictures for the biograph, Northern Troupe of Dancers, George Thatch and Ed Marbie, Jones, Grant and Jones, Harrigan, Smith and Campbell, Whitney Brothers, Bennett, Three Angels Sisters, William J. Mills, Annie Whitney, and Steve Jennings, and the Handicap Trio in farcical novelty. Business continues to capacity.

Fred Irwin's Venetian Burlesquers hold the week at the Trocadero with an entirely new programme. The olio includes the Manhattan Comedy Four, Dot Davenport, Lee and Chasman, Bennett and Bennett, Monroe Sisters, O'Dell and Russell, Harlan and March. Business large. Russell Brothers follow Dec. 6. Night Owls Dec. 13.

The Lyceum Theatre has a very interesting burlesque in Vanity Fair. Hanley and Jarvis, Mahr Sisters, Newell and Shewett, Mitchell and Jess, Weston Sisters, Fred L. Huber, Edna Hughes, Rita Durand, Margaret Foster, Bessie Stanton, Walter P. Webb, Marion and Volker, Egerton and Knoll, Nellie Berwick, and Lena La Couvier make up the co. Business good. The house has been beautifully decorated lately and many improvements have been made which add greatly to the pleasure of their regular large patronage.

Fred Irwin's Venetian Burlesquers are at the Kensington Theatre this week, with Andy Hughes to follow Dec. 6.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Reilly and Woods' Big Show opens to a very large attendance to-night at Korman's Lyceum Theatre, where the satisfaction is complete. Every number on the programme is an apple winner. Le Champs, Bennett and Bennett, the bill and it followed in quick succession by Eskale, ten dancers; the Three Sisters Fanchonetti, Frobel and Hugs, acrobatic comedians; the Three Gardens, musical experts; the Lane Sisters, songs and dances; the Deacons Brothers, Frank D. Bryan, marionettes; the Eldridge colored comedians; Pat Reilly, and the Six Perfection Society in songs and dances. The Bijou Family Theatre presents this week the Cuban Spanish American drama entitled American Born, with Clara Russell and the following variety talent: Alice Raymond, Collins and Collins, Reno and Webb, William Gilmore and Corina Russell, and Paddy Murphy and Blanche Anderson.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.—Vanity Fair co. opened at the B-Ton Theatre 22 to good business. In the olio are the Sisters Mahr, Hanley and Jarvis, Weston Sisters, Mitchell and Jess, Rita Durand, Dave Marion and Fanny Volker, and Newell and Shewett. The holiday patronage tested the capacity of the house. White Crook Burlesquers 29 Dec. 4. Rents 5-11.

The Mercury Cycle Club had as entertainers at its stage 29 Carrie Everett, Carrie Le Walker, Nick Owens, Harry Halpin, Harry Kennedy, Gable and Gray, Conrad Brothers, William Remacha, Charles Ruhl, and Charles Kraft.

Appearing at the Harbor Club's stage in Hoboken 29 were the Gaiety Orchestra, George Patti, the La Vire, Jeanne Keville, Joe Linde, George C. Thompson, Cora Williams, Benson Sisters, Charles McDonald, James Myles, Jr., James O'Brien, Nonpareil Glee Club, Knowles and Wilson, and the projectors.

The Weston Sisters are the hit of the Vanity Fair co. at the B-Ton.

Dave Marion and Fanny Volker joined the Vanity Fair co. here 22, doing a neat sketch.

William Morrison, for a long time orchestra leader at the Star Theatre, Hoboken, is now leader with the City Club co.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—The Alhambra was filled to the doors again 21, when another good bill was presented, in which the Pierbians Sisters, Windon and his quintette, the Carre Family, the Smith Family, the Blackstone Quartette, Proteo, Cloris Sisters, Rodgers and Bock, and Little Carter De Haven. Next week, the Schiller Stock co. in The Cat and the Chorus. The Rents-Santley co. opened at the Academy 23 to B. O., and provided a very attractive bill of comedies and as singing. The co. is a good one and succeeded in pleasing the

burlesque. A World of Pleasure, is followed by an olio in which appear Kherrns and Cole, the Sisters Fisher, Annie E. Sylvester-Holladay, St. Claire and Lorenzo, the Walsh Sisters, Maude Caswell, and Edwards and Neilson. A musical extravaganza entitled Paradise in Paradise concludes the performance. Next week, The Parisian Belles.

C. L. N. NORRIS. PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Manager Spitz, of The Olympic, had another big bill scheduled for the week 22-27, but owing to interference by our City Fathers it was not carried out in its entirety. Hopkins' Trans-Oceanic Star Specialty co. was the attraction. An additional feature was to have been the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight on the veriscope. The officials took exception to this and Mr. Spitz had to disappoint his patrons. Several new acts were secured, and the bill as given on Tuesday and throughout the week was an excellent one and pleased all. It included acts by Mlle. Almee, Josephine Sabel, the Baker and Barnhart, Seville and Norton, Post and Clinton, Ben Barney, Diamond Comedy Four, Conwell and Swan, and Kathleen Warren. Rosow Midgents co. 29 Dec. 4.

The Broadway Burlesquers were at the Westminster 22-27 and presented an excellent programme. The bill opened with a comical sketch called Summer Nights, in which the whole co. appeared to advantage. The olio embraced acts by Emma Carus, Gilbert and Goldie, Three Dunbar Sisters, McAvoy and May, and the Two Judges. These were followed by a burlesque on The Girl from Paris. It was one of the brightest and best entertainments of the season. Rents-Santley Burlesque co. Dec. 4.

H. C. RIPLEY. BALTIMORE, MD.—Weller and Fields' Vaudeville Club furnished amusement for a large crowd at the Auditorium to-night, and the bright and catchy dances and music of The Girl from China, which was the burlesque presented, and the entertaining specialties of Cook and Sonora, Lewis and Fields, the Walker Sisters, Douglas and Ford, and the Pantor Brothers, pleased every one. Irwin Brothers' Specialty co. will appear next week.

At Korman's Monumental Irwin Brothers' Burlesquers are the card, and were enjoyed greatly by the usual crowded house. Minerva Lee and George Sydney, the De Vaux Brothers, Woods and Irving, the Harvey Sisters, La Moudet, and the so-called Harrison Sisters are in the co. Next week Vanity Fair.

WILMINGTON, DEL.—Wonderland (W. L. Dockstader, manager): Record breaking houses. James R. Glenroy made a big hit 22-27. Other people: Mabel Craig, Lulu La Touka, Pauline Markham, and Kathryn Dana, Clayton and Allen, Eddie Quinn, Nunn and Bradford, Murphy and Ford, and Frank Bennett. 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MRS. FISKE

Presenting Lorimer Stoddard's Play, from Thomas Hardy's Novel
(Copyrighted by Harper and Brothers)

Tess of the D'Urbervilles

WITH HER UNRIVALLED COMPANY, INCLUDING

Frederic de Belleville, John Jack, Mary Shaw, Anna Vislaire,
Forrest Robinson, George Trader, Mary E. Barker, Dorothy Chester,
Wilfrid North, Frank McCormack, Sydney Cowell, Edith Wright.

THE PITTSBURGH PRESS:

Pittsburgh Dispatch, Nov. 16.

At the Bijou Theatre last night there was not a vacant seat when the curtain rang upon Mrs. Fiske and her company in Tess. When that dramatic moment comes in the last act in which the deceived woman turns to find herself face to face with her husband, there was a pause, so intense, so full of all the possibilities, that the people in the theatre waited and wondered. And Mrs. Fiske in the next fifteen minutes showed that she is an actress such as the world is always looking for—original, unconventional, and yet seeking her ideals from nature. The tumultuous applause that broke out from floor to ceiling long before she had even finished her "business" and left the stage, showed, too, that it was appreciated.

Pittsburgh Post, Nov. 16.

Minnie Maddern Fiske proved last night at the Bijou her claim to a rare personal triumph in her presentation of Tess of the D'Urbervilles in the stage version of Thomas Hardy's novel of that name. She was the incarnation of Tess.

Pittsburgh Times, Nov. 16.

In many respects the piece is the most artistic that has ever been seen in this city. Its success last night was undoubted. Mrs. Fiske proved a revelation as an emotional actress and awayed her audience at will. The play is of such an intensely interesting nature that it seems impossible for its production even in a mediocre man-

ner to fail to prove effective, but last night, in the hands of Mrs. Fiske and her supporting company, it was irresistibly engrossing.

Pittsburgh Daily News, Nov. 16.

The Bijou Theatre was crowded last night at the first presentation of the play in Pittsburgh. Those who were there did not moralize over the play. They had something else to hold their thoughts. The acting of Mrs. Fiske even blunted the interest in a remarkably strong play. While it was acting, it did not seem to be Mrs. Fiske so refreshingly original, so unlike any other woman on the stage, and so unobtrusive in her art, that one forgets she is the greatest actress on the American stage, and thinks of her only as Tess, a woman with heart strings torn by sinners and sin.

Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph, Nov. 16.

Mrs. Fiske's production made a decided hit, and one who has seen this great actress in other roles would not hesitate to place "Tess" among those in which she achieves her greatest success. In the murder scene of the fourth act Mrs. Fiske reaches the sublime of tragic acting.

Pittsburgh Press, Nov. 16.

"Tess of the D'Urbervilles" marked a new and important era in the Bijou management. It shows that a house can be filled by other than melodramatic attractions, human bridges or tank shows. Every seat was filled in the house

to welcome Mrs. Fiske in her great impersonation of "Tess," and the audience was repaid in measure pressed down and running over. The work is throughout exquisitely balanced and as nicely fitted as a piece of histrionic mosaic, the loss of one piece in which would result in disfigurement. "Tess" is a creation and a revelation, and the Bijou management is to be congratulated on its presentation.

Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette, Nov. 16.

With such a perfectly balanced company as that of Mrs. Fiske, the play commanded the heartiest applause of the largest Monday night audience of the season, and one of the best, as well, for Mrs. Fiske is very popular here. Mrs. Fiske rose to the heights of a Bernhardt in the murder scene in the last act.

Pittsburgh Leader, Nov. 16.

The greatest scene of the play dramatically is that in which "Tess" kills Alec D'Urberville. I have seen Bernhardt stab Scarpia. I have seen her brain a man with an ax as Gismonda, but Sardon and his great actress never seem to feel the ethical element in murder. Their murders are picturesque and effective, and no graver problem than that of stage effect seems to occur to them. But this murder scene, nothing could be more untheatrical, more free from Sardonism, more ghastly in its absolute reality. When it is over—good heavens! you have seen a woman kill a man; that is all you know. Mrs. Fiske's power is in the naked truth and passionate sin-

cerity of her work, and in the penetrating force of an analytical intelligence. She appeals only to those who love the drama seriously as an art, and who reverence its exponents only in the highest way. She has brought to her work a thoroughness of preparation and a purity of purpose which have won for her the title, often misused, though ever sacred, of an artist.

It would be hard to find a better company than that supporting Mrs. Fiske, and it would be difficult to imagine a more unappreciative audience than that to which they played last night.

Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph, Nov. 20.

The most satisfactory business of the season has been done at the Bijou, and the engagement of Mrs. Fiske in Tess of the D'Urbervilles has been the talk of the town. She opened to a top-heavy house on Monday night, and the business has been such throughout the week that three nights the management has been compelled to stop selling tickets at 8 o'clock.

Pittsburgh Post, Nov. 21.

That Tess teaches a great moral lesson of the inevitable punishment of sin cannot be questioned, and that Mrs. Fiske has contrived to teach it in the least offensive manner is the triumph of her art. It has stamped her as one of the greatest actresses upon the stage, a woman of fine perceptions, intense nervous force, and rare personal magnetism.

Pike Opera House, Cincinnati, this week.

CHARLES E. POWER, Mgr.

Deveres Three—Keith's, Boston, 29 Dec. 4.
Delmore and Lee—Howard, Boston, 29 Dec. 4.
Drake and Hughes—Austin and Stone's, Boston, 29 Dec. 4.
Diamond, Charles—Olympic, Chicago, 29 Dec. 4.
Dixon, Bowers and Dixon—Proctor's, N. Y., 29 Dec. 4.
De Witt, Vinie—Proctor's, N. Y., 29 Dec. 4.
Eckert and Berg—Hopkins', Chicago, 29 Dec. 4.
Evans, George—Proctor's, N. Y., 29 Dec. 4.
Eldridge, Press—Auditorium, Kansas City, 29 Dec. 4.
Evans and Mills—Olympic, Chicago, 29 Dec. 4.
Eldora and Norine—Music Hall, Brooklyn, 29 Dec. 4.
Emerson, Billy—Keith's, Boston, 29 Dec. 4.
Exodus Quartette—Austin and Stone's, Boston, 29 Dec. 4.
Emery, George—Imperial, Chicago, 29 Dec. 4.
Fennell and Lewis—Avenue Theatre, Pittsburgh, 29 Dec. 4.
Finley and Toulney—Keith's, Boston, 29 Dec. 4.
Fitzgibbon Trio—Keith's, Boston, 29 Dec. 4.
Fisk and Oliver—Austin and Stone's, Boston, 29 Dec. 4.
Franklin, Irene—Opera House, Chicago, 29 Dec. 4.
Fox and Summers—Olympic, Chicago, 29 Dec. 4.
Faulkner, G. M.—Olympic, Chicago, 29 Dec. 4.
Ford and Francis—Wonderland, Wilmington, Del., 29 Dec. 4.
Favor and Sinclair—Proctor's, N. Y., 29 Dec. 4.
Fisher and Carroll—Proctor's, N. Y., 29 Dec. 4.
Fields and Sulina—Proctor's, N. Y., 29 Dec. 4.
Ford and De Vries—Proctor's, N. Y., 29 Dec. 4.
Gardner, E. M.—Keith's, Boston, 29 Dec. 4.
Gibson, James—Richmond Music Hall, Brooklyn, 29 Dec. 4.
Gardner and Ely—Keith's, Boston, 29 Dec. 4.
Gardens, Three—Austin and Stone's, Boston, 29 Dec. 4.
Gaffney, J. J.—Imperial, Chicago, 29 Dec. 4.
Gilmore and Boshell—Bijou, Washington, 29 Dec. 4.
Grahams, The—Proctor's, N. Y., 29 Dec. 4.
Gaylor and Graft—Wonderland, Wilmington, Del., 29 Dec. 4.
Hefron, T. J.—New Gilmore, Springfield, 29 Dec. 4.
Hawkins, Lee—Hopkins', St. Louis, 29 Dec. 4.
Hall, E. M.—Hopkins', Chicago, 29 Dec. 4.
Hamm, Milwaukee, 511.
Howe and Edwards—Moore's, Rochester, 29 Dec. 4.
Haynes, Gertrude—Proctor's, N. Y., 29 Dec. 4.
Held, Anna—Koster's, N. Y., 29 Dec. 4.
Holliston Sisters—Proctor's, N. Y., 29 Dec. 4.
Harrison, Keith's, Phila., 29 Dec. 4.
Hughes and Hughes—Keith's, Phila., 29 Dec. 4.
Handicap Trio—Keith's, Phila., 29 Dec. 4.
Howard, Mazie—Ninth and Arch, Phila., 29 Dec. 4.
Herty, John R.—Keith's, Boston, 29 Dec. 4.
Hodges and Lauchmire—Howard, Boston, 29 Dec. 4.
Howard, Alma—Howard, Boston, 29 Dec. 4.
Hartsell, Harold—Howard, Boston, 29 Dec. 4.
Harrington, Gertrude—Howard, Boston, 29 Dec. 4.
Hollbrooks, The—Howard, Boston, 29 Dec. 4.
Hommann, Professor—Austin and Stone's, Boston, 29 Dec. 4.
Howard Trio—Austin and Stone's, Boston, 29 Dec. 4.
Hawley and Leslie—Austin and Stone's, Boston, 29 Dec. 4.
Holliston Sisters—Wonderland, Chicago, 29 Dec. 4.
Johnson, Rino and Bentley—Keith's, N. Y., 29 Dec. 4.
Jones, Grant and Jones—Keith's, Phila., 29 Dec. 4.
Jasper—Howard, Boston, 29 Dec. 4.
Knoll and McNeil—Custo's, Fall River, 29 Dec. 4.
Kelly, Julia—Howard, Boston, 29 Dec. 4.
Knapp, Virginia—Wonderland, Wilmington, Del., 29 Dec. 4.
Keno and Welch—Bijou, Washington, 29 Dec. 4.
Littlefield, C. W.—Keith's, N. Y., 29 Dec. 4.
Lloyd, Marie—Koster's, N. Y., 29 Dec. 4.
Lawrence and Harrington—Olympic, Chicago, 29 Dec. 4.
La Forte Sisters—Hopkins', Chicago, 29 Dec. 4.
Lincoln and Gillette—Ninth and Arch, Phila., 29 Dec. 4.
Lilford, Jeanette—Howard, Boston, 29 Dec. 4.

Lucas, Mrs. Sam—Austin and Stone's, Boston, 29 Dec. 4.
Lawton, Frank—Hopkins', Chicago, 29 Dec. 4.
Le Bon, Jennie—Imperial, Chicago, 29 Dec. 4.
Levine and Booth—Wonderland, Wilmington, Del., 29 Dec. 4.
Lattell, Ed—Keith's, N. Y., 29 Dec. 4.
Lavender and Tomson—Keith's, N. Y., 29 Dec. 4.
Lang, Edwin R.—Pastor's, N. Y., 29 Dec. 4.
Leonards, Three—Pastor's, N. Y., 29 Dec. 4.
Mimic Four—Opera House, St. Louis, 29 Dec. 4.
Haymarket, Chicago, 611.
Mudge and Morton—Pell's, New Haven, Conn., 29 Dec. 4.
Miller, Jessie—Keith's, N. Y., 29 Dec. 4.
Mitchell, Kitty—Music Hall, Brooklyn, 29 Dec. 4.
Merkel and Alger—Music Hall, Brooklyn, 29 Dec. 4.
Mills, W. J.—Keith's, Phila., 29 Dec. 4.
Melrose and Elmer—Ninth and Arch, Phila., 29 Dec. 4.
Murphy and Murphy—Howard, Boston, 29 Dec. 4.
Murray and McCoy—Howard, Boston, 29 Dec. 4.
Margetti—Austin and Stone's, Boston, 29 Dec. 4.
Marsden Sisters—Austin and Stone's, Boston, 29 Dec. 4.
Mazzy and Mazzy—Opera House, Chicago, 29 Dec. 4.
Maie, Bonnie—Olympic, Chicago, 29 Dec. 4.
Miles, Kitty—Olympic, Chicago, 29 Dec. 4.
Macks, Musical—Imperial, Chicago, 29 Dec. 4.
Murphy and Andrews—Bijou, Washington, 29 Dec. 4.
Mitchell, Lewis—Keith's, N. Y., 29 Dec. 4.
McBride and Goodrich—Pastor's, N. Y., 29 Dec. 4.
Northern Troupe—Keith's, Phila., 29 Dec. 4.
Nosses, Five—Bridgeport, Conn., 29 Dec. 4.
Nicholson, Belle—Imperial, Chicago, 29 Dec. 4.
Newell and Chinquilla—Wonderland, Wilmington, Del., 29 Dec. 4.
Nora and Mary—Auditorium, Kansas City, 29 Dec. 4.
Hopkins', St. Louis, 511.
Nichols Sisters—Keith's, N. Y., 29 Dec. 4.
Nobles, Milton and Dolly—Pastor's, N. Y., 29 Dec. 4.
Osborne and Imhof—Grand, Boston, 29 Dec. 4.
Oschansky and Loney—Orpheum, San Francisco, 15 Dec. 4.
Oney—Olympic, Chicago, 29 Dec. 4.
O'Brien and Havel—Keith's, Boston, 29 Dec. 4.
Pantzer, Lina—Proctor's, N. Y., 15 Dec. 4.
Pitrot, Richard—Hopkins', Chicago, 29 Dec. 4.
Avenue Theatre, Pittsburgh, 611.
Powers Bros.—Keith's, Boston, 29 Dec. 4.
Pantzer Trio—Opera House, Chicago, 29 Dec. 4.
Paula and Dika—Olympic, Chicago, 29 Dec. 4.
Pembrey, Witter—Keith's, N. Y., 29 Dec. 4.
Robyns, Mr. and Mrs.—Howard, Boston, 29 Dec. 4.
Casto's Fall River, 611.
Riley and Hughes—Wonderland, Wilmington, Del., 29 Dec. 4.
Rombello, Mlle.—Keith's, N. Y., 29 Dec. 4.
Rosalie—Music Hall, Brooklyn, 29 Dec. 4.
Rice and Elmer—Keith's, Boston, 29 Dec. 4.
Russell, Wilford—Keith's, Boston, 29 Dec. 4.
Redding, Francesca—Howard, Boston, 29 Dec. 4.
Rosley and Lee—Opera House, Chicago, 29 Dec. 4.
Raymond, Alice—Bijou, Washington, 29 Dec. 4.
Routins, Adeline—Proctor's, N. Y., 29 Dec. 4.
Ransome, John W.—Keith's, N. Y., 29 Dec. 4.
Rout, Cora—Pastor's, N. Y., 29 Dec. 4.
Rhea, Mae—Pastor's, N. Y., 29 Dec. 4.
Smith and Campbell—Bijou, Phila., 29 Dec. 4.
Shepley, John H.—Pastor's, N. Y., 29 Dec. 4.
Solomon, Frederick—Proctor's, N. Y., 29 Dec. 4.
Saville and Smart—Music Hall, Brooklyn, 29 Dec. 4.
Stein and Evans—Keith's, Boston, 29 Dec. 4.
Stanton—Howard, Boston, 29 Dec. 4.
Sarony, Gilbert—Austin and Stone's, Boston, 29 Dec. 4.
Stephens, Mrs. Raymond—Opera House, Chicago, 29 Dec. 4.
Smith Family—Olympic, Chicago, 29 Dec. 4.
Schaefer and Garen—Olympic, Chicago, 29 Dec. 4.
Stewart Sisters—Imperial, Chicago, 29 Dec. 4.
Sullivan, John L.—Proctor's, N. Y., 29 Dec. 4.
Smith and Fuller—Proctor's, N. Y., 29 Dec. 4.
Sanford, Sam R.—Pastor's, N. Y., 29 Dec. 4.
Thatcher and Marble—Keith's, Phila., 29 Dec. 4.
Legge and Daniel—Keith's, Phila., 29 Dec. 4.
Croughart, Isabel—Opera House, Chicago, 29 Dec. 4.
Vonsden, Val.—Opera House, Chicago, 29 Dec. 4.
Von Hatzfeldt, Countess—Orpheum, Los Angeles, 29 Dec. 4.

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A. V. GROSSETTA, Prop.

Van Aukin, McPhee and Hill—Olympic, Chicago, 29 Dec. 4.
Vilona Sisters—Keith's, N. Y., 29 Dec. 4.
Wood, George W.—Proctor's, N. Y., 29 Dec. 4.
Willett and Thorn—Keith's, Boston, 29 Dec. 4.
Keith's, N. Y., 611.
Wayne, Charles—Olympic, Chicago, 29 Dec. 4.
Williams, Trix—Augusta, 29 Dec. 12.
West, John A.—Opera House, Chicago, 29 Dec. 4.
Webb and Hassan—Keith's, Phila., Dec. 611.
Wood and Shepard—Music Hall, Brooklyn, 29 Dec. 4.
Whitney Bros.—Keith's, Phila., 29 Dec. 4.
Whitney, Annie—Keith's, Phila., 29 Dec. 4.
Winchester and May—Ninth and Arch, Phila., 29 Dec. 4.
Watanbee Troupe—Howard, Boston, 29 Dec. 4.
Wells, Lou—Austin and Stone's, Boston, 29 Dec. 4.
Wilson, Al—Opera House, Chicago, 29 Dec. 4.
Ward and Curran—Opera House, Chicago, 29 Dec. 4.
Wentworth, May—Opera House, Chicago, 29 Dec. 4.
Wertz and Adair—Opera House, Chicago, 29 Dec. 4.
Welsh, J. J.—Wonderland, Wilmington, Del., 29 Dec. 4.
Williams, Gus—Proctor's, N. Y., 29 Dec. 4.
Wagner and Armin—Pastor's, N. Y., 29 Dec. 4.
Yeumans, Jennie—Proctor's, N. Y., 29 Dec. 4.

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"No," she continued, "I don't beat a drum to call attention to Annie Russell. I work, and wait for the opportunity to express all I feel and all I've learned as a woman. That is my ambition. I am just a little tired of playing simple country maiden parts. I would like to give dramatic form to the deeper, stronger emotions—those of a grown-up woman, you know. But it seems difficult to get an opportunity; I have become so identified with the ingenuous rustic maiden. A manager will come to me, and say something like this:

"I have an Annie Russell part, and you must play it. Oh, I know! You raise your eyebrows when I say an Annie Russell part, but that's what it is, just the same, and we want you."

"What can I do under these circumstances? And I do so want to give my work a wider scope. One can't stand still, you know. We either progress or retrograde. This tendency to travel in a groove is a penalty one is apt to pay for making a success in a particular line of parts. I began to act when a little girl, and am still feeling the influence of those first successes."

"I remember very vividly my first appearance. It was when I was about ten years old, in Montreal. It wasn't accident—it was grim necessity that led me to make the attempt. My mother saw an advertisement in a newspaper for a little girl, and holding me, a small and fragile looking tot, by the hand, she answered it at the stage-door of the theatre. It was my first experience with those humble entrances on a side street that I now know so well, and I was awe-struck. Fear and trembling filled my small soul. Nor did our reception allay these feelings. We were told abruptly that I was much too little and puny, and my mother and I turned away disheartened. But we heard that Rose Eyttinge was coming to Montreal and wanted a child for the play *Miss Moulton*. We applied to her advance man, and he said I might learn the part. I was in the seventh heaven of delight at first, and then I settled down to study. Oh, how I studied and practiced those lines! At last came the fateful day when Miss Eyttinge was to arrive in town, and I was to know whether or not I could have the part. I was a very timid little girl, and I looked forward with terror toward the meeting. When Miss Eyttinge saw me, shrinking and infantile, she exclaimed in tone of much annoyance:

"Who ever thought that little thing could play the part? Got me somebody at once—a woman who can play a child's part—anybody."

"Just let the child repeat the lines, Miss Eyttinge, exclaimed the gentleman who said I might try the part."

"Oh, very well, but I know it's useless. Go on, little one."

"And then I began to speak the lines that I had conned over until I could have said them in my sleep. Miss Eyttinge listened attentively until I had finished, and then exclaimed in a tone of satisfaction and relief:

"Why, this little girl will do very nicely indeed." Thus it was that I made my first appearance. I was next in the chorus of a children's Pinafore company, and then played the part of Josephine in the same company. My next engagement was as the little girl in Robert McQuade's production of *Rip Van Winkle*. When I was beginning to grow too tall for children's parts I went to the West Indies with McDowell's Repertoire company. I really went to take care of my little brother, who was playing children, but I myself played a great many parts from boys to old women, and it was really a splendid experience for me. I was very happy in the West Indies, even if my salary was so very small that I made my own and my brother's clothes and had to work very hard. We presented a different play almost every night. Pinafore was very popular in Kingston, and it actually had a run of four nights. This was unprecedented. There were not enough theatre-goers in the town to fill the theatre for two nights, and the same people were in attendance for the four nights of Pinafore's run.

"We returned to New York after seven months in the West Indies, and I was engaged to appear with the Madison Square Stock company in William Gillette's dramatization of Frances Hodgson Burnett's story, *Emeralds*. I was selected because Mr. Gillette wanted somebody for the part of Emerald who was thoroughly natural and untheatrical. There was quite a competition for the role, but it was finally given to me, and I scored in it my first important success. The critics were very kind, and said my performance was quite remarkable considering that it was my first appearance on the stage, or something of that kind. They assumed, because they had never heard of me, that I had never acted before; whereas, as a matter of fact, I had had several years of training; so I received more credit than I was entitled to."

"I was afterward engaged by John Stetson and played in Pique, in Moths, and other plays. Hazel Kirke was also put on, and after appearing in it I returned to the Madison Square Stock

company, under the management of A. M. Palmer, and created the roles of Sylvia in *Our Society* and in 1888 Elaine in the dramatization of Tennyson's poem of the same name. I think this is the most important and ambitious appearance I have as yet made. After my performance on the first night the audience was extremely enthusiastic, and my friends crowded around me offering eager congratulations. It was a great moment in my life. It seemed to me that I had at last realized the success of which I had dreamed. That night at home the applause and congratulations kept ringing in my ears. I was wrought up; I couldn't sleep, and very early in the morning I arose to read the verdict of the critics of the newspapers. I was looking forward to praise, of course; the scenes of last night at the theatre seemed to foreshadow this, and so I opened the *Sun* with feelings of expectation. I quickly found the notice, and ran my eye down the lines. 'Alexander Salvini gave a remarkably fine performance. May Burrows was excellent. Annie Russell was at her best when dead on the barge.' Well, in this desperate strait my sense of humor came to my rescue, and instead of crying I laughed. The other papers, moreover, were favorable to me, and I was thus soothed.

"But during this engagement I was taken very ill, and was forced to give up acting altogether. I went to Italy, and lived there for a year, studying languages and literature and forgetting for the time the stage. The people I was with didn't even know that I was an actress. I had intended to tell them, of course, but I hadn't been with them long before they began to say unkind things about the theatrical profession, and after that I didn't want to cause them embarrassment by telling them that I was a member of it."

"I remained in private life for five years, making my reappearance in Sidney Grundy's, *The New Woman*. Then I was in Bret Harte's play, *Sue*, and last Spring delved into farce-comedy in *The Mysterious Mr. Bugle*. I have just finished an engagement with Sol Smith Russell, and will create a role in Washington on Nov. 29 in Joseph Arthur's new play, *The Salt of the Earth*. The other evening I appeared in a very clever one-act play by Mildred Dowling, called *Dangerfield '95*. In this I did a Spanish dance that Saharet taught me, and smoked cigarettes and gambled and swore a little and got a bit tipsy. I enjoyed it very much. Oh, dear no!—not because I did those things, but because it gave me an opportunity to show that I can be something besides ingenuous—that the country maiden can even be quite wicked if the exigencies of the part demand it."

"And now I think I have told you nearly all I have done. What I will do—well, the future will tell you that if it brings me the realization of my hopes."

THE FOREIGN STAGE.

GOSSIP OF PARIS.

Wagner's Meistersinger at the Opera—Planquette's New Piece—Notes.

(Special Correspondence of The Mirror.)

PARIS, NOV. 15.

People have not yet decided over here whether it is the correct thing to admire and praise the Wagnerian performances now going on at the Opera or not. While the jury is out, however, the ideas provoked by the high price of seats have tended to make the German composer a fad, and as a result the theatre is continually crowded. Paris is the subject of that sentence about "better be dead than out of fashion," and so for a time, at least, international hatred is dead and music has become a thing of universal country.

Not a year ago Wagner would not have been tolerated here. It is not so very long since that a large force of police was needed to quell a disturbance caused by an announcement that German opera was to be introduced, and now that same official showing is required to keep fickle Paris from blocking the way before the window of the box-office at the Opera. What a change of opinion this world has whirled us through.

After months of ceaseless and careful rehearsal *Die Meistersinger* was given here under the translated title of *Les Maîtres Chanteurs* last Wednesday. This glorious work had probably been heard in every great city of the world except this. A brilliant audience was present, many having been obliged to pay from 125 to 300 francs for a seat. The performance was evidently greatly enjoyed. Even the critics outdid themselves in praising the work and the work, M. Bruneau, himself a poet and always an admirer of Wagnerian music, giving the opera an entire column in *Le Figaro*. He mentions the story and its effect on him more than favorably, and comments on the score from its humorous, psychological and musical stand at length. The regular critic of the same paper is much more cynical and less enthusiastic. He claims that no less than six persons went to sleep within a few feet of him. In all justice he does not lay the blame of the somnolent tendency so much on the opera as on the class of people who admire nothing until they receive their *mets d'ordre*. The facts are given, and one is allowed to do what he pleases with them.

The production is excellent in all senses of the word. M. Gilhard, who, with M. Ernst, was deputed by Madame Cosima Wagner to oversee its preparation, has evidently been hard at work and has fulfilled his mission well. The costumes and effects are superb, while the scenery is curiously and picturesquely beautiful. The work of the orchestra, under M. Taffanel, is a little rough, and was abominable on the first night, but is improving steadily. The chorus was wonderfully strong, well trained and capable, and is showing the continual effect of work.

The triumph of the production is the work of M. Renaud, whose make-up, singing, and acting as Beckmesser could not be surpassed. It is a marvelously clear delineation of a difficult role. M. Delmas renders the part of Hans Sachs with considerable force. M. Alvarez did not please as Walther, his work being stiff and his appearance bad, though his singing was often matchless. The Eva of Mlle. Brevil is universally condemned. MM. Greise, Bartet, and Vagnet are excellent, and Mlle. Grandjean is a pleasing Madeline.

No end of difficulty is said to have arisen in gratifying the petty foibles and whims of the singers at rehearsal. It cost no small amount of money to do this and much trouble. M. Alvarez in particular was very much afraid that he should have to cut his black mustache off, and is said to have openly threatened rebellion in case he was forced to sever connection with that feature of facial adornment.

It is common gossip on the boulevard and other places where people interested in theatricals here congregate that Mlle. Brevil had great difficulty in retaining the part of Eva in the production. Mlle. Aché, a clever young singer, was proposed and enthusiastically supported by her friends, who are very powerful. It seems likely that a few months will see the

former retiring on "account of illness" in favor of the latter.

M. Samuel Rousseau's *Cloche Englantie* is mentioned for the next novelty at the Opera, though it is more probable that M. Paul Vidal's *Ganther d'Acquitaine* will be used instead.

Mlle. Aché and M. Saléza, now completely restored to health, will also be seen in Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet* in the new future.

A grand fête was given at the Opera Sunday for the benefit of the poor. The proceeds were very large. The Russian Preobrazhensky was a feature of the bill, and the band of the Republican Guard was heard to great advantage. The remainder of the programme was contributed by artists of the Opera.

Planquette's new opera, *Mam'zelle Quat' Sous*, was produced at the Gaité early in the month. It was elaborately staged, and the music, while not brilliant, was pretty. The plot was unusually clean for Paris, and this quality was appreciated after the first-nighters had found that the piece contained nothing for them and ceased coming. The story is mildly funny and rather unusual. It details the adventures of a young fishmonger who has fallen in love with a pretty young huckster. She is also fond of him, but they decide not to marry until they have saved some 10,000 francs. In the meantime timid little Michel, the fishmonger, is taunted by a sort of operatic Don Juan for his lack of gallantry, and decides to prove the falsity of the charge by masquerading as the gallant himself and keeping one of his appointments. The ruse is successful, but the mock lover is discovered by an uncle of the girl's, and in a fright promises to marry her. In his predicament he is undecided what to do, and is more than ever put out by both finances naming the same day and adjoining gardens for the engagement feast. He manages to alternate between the two until the parties join and he is discovered. Both girls are heartbroken, and, of course, there is only one thing for an operatic tenor to do. He enlists, is reported dead, the second finance marries the real Don Juan, and Michel comes home loaded with honors and is at once joined in marriage with the little huckster. Prominent in the cast were the names of Paul Fugère, Lucien Noël, Paul Bert, Mlle. Coccyte, Mariette Sully, and Mlle. Deberio. The piece has the triple extract of popular favor in it, and will probably be seen on your side before long.

Paris is beginning to grow very tired of Cleo de Merode, whose failure in New York is still being commented on. She has been exploited so highly and done so very little that her name is already beginning to wear out. There is a great deal of talk about Mlle. de Merode's contest with a reporter of one of the sensational American dailies and her mother's emphatic denial of the whole affair in *Le Figaro*. Her grammar and orthography were not exceptional, and the paper took occasion to remark that if Mlle. de Merode did not make a living in the United States by her dancing her mother could begin teaching the French language. The reviews at the concert halls are beginning to burlesque the young lady, and that will probably end the whole affair.

Emile Fabre, the young Marseilles journalist, whose first play created quite an impression here, has just had produced another piece, entitled *Le Bien d'Avenir*. It proved as striking as its predecessor, contained a clever plot seriously treated and was an undoubted success.

Isidore De Lara's opera, *Moïna*, is meeting with large audiences everywhere, and may be transported to America before long.

M. Zidles, director of the Hippodrome, founder of the Montagnes Russes and owner of the Moulin Rouge, died this week at the age of sixty-eight. Adrien Péro, the celebrated wild beast tamer, and E. M. E. Deldenez, formerly conductor at the Opera, have also died. Jean Gabriel Borkman was produced this week. It was not generally seriously taken in spite of its sombre coloring. Nearly every one sympathized with Madame Borkman, who was obliged to listen to her husband's tramping for so long. We all know what flat life is here. The *Geisha* will be seen in January at the Athenaeum Comique here.

Yvette Guilbert has been offered 4,000 francs a week to appear in Germany and has accepted. She had refused before for fear of press criticism, but since Rejane has broken the ice the difficulty is removed.

Mignon is being given at the Opera Comique, with Mlle. Simonnet in the title-role. The revival is artistic, and is presented to crowded houses nightly.

L. A. H.

AUSTRALIAN HAPPENINGS.

Theatrical Topics in the Stage Centres of the Antipodes.

(Special Correspondence of The Mirror.)

SYDNEY, N. S. W., Oct. 25.

During the month, since my last advice to you, there has been no change at Williamson and Musgrove's Her Majesty's Theatre, where large and enthusiastic audiences have nightly testified to the popularity of the capable company interpreting *The Gay Parisienne* and *The French Maid*. In the last mentioned play John Peachey has more chance of distinguishing himself than in the former, and as Lieutenant Fyfe, R. N., he not only looks well but acts the part and renders his vocal numbers to every one's satisfaction. Ada Willoughby and Ernest Shand, as Suzanne and the Jack Tar respectively, repeated their successes achieved in *The Gay Parisienne*. Undoubtedly, however, the biggest hit was made by Johnny Coleman, whose drollery as the English waiter was inimitable. Ada Willoughby and Ernest Shand, unfortunately for us, are leaving for England to fulfill Christmas pantomime engagements. Their places in the company will be taken by two specially imported artists, Ada Reeve and Bert Gilbert. Miss Reeve was the original Julie Bon Bon, and Mr. Gilbert is from one of George Edwards' London companies. The troupe will be one of the attractions in Melbourne during the Cup Carnival, but may play a few nights at Newcastle, N. S. W., before going over there.

Harry Richards has his hands pretty full at present. In Sydney alone he has four theatres under lease to him, at three of which he has shows running. It is pleasant recording the success of Charles Hoyt's *A Bunch of Keys* at the Palace, Alf Beiman and Lottie Moore, artists well known in the States, proving no mean factors in the success. George Laurie, Marietta Nash, Addie Conyers, Willie Frear, and Fanny Liddiard are all due for praise. The next change of bill at this house will be to *Dreams*. I hear there is some slight friction as to who is to play Ruby in this—whether Lottie Moore or Addie Conyers; however, it is not my place to say more.

The firm's production of *Two Little Vagabonds* at Her Majesty's on Saturday was a repetition of the success this pretty play has achieved elsewhere. The two little vagabonds were faithfully interpreted by the Misses Terrie and Lily Litheridge. Others in the cast are George Litheridge, late of the Brough Comedy company; Howard Vernon, J. W.

Sweeney, Mrs. Maesmore Morris, Emily Hughes, and Julia Merton.

The Criterion Theatre is being occupied for a few nights only by Harry Richards' Biograph company, which includes Phillip Newbury, Fanny Wentworth, Master Arthur Sherwin, the boy soprano; Hugh Emmet, late of Elsie Adair's company, and Charles Morrit.

At the Tivoli a good tone of business continues. The programme includes the name of the Avolos, Allan and Hart, Tom Wottwell, and the Waldrons, all whom are firm favorites at this hall.

The firm of Williamson and Musgrove have made all arrangements with Madame Albani to give sixteen concerts in Australia. She is due to open here in March next. The firm will mount an up to date version of *The Babes in the Wood* as their Melbourne pantomime this Christmas.

Harry Richards has taken a lease of Sydney Royal, where he will put on pantomime this year.

The Paulton-Stanley company sailed for New Zealand on Wednesday last after a prosperous season at Brisbane, Queensland.

Frank Barnes is over here at present from Westralia, engaging talent for George Jones' enterprises in that colony.

Maggie Moore is now in Melbourne playing *Jacqueline the Street Singer*.

George Rignold's season at the Theatre Royal has met with due appreciation from the lovers of melodrama and farce. So far he has staged in the Banks, Confusion, and *Romany Rye*. Lillian Wheeler, his new leading lady, is a distinct acquisition to the company.

The Knight-Ferrar Sign of the Cross company are to visit New Zealand this Christmas, leaving Sydney after the production of *A Royal Divorce*.

The Eastern tour of the Brough Comedy company is to last for six months. The company numbers twenty-five members and carries one hundred and thirty tons of scenery.

Carl Hertz is credited with refusing £1,000 for his twelve nights' season at the Kalgoorlie Gold Fields, W. A.

Vivienne Dagmar, of the ill-fated Elsie Adair company, has returned to Calcutta with her husband, Mr. Willis. I hear Elsie Adair is doing well in North Queensland.

Without wishing Charles F. McCarthy any ill I must point out that a paragraph in a recent *Mirror*, stating that his Australian tour was a huge success, is more than misleading. As a matter of fact his season here was a most melancholy and dreary frost. Though he opened to good business in Lady Blarney, the season eventually had an untimely ending.

Alfred Dampier played a short but successful season at the Lyceum Theatre during the month, where he revived *Robbery Under Arms*. Lily Dampier was the recipient of a farewell benefit. The Dampier company is now doing the provinces, and at the close of the tour the actor-manager leaves for London, and thence to America, and, picking up novelties en route, back to the Antipodes.

The concert tours of the Hamburgs, Mark and Jakoff, and of Amy Sherwin have both been highly successful artistically and financially.

Arthur Deane has been engaged by Colonel Cameron to support Madame Emma Eames in opera. He will leave here for the States early next year.

Bland Holt and his clever company are carrying all before them in New Zealand. The mass of scenery that he has with him on the road knocks the Maorianders.

Frank Thornton, Charles's Aunt, is in Adelaide, where his production of *The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown* is a big draw. A. Cochrane now plays Her Von Moser, a part played in Sydney by Herbert Terry. Terry's action for defamation was settled out of court. Thornton shelling out about £300.

Noney Seabrooke, who played Angela in the Sydney production of Miss Brown, has also left Thornton, and her place is filled by Claire Manfield.

George Darrell has left for London and South Africa. His recent season at Perth, W. A., panned out very well.

Harry Richards has engaged Charles Seal, a well-known London variety artist, who has just returned from fulfilling an engagement in South Africa.

Williamson and Musgrove now have under lease three London theatres. Next Christmas they will produce *The Scarlet Feather*, an adaptation of the French comic opera *La Petite Marie*, at the Shaftesbury. They are also forming a new comic opera company for Australia to play *The Geisha*, *La Poupée*, and other recent successes.

Wilson Barrett and his London company are due to open at Melbourne on April 9, 1898. We are also promised a visit from James J. Hackett, who will head a company sent over by Charles Frohman.

Dion Boucicault, late of the Australian firm of Brough and Boucicault, has joined Arthur Chudleigh as lessees of the Court Theatre, London. Hilda Spong, the Australian actress who has made such a hit in London, is to play at this theatre.

E. NEWTON DAILY.

MELBOURNE, Oct. 22.

A Royal Divorce at the Princess' has been drawing crowded houses every night, the place being packed long before the piece begins. The fine acting of Julius Knight and Ada Farer is greatly admired. The last week of *A Royal Divorce* is announced. The *Gay Parisienne* will take the boards next.

The Bracy Opera company concluded a very successful season at Perth on Sept. 29, when *The Beggar Student* was produced.

Dreams, another American comedy, follows *A Bunch of Violets* at the Sydney Palace.

Maggie Moore has announced her intention of changing her bill every week at the Theatre Royal. Johanna goes up on Saturday, the 23d.

Ada Juneen has leased the Bijou Theatre for Christmas and will stage burlesque.

Mario Majeroni, who goes to the East with the Brough company, will sail for London at the conclusion of the tour.

Grace Noble, Arthur Elwood, and Sydney Brough are supporting Mrs. Potter and Kyrie Bellew in *Francillon* in London.

Allan and Hart, the lightning change artists at the Opera House, close their engagement with Harry Richards shortly and go to England.

Ada Willoughby and Ernest Shand leave for London on Saturday, 23.

Harry Richards is sending a strong company to Adelaide, where he opens on Nov. 1. The company includes the Haytore, the Selbinia, and the Allison.

Robert Hollyford, the favorite character vocalist, has been on a professional visit to Kyneton, where he was very successful.

A *Cruel Wrong* is being produced at the Alexandra Theatre with fair success. *A Fatal Caru* will be put on shortly.

John Wallace leaves for Brisbane on Saturday, Oct. 23, to direct the production of *Djin Djin*, which the Pollard Opera company are about to produce. He also goes to New Zealand with the troupe.

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Theatrical Roster, Season 1897-8

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BOSTON PAPERS, Week Sept. 6th.

Boston Herald.—Clifford and Huth, great favorites in vaudeville, were seen for the first time by a Hollis Street Theatre audience, and they proved a novelty of a most agreeable kind. The audience fairly screamed with laughter at the antics of Mr. Clifford as an impossible, nervous dude. Miss Huth has gained her reputation and popularity by singing a certain class of negro songs, and in them she has no equal. Her selections yesterday were demanded again and again. The cake walk, led by Clifford and Huth, is the most artistic as well as the funniest ever seen on a Boston stage.

Boston Journal.—It would be a poor vehicle that could not go at a get-there pace with Marie Dressler and John C. Rice to pull it. Maud Huth and Billy Clifford are there to help when the going is hilly or the wheels get clogged in the mud.

Boston Record.—Maud Huth made her first appearance as the understudy of the actress, and though she showed some tendency to "act" at first her natural humor soon asserted itself. Billy Clifford played her dude admirer with incredible antics of nervousness, and it fell to him to enter a room, behold Judge Geoghan, and muse, "I wonder what the Irish are for!" Miss Huth sang a "coon" song, and at the end of the first act she and Mr. Clifford were the prominent figures in a grotesque cake walk which was the funniest and surest moment of high pleasure the audience had.

Boston Post.—An especially taking team are Clifford and Huth, whom it seems strange to see outside of the vaudeville ranks. Mr. Clifford plays Dickey Daggett, a regular chappie of the monkey order, of

Owing to circumstances over which Mr. Wm. Harris (of Rich and Harris) said he had no control, it was impossible for him to keep his contract with us. We And we hope the company will be just as happy as we are under changed conditions. Just as happy (slight omitted)

which there is no better exponent on the stage than he. Miss Huth is heard to good advantage, as she always is, in her great specialty, "coon" songs.

BROOKLYN PAPERS, Week Oct. 11th.

Brooklyn Citizen.—She was ably seconded in her efforts by Miss Maud Huth, and that lady shared the honors with the star, while the comic antics of Billy Clifford serve to keep the audience convulsed with laughter.

Brooklyn Standard-Union.—The best feature of the musical numbers were the negro songs by Maud Huth, the buxom actress, for years a favorite on the vaudeville stage. Her rendition of the songs, "Ram-a-Jam, I Want That Man," "If That Ain't Winning a Home," scored the biggest kind of a hit with the audience.

Brockton Times.—Maud Huth made a wonderful impression with character songs. She gets the most life, vim and character into them than any one who has visited us in many a long day. The applause she won went ahead of that given to the principals, even.

Lewiston Sun.—Maud Huth made a big hit with her coon song "Ram-a-Jam, I Want That Man," which was vigorously applauded and an encore demanded. I was sorry though that the coon specialty between Maud Huth and Billy Clifford was cut out of the second act. If it was up to their usual standard it would have been one of the features of the evening, for their coon work together can't be beat.

WASHINGTON PAPERS, Week Nov. 8th.

Washington Times.—Maud Huth won hearty encores with her amusing and tuneful coon songs, "Ram-a-Jam, I Want That Man," and "If That Ain't Winning a Home," and scored another hit immediately afterward with Billy Clifford in leading the cake walk that brought the first act to an uproarious close.

Washington Evening Star.—Miss Maud Huth's negro songs were among the most praiseworthy and appreciated features of the performance.

Springfield, Mass., Daily News.—Maud Huth, who plays the part of Millie Multum, would make a better successor to May Irwin in the role of Dottie Dimple than ———. She is built on the Irwin lines, has the Irwin manners and can sing "coon" melodies and do the walk around better than Irwin. She was in reality the favorite with last night's audience, her singing of "Ram-a-Jam, I Want That Man," and her cake walking with Billy Clifford being the hits of the evening.

Springfield Union.—The specialties were the strong card of the performance; the finish of the first act with Maud Huth's coon song and the cake walk led by Clifford and Huth brought forth the heartiest applause of the evening.

Lowell Citizen.—Maud Huth and Billy Clifford brought to the place some very clever work of the vaudeville order. Miss Huth has no superior as a singer of "coon" songs, and the audience showed its approval, while Clifford's antics were

of the bursting button character. They led in a cake walk that was very funny.

PHILADELPHIA PAPERS, Week Nov. 15.

Phila. Ledger.—Maud Huth sang several negro melodies in excellent fashion and joined in a cake walk, in which she was ably seconded by Billy Clifford, that caused half a dozen curtain calls at the end of the first act.

Phila. Item.—Incidentally "to the show—some" of the best things come as incidentals—Maud Huth sings a couple of captivating songs in the vernacular of Dixieland. She does rippingly well, too, and her "Ram-a-Jam, I Want That Man" was one of the distinct hits last night.

Phila. Telegram.—No one need be reminded of the inimitable style and cultivated legs of John C. Rice; and the young man whose non do theatre is Billy Clifford ran him hard for first place, displaying not only legs but arms which seemed preternaturally ubiquitous as well as versatile.

Lawrence Sunday Paper, Sept. 26.—"Courtied Into Court" was very successfully rendered last night at the Opera House. Marie Dressler was ill and could not take her part, and so her understudy, Maud Huth, assumed the role. Miss Huth is one of the cleverest and most captivating actresses that has come to town for some time. She showed rare ability in her acting and promises of a most successful future are assured her.

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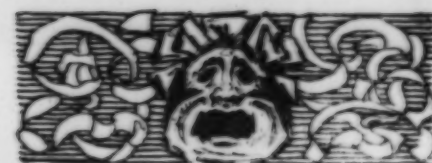
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THE NEW YORK



DRAMATIC MIRROR

1432 BROADWAY

NEW YORK: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1897.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

THE THEATRE TRUST MUST GO TO PIECES.

THE NEW YORK "WORLD" LEADS
THE CRUSADE AGAINST IT.

ITS METHODS ARE OUTRAGEOUS AND UNBEARABLE.

An Invincible Aggressor Takes Up the Fight for the Freedom of the Stage—Newspapers all over the Country Join in the Battle—Great Artists Deplore the Dictatorial, Malevolent and Demoralizing Force that has Meshed Theatrical Interests—The Beginning of the End of an Abominable Would-be Monopoly.

The New York World, that great journalistic foe of trusts, wrongs and oppression, has taken up the fight against the Theatre Trust, is waging an effective battle for the freedom of stage art, and is laying bare the impositions upon the public that characterize the methods of the band of adventurers who have secured control of the machinery of the theatre of this country.

In the World of Monday there appeared a long article, showing the exact situation of affairs as between the Trust and the small independent interests that are struggling for life. That article was introduced thus:

Six theatrical speculators have combined and acquired control of the principal theatres and many of the leading actors and dramatic attractions of the United States. They own, or operate, fifty of the big theatres; they control the bookings of seventeen other theatres. Outside of this "Theatrical Trust" there are only about seventeen important theatres and about four leading attractions.

No theatrical manager who refuses to submit to the dictation of these six men can float. No star who defies them can possibly get advantageous terms for a twenty weeks' tour in a season of forty weeks.

The sextet that has thus captured the drama is made up of:

Charles Frohman, of New York.
Al Heyman, of San Francisco and New York.
Samuel Nirdlinger (Nixon), of Philadelphia.
J. Fred Zimmerman, of Philadelphia.
Abraham Erlanger, of New York.
Marc Klaw, of Louisville.

Charles Frohman is the Napoleon of the Trust. He produces 50 per cent. of all the good attractions that are put on the American stage. Hayman is the shrewd, calculating business manager. Nixon and Zimmerman are the speculative capitalists in the scheme. Klaw and Erlanger are the booking agents.

In the course of the article describing the situation, the World announced that it had for months been collecting evidence as to the iniquitous and oppressive workings of the Trust, and that it would expose those workings.

The World is keeping its word. In an editorial on Monday the World said:

The oppressive, the intolerant ways in which the little group of conscienceless speculators who constitute the Theatre Trust are proceeding to control all amusements in this country are illustrated in a news article in the World to day.

On Wednesday the World presented an article from which the following is taken:

Nothing has ever created so deep an interest in stageland as the disclosures made by the World concerning the Theatrical Trust. Hundreds of letters and dispatches from managers, actors and private citizens all over the country assure the World that not only are the revelations made so far true, but that only a small part of the wrongs against the profession and the public has been told. The unsubsidized press everywhere has arraigned the Trust upon the evidence presented, and a thorough ventilation of the audacious speculative job is in progress.

In the publicity given the matter theatrical

people see deliverance. It is believed that the self-respecting managers and actors now identified with the combine cannot longer continue connections that besmirch them. They must, it is argued, sever the odious bonds or suffer in their reputation. The question has been, "Who will be the first of those high up to desert the ship of oppression and tyranny and repudiate it publicly?" Such an act on the part of even a few will mean the overthrow of the Trust.

The question was answered last night when Richard Mansfield sent from Philadelphia to the World a message in which he declares his independence of the Trust. It is, he asserts, "an outrage, and unbearable."

It is quite certain that E. S. Willard will be the next to take a stand with Mr. Mansfield. The defection of a few such stars to the banner of the little band of high-class artists forming the independent contingent will, it is thought, have a great moral effect, and quickly end the arbitrary rule of the Trust.

The class of a large part of the attractions sent out by the Trust has been of a sort to debase and to demoralize the public taste, and to throw into bad odor a long list of theatres where the people had ever resorted with full confidence that the entertainment provided would not be of a kind to necessitate apologies from an escort or to bring blushes to the cheeks of the pure-minded.

In Gay New York, The Whirl of the Town and the Belle of New York, seen here at the Casino, once the home of clean light opera, have gone forth under the Trust's orders to meet condemnation from the great public of other cities, who could not have been expected to revel in the exaggerated distortions of scenes purely, or impurely, of the Tenderloin tendril.

These performances, apart from their utter mediocrity, exploit the broadest of humor and exhibit women in scantiest of attire, proving no better than, and in many cases inferior to, the offerings of the ordinary burlesque companies at the low-priced houses, to which men may go to smoke and to drink, but to which they do not take their wives, daughters, sisters or sweethearts.

On Thursday the World printed the following:

Matters are growing very unpleasant for the Theatrical Trust. It is being flayed by the reputable press of the country. It is being held up to the public scorn. In every city in the land the disclosures of the World have been repeated and added to by the leading newspapers. Never before was a righteous cause more heartily supported. Not in the billingsgate of its friends has the Trust been arraigned.

Facts—hot facts that make the blood boil with indignation—have been the weapons of accusation. They have not been answered. They cannot be refuted. The petty abuse of cheap publications that have no standing, and the worm-eaten threat of libel suits do not answer the specific charges of oppression and speculative jobbery.

Now the Trust is to be resisted in another way. The disclosures in the World are bearing fruit. They are to be crystallized into a defensive, and if necessary, an offensive alliance against its power. Articles of association are under preparation for a union within the professional ranks to be known as the Association for the Protection of the American Stage. It will start with a dozen of the leading stars

who will raise a banner to which the others may come.

The actors, if combined, can get along without the Trust. The Trust cannot possibly exist without the actors. There is even now a dearth of good attractions. The actors have their liberty in their own hands. They now know it. They fell into the clutches of the Trust before they knew their own power. Nothing is simpler than to predict the outcome. The Trust must go to pieces.

HOW FAR WILL THE TRUST GO?

The bookings of the attractions for next season begin in January. The members of the new association will decline to be booked through the middlemen—the Trust. They will insist on dealing direct with the managers of theatres. They will not play at all if the Trust insists on control. That stand will end the fight. The struggle is coming. It will be unique. The possibility even of an almost complete lockout of the stage fraternity is interesting to contemplate. The stage has never before in any age confronted such a situation.

The burden of speculation in theatrical circles yesterday was the probable action of Charles Frohman in view of the exposures of the iniquities of the Trust. Mr. Frohman's career has long been one of honor. He is known to value his good name most highly. Could he, it was asked, afford to continue the old associations by which he formed the backbone of the Trust?

His defection alone would ruin the combine. He produces 50 per cent. of its plays. The Trust is as his plaything. Will he, it is asked, save his honorable name from further smirching, and deliver the American stage from abject slavery?

Hall Ellis, who joined His Little Dodge company, playing at the Manhattan Theatre (semi-independent), yesterday, was until a few days ago a member of one of the Frohman traveling companies. He was very bitter against the Trust, and indiscreetly voiced his sentiments in public places. He was called up by his manager and summarily dismissed. He demanded to know the reason. "We decline to give our reason," was the reply. Mr. Frohman could not have directed this action. Some over-zealous lieutenant must have committed the error.

RUIN OF EDWIN KNOWLES.

Among the men who have suffered from the merciless operations of those now associated in the Trust there is none whose case furnishes a more striking example than that of Edwin Knowles. It was not long ago that these men began a merciless fight against Mr. Knowles in Brooklyn, where he had long been a prominent, respected and influential manager. They finally reduced him from that dignity to where he was to accept a benefit at the hands of his friends, and to seek to build up a new business in this city.

In the frantic effort to monopolize every thing connected with the theatre the Trust has not overlooked the bodies and souls of the playfolk. Through the actors in their employ the promoters of the Trust have attempted to deal a back-handed blow at a weekly publication so bold as to criticize their methods. The Trust attraction called A Ward of France, which has been enthusiastically condemned by the playgoers of Philadelphia and Boston, employs the services of certain actors and actresses known to read the antagonistic publication.

So it came about that the callboard at the Boston playhouse where A Ward of France was played was ornamented the other day by a notice threatening immediate discharge to any member of the company who advertised in, encouraged, or even read the publication.

This bulldozing process has been carried into every branch of the Trust's business, and it is a well-known fact that many of the more weak-kneed Theatians tremble as for their lives before the arrogant dictates of the Trust. They fear to enter the offices of persons antagonistic to the Trust lest they shall be seen by the Trust promoters, and shall be denied forever a chance of engagement under the Trust. Such abject terror has the Trust inspired in the hearts of the less independent players that they quake before it as a heathen before his idol, and they yield helplessly to each new decree of what they seem to regard as an inevitable, all mighty power.

TRUST GREED DEVOURS ALL.

In sharp contrast to what the Trust pretended to do in matters pretended to be of general benefit to the theatre stand the facts as to what the Trust has done to demoralize all in its path but its own.

Through the advantage of its booking agency

the Trust has been enabled largely to keep to itself the details of the business of its own companies, while being in a position to learn all the details as to receipts, etc., of other companies, and to use such details in cities where other companies for one or another reason have played to small receipts as a club to scale down the percentages of such companies and misrepresent their business in quarters where such misrepresentation would tell to the benefit of their own organizations. Moreover, the Trust, through this booking system, has been able to shift companies of others into poor territories and keep their own enterprises in good territory, and they have done this wherever possible. An analysis of the booking for holiday and other dates for which, under the conditions of natural competition, there was always a fair business strife, will show that in a very large percentage of cases these plums have fallen into the lap of the Trust.

When the Trust was first formed Al Hayman was still operating in San Francisco and on the Pacific coast, where he had built up a practical monopoly of the amusement business. San Francisco, before his advent, had long enjoyed a first-class reputation as a theatre centre. The historical Barrett-McCullough stock company at the California Theatre had left precedents which all following managers up to Hayman's time had been forced by public taste to respect; and the fact that San Francisco remained a city of great dramatic possibilities was shown by the business there about five years ago of Henry Irving, who, during an engagement of two weeks, played to \$60,000, a sum probably unparalleled in theatrical history for that length of time.

Hayman operated, under leases, both of the first-class theatres in San Francisco—the Baldwin and the California. He began to cheapen the attractions sent to the coast to play in these theatres, and to run in second-grade companies that in other theatres played to second-grade prices. The people of San Francisco lost faith in the theatres he conducted, refused to patronize them, and Hayman and his associates consequently lost money. Refusing to take the blame of poor management, they began to abuse San Francisco as an inappreciative city. Two weeks ago Hayman withdrew all his interests on the coast—this act following the Trust's retaliatory declaration that it would send no more attractions to San Francisco—and returned to his operations in the East. But not before a suit had been instituted against him by the McDonough estate, owner of the California Theatre, to recover \$105,000 damages for depreciation of the theatre property, the claim being made that Hayman's mismanagement and violations of the terms of his lease had destroyed the prestige and patronage of the most famous place of amusement on the coast.

HOW THE PUBLIC IS DUPED.

The theory that appears to dominate in the methods of some of the members of the Trust is that the theatre is the attraction to the public, and not the star or play or company; and having secured the best theatres in the country, the Trust has entered upon a system of misrepresentation as to attractions from which the public has already begun to revolt. If a play of the Trust's runs in New York 100 nights, it is represented on tour as having run 200 nights. If a play has made a hit in New York largely by virtue of the excellence of the company presenting it, it is sent on the road with a cheapened company, yet with the claim that it is presented by the original cast. If a play is remarkably successful in New York it is sent on the road by the Trust in duplicate or triplicate, the No. 2 company being cheaper than the No. 1 company, and the No. 3 company being inferior to the No. 2.

Frequently the Trust represents these secondary and inferior companies as original companies. In Indianapolis last week Manager Ketcham, of English's Opera House, which is booked by the Trust, found that the Secret Service company sent to his theatre was the No. 2 company. He had engaged the original company, he supposed. Incensed at the deception practised upon him by the Trust, and jealous of the reputation of his theatre, he cancelled the engagement, and his house was consequently closed for several nights, as no other attraction could be secured on short notice.

When Under the Red Robe was announced in Boston recently the advertisements read that it would be presented by the Empire Theatre stock company, and that this company was on its ninth annual tour. The Empire Theatre will not have been built five years until next January. The advertisements were so worded as to lead the public to believe that W. H.

(Continued on page 3.)

THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR

(ESTABLISHED JAN. 4, 1873.)

The Organ of the American Theatrical Profession

1432 BROADWAY, COR. FORTIETH STREET

HARRISON GREY FISKE,
EDITOR AND SOLE PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 4, 1897

THEATRICAL "TRUST" SUPPLEMENT No. 4.

*Such is the infection of the time
That present medicine must be ministered
Or overthrow incurable ensues.*

SHAKESPEARE.

IT MEANS SLAVERY.

THE success of the Theatre Trust would mean absolute slavery to the actor, and a gradual undermining of the individuality and artistic character that are the chief elements of nobler stage manifestations.

"Art must be free." But if the artist be in bonds, art itself has no purpose and no opportunity for demonstration.

The whole plan of the Theatre Trust tends to kill the independence of the men and women of the stage and set in its place a demoralizing subjection.

Artistic growth and its proper recognition in the individual determine the development of the theatre as an institution. What would the Theatre Trust do for individual development? Nothing; it would discourage and defeat it.

If an actor is accepted at a stated value to-day by the Trust it will be a miracle if he ever advances beyond the Trust's valuation while in its power. And he will be absolutely in its power as long as it operates, because one of its greatest iniquities is embodied in its unfair and selfish use of its knowledge of personal matters that in all other arts, vocations and business are held as sacred. The fact that the Trust uses such knowledge for its own ends and to oppress alone constitutes a righteous reason for its defeat.

One member of the Trust having engaged an actor, all other members of the Trust at once know the details of an agreement that, under natural conditions, should be a private matter between the immediate parties to the transaction. If the actor develops in his art and becomes of greater value to himself and the public in a new opportunity offered by another member of the Trust he is confronted by the fact that it is the policy of all the members of the Trust to fix their own value upon his services and to insist upon that value with an eye solely to their own interests and their power to enforce that value.

If the actor rebels at this injustice, what happens? He is black-listed. By a conspiracy as evil as any conspiracy against the individual can be, the actor is robbed of his livelihood.

Another phase of the Trust method points the slavery that Trust success would enforce. The Trust has made great pretensions of its "benefit" to the actor in giving him steady employment. There are no more actors employed under Trust auspices than were employed under natural conditions in the theatre, and the lot of those employed is far less fortunate than it always has been and would be under multifarious management. When an actor under engagement to a Trust manager makes a hit and proves his value, if his original employer has no immediate use for him, he "lends" him to another Trust manager, as one would lend a horse or a hand saw, and the actor thus disposed of like a chattel has no opportunity to get adequate value for his services, although he is forced into new studies and greater work. Under this system fewer actors are actually employed than would be employed under the old system of competition, which developed art and artists and gave actors new recognition upon every new demonstration of ability.

And what about the actor who declines to be handed about at the will and wish of vulgar greed? Why, he, too, is black-listed, and there is an end to him.

But worse than these evils is the impudent, insolent, offensive and intolerable arrogation of the persons who compose the Trust of the right to dictate to the men and women unfortunately in their clutches as to where and with whom they shall do business and what they shall or shall not patronize, buy, or even read. As THE MIRROR's readers know, these arrogant and overbearing employers of artists of the stage have issued orders to those under them that they shall not even read THE MIRROR! Will they next direct actors as to what they shall eat, what they shall drink, what tailor or modiste shall clothe them, where and how they shall take exercise, and when they

shall not walk abroad, at what they may glance and from what they must avert their eyes? The Theatre Trust is, indeed, "a peculiar abomination."

Art must be free.—RICHARD MANSFIELD.

ITS DOOM IS SEALED.

Two weeks ago the New York World, a newspaper that for years has corrected evils, destroyed engines of injustice and victoriously fought influences formed to defraud and oppress, declared the Theatre Trust to be "a peculiar abomination."

Last Monday the World began a fight against the Theatre Trust that will end in the complete disintegration of a wicked combination that has by devious ways secured control of the machinery of the American theatre and is running it for selfish and demoralizing purposes and against every artistic tradition and effort.

Every day this week the World has returned to its attack with convincing facts and unanswerable statements showing the iniquitous workings of the Trust, the greed and selfishness of its leading spirits, and the demoralization of the stage that would follow the Trust's unhindered operations.

The World has intensified the panic into which the members of the Trust were thrown when attention was first called to the Trust's abominations.

Publicity is killing the Theatre Trust as surely as that the evils of darkness are dissipated by the sun. Newspapers all over the country, following the World, are coming to the rescue of a great institution that stands close to the hearts of the people and in which the public has an interest that dominates and makes petty the schemes of vulgar speculation.

Aside from the journalistic responses to an endorsement of the crusade upon which the World has entered are the expressions of prominent artists who have been harassed and oppressed by the evil and arrogant Trust. Not that these artists alone have suffered from the baneful influence of the Trust or alone been subjected to its malevolent spirit of domination. Almost the whole army of the theatre, although serving under Trust auspices by force of circumstances plainly understood, has felt the iron heel of the Trust and had spirit crushed by its monopolistic egotism.

But the World has devised a solution of the situation that every actor should further by an individual declaration of independence. The World says:

The disclosures in the World are bearing fruit. They are to be crystallized into a defensive and, if necessary, an offensive alliance against Trust power. Articles of association are under preparation for a union within the professional ranks to be known as the Association for the Protection of the American Stage. It will start with a dozen of the leading stars, who will raise a banner to which the others may come.

The actors, if combined, can get along without the Trust. The Trust cannot possibly exist without the actors. There is even now a dearth of good attractions. The actors have their liberty in their own hands. They now know it. They fell into the clutches of the Trust before they knew their own power. Nothing is simpler than to predict the outcome. The Trust must go to pieces.

And unless all signs fail the Trust will go to pieces.

I consider the existence of the Trust or Syndicate a standing menace to art.—RICHARD MANSFIELD.

NO ANSWER.

WHAT does the Trust say to the statements of fact marshalled against it?

Nothing.

How does the Trust meet the charges that it is the selfish father of and promoter of evil influences on the stage?

It does not meet them.

Does the Trust reply to specific statements that show it to be "a peculiar abomination" and a machine that is discouraging art and demoralizing the theatre of America?

No.

But the members of the Trust still pursue the path of petty personal reprisal, secretly scheming to embarrass their open and public opponents, and in characteristic ways go about punishing the persons immediately in their employment who have the temerity to have opinions of their own and to express them.

As to the seething and fact-studded arraignment of the Trust, the Trust has no answer.

The existence of the Trust, in my opinion, is an outrage and unbearable.—RICHARD MANSFIELD.

"ART MUST BE FREE."

THE vital truth that moves natural opposition to that abomination called the Theatre Trust is expressed in a sentence by RICHARD MANSFIELD: "Art must be free."

Art has been bound hand and foot, humiliated, belittled and ridiculed by this ignorant creature called the Theatre Trust, which turns the theatre into a market for mere barter and exchange, puts a premium upon pruriency and naked vulgarity, and seeks to enslave and dwarf

all effort of the kind that has in the past ennobled the stage.

But art shall find freedom. Its able champions grow in number daily, and their protests are heard louder and louder. The press of this country is alive to the danger that threatens and the evil influence that meshes the American stage, and the day of reckoning with the sinister cabal that has sought to dictate to the profession of the theatre and to the public of the theatre is in sight.

PUBLICITY.

PUBLICITY will destroy the Trust. The New York World is the leader to-day in making public the abominations of the Trust.

These are among the allies of the World at the moment:

Brooklyn Eagle.
Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.
New York Daily News.
New York Commercial Advertiser.
New York Journal.
New York Life.
New York Dramatic Mirror.
Providence Evening Telegram.
Buffalo Evening News.
Pittsburgh Dispatch.
Milwaukee Herald.
Chicago Times-Herald.
Chicago Evening Post.
Boston Transcript.
Omaha Bee.
The Criticism.
Providence Journal.
Salt Lake Herald.
Indianapolis Journal.
Washington (D. C.) Hatchet.
Memphis (Tenn.) Commercial Appeal.
Cincinnati Enquirer.
Los Angeles Times.
Denver Republican.
Nashville American.
Boston Herald.

Every day sees accessions to this already invincible array of newspapers throughout the country.

The Trust is doomed.

I consider the existence of the Trust or Syndicate a standing menace to art.—RICHARD MANSFIELD.

LIMITATIONS OF GENIUS.

CHARLES FROHMAN, by enterprise, daring, activity and resources has placed himself at the head of stage providers.

Men win great success in special fields for which they are specially fitted, or for which they have a peculiar genius. But success in one field does not argue a potent versatility. The great lawyer wins and goes down to fame by being satisfied with his field. The great preacher is not necessarily a great acrobat. And a great theatrical manager should confine himself to management if he wishes to maintain and further his reputation for success. The homely aphorism of the shoemaker and his last applies to all aptitudes.

When Mr. FROHMAN waves his wand over the grave in which lie side by side the dusty remains of all that has been indecent, dishonest, wicked and of evil habit in dramatic journalism—a grave that is marked to-day by a tombstone bearing the names of the defunct and unlamented—he cannot expect to invoke from that grave anything more tangible than an odor which follows the stirring of anything that has long been dead.

ALADDIN himself, with his fabled lamp, assisted by the marvel-working genii who served his eccentric wishes whenever he accidentally secured that transcendent utensil, could not do what Mr. FROHMAN imagines he may be able to accomplish with a wave of the hand.

The existence of the Trust, in my opinion, is an outrage and unbearable.—RICHARD MANSFIELD.

"AN UNBEARABLE OUTRAGE."

Richard Mansfield Declares Vigorously Against the Theatre Trust.

The brilliant engagement of Richard Mansfield at the Fifth Avenue Theatre closed last Saturday night, and was made memorable by a speech from this distinguished actor, in which he condemned the conditions that hamper, harass and discourage the dramatic artists. Mr. Mansfield said:

The actor is no longer his own master. The condition under which his work is done to-day is a very different one from that which formerly existed, not to say a very bad one; and it may be that I, with other entirely worthy actors, may be kept out of New York City henceforth, and possibly out of the United States, by the unfortunate circumstances which control and dominate the dramatic art in America to-day. But if we are permitted to return—as I sincerely hope we may be—I expect to present to you another new play.

Mr. Mansfield was still more outspoken this week, when he said in a signed statement telegraphed to the New York World:

"Art must be free. I consider the existence of the Trust or Syndicate a standing menace to art. Its existence, in my opinion, is an outrage and unbearable."

Art shall be free. And the ignorant, selfish and shuffling gamblers and adventurers who seek to destroy it and make the theatre a mere place for cheap and vulgar merchandizing already see the handwriting on the wall.

THE BLIGHT BRIGADE.

"The six brigade of the Trust deposit themselves with the arrogance of six hundred."—A Personal Letter.]

Just a bit, just a bit,
Just a bit onward,
All on the neck of Art
Jumped the Six Hundred.

"Forward, the Blight Brigade!
This is a clench!" they said.
Was there a man dismay'd?
Nix! though they were afraid
Someone had blundered.
Theirs not to say 'twas so,
Theirs not to think or know,
Theirs but to look for dough;
Into the peace of Art
Waited the Six Hundred.

Klaw to the right of them,
"Nixon" to left of them,
Heymann in front of them,
Jollied and thundered.
Great was the row they made,
Deep was the game they played,
Into the pit they digged,
Into the trap they laid
Fell the Six Hundred.

Up went their mighty schemes,
Down went their pretty dreams;
With a dull, sick'ning thud,
Into the waiting mud
Slumped the Six Hundred.
Weep for the Blight Brigade,
Oh, the bad break they made!
Mixing up Art and Trade
Has not exactly paid—
Sixty SIX HUNDRED!

THE CALLBOY.

Art must be free.—RICHARD MANSFIELD.

SIDE LIGHTS.

[Letters from persons interested in the subject of the so-called Theatrical Syndicate, dealing with matters pertinent thereto, will be welcomed in this column. The writer in each case should furnish the editor with his or her name, as a guarantee of good faith, but not for publication unless desired by the writer.]

IT IS A WINNING FIGHT.

BALTIMORE, NOV. 20, 1897.

To the Editor of the DRAMATIC MIRROR:

Sir: I received the No. 3 Supplement and have religiously read every line of it. Keep up the good fight. You have a "winner." The people of this town know what the Trust has done for the theatres here.

Your editorial in the last Supplement about throwing the best attractions to the "leased" house has been carried out here "to the queen's taste." Ford's, that has always been the best house, has this year had a list of attractions that have been far below the standard, with one or two exceptions. You, perhaps, know that the Ford's held off from the Trust at the start and we (the theatre goers) were in hopes that they could fight matters and get the support of the people, but, alas, they were forced to go into the Trust or "scratch" for attractions. At the Lyceum, which the Trust kept closed two-thirds of last season, this year is out of the Trust, and young Albaugh has started a home stock company that is turning people away at every performance. Such for breaking away from the Trust. At the "leased" house of the Trust (the Academy of Music), they have been having "frost" after "frost," but with a few exceptions, the entire season, and have now issued a circular setting forth their attractions and asking the public to respond. At the bottom of the circular is the line "No. 2 Companies." This is a fake on the face of it, as anyone who would have taken the trouble to ascertain knows that The Girl from New York and The Girl from Paris were not given here by the original cast, unless they take Mr. Frohman's definition and think the original cast means similar scenery, costumes, etc. I enclose a clipping from the "News" of this city, to-day's issue; you can see how they work things. All or nearly all of the papers in this city are down on the doings of the Trust, but fearing a little decrease in the receipts from advertisements are afraid to speak out. Keep up the fight. The public are with you, "tooth and nail," and if a list full of good people of the stage would get together, say about twenty good companies, and fight them, they would squeal like "pigs under a gate."

Yours theatrically,
G. W. PRINCE.

THE TRUTH ABOUT IT.

BALTIMORE, DEC. 1, 1897.

To the Editor of the DRAMATIC MIRROR:

Sir:—"To trust is to bust; no trust no bust," etc., is an old saying, but true, and no more than once sense of the word. If the public, managers and players are to tolerate the dictations of a Trust that has been formed to promote the interests of a few, then I am inclined to say "What fools ye mortals be."

But I am free to confess that such will not be the case, as I am sure the public, which pays for the privilege of seeing dramatic entertainments, will have some voice in the matter when it comes to the point of what it shall patronize, and the players will soon come to the conclusion that they are the "real thing" that interests the public to the extent of paying their money. The managers—well—the sooner they awaken to the realization that they are being made a cat's paw of the better.

Yours very truly,
INDEPENDENT.

I consider the existence of the Trust or Syndicate a standing menace to art.—RICHARD MANSFIELD.

ITS ADMINABLE OPERATIONS.

Buffalo News, Nov. 20.

The Theatre Trust is a peculiar abomination. It aims not only to compel the public to pay what prices the Trust pleases for its entertainment, but to decide arbitrarily what plays and what actors the public shall see."—New York "World."

The people of Buffalo have come to realize the full force of the influence of the Trust. Because the management of the leading theatre of this city is a slave of the Trust, patrons of the theatre are asked to pay a dollar and a half for performances that are given at a dollar in many other cities. Plays that are failures in New York are brought here and foisted upon the public. Mediocre plays which good actors have saved from utter failure in New York are sent here to be presented by casts made up of people heretofore unheard of in the dramatic world. There can be but one end for this sort of thing. The handwriting on the wall may be plainly seen and translated. It reads: "You can fool some of the people all the time; you can fool all of the people some of the time, but you can't fool all the people all of the time."

Art must be free.—RICHARD MANSFIELD.

THE USHER.



During the past week there have been many and important developments in the struggle for the emancipation of the American stage from the slavery to which it has been reduced by the Theatrical Trust.

A great New York daily newspaper, the *World*, has come forward to champion the cause of the deceived public and the oppressed artists. In ringing words it has declared that the Trust is intolerable and that its grip upon the throat of the dramatic profession must be removed.

Day after day the *World* has presented a multitude of incontrovertible facts, showing in their true light the malevolent methods pursued by this organized band of sordid middlemen. The *World* has stripped from the Trust its gauzy pretensions and has revealed it to view in all its ugly and repellant nakedness.

The *World's* crusade was begun with a revelation of the operations of the Trust as shown by a legal proceeding instituted by men who refused to permit the Trust's malign influence to crush their enterprise without an effort at resistance.

This action, and the *World's* espousal of the cause, has brought the whole subject before the press and the public of the country. Practically every newspaper in the land has printed the story and commented upon it.

It is significant that, with the exception of one or two unimportant papers having entanglements with the Trust, the press is a unit in condemning the conspirators that have seized the theatrical business of this country for the purpose of diverting it to their own mercenary uses.

The *World's* arraignment of the Trust is merciless. It has marshalled its facts with masterly skill and the result is a complete revelation of the nature of the odious octopus it has set out to destroy.

The hotel newsstands and theatre ticket agencies in this city have been coerced into refusing to sell *THE DRAMATIC MIRROR* by the Trust, following the method and example originated in Philadelphia by Nirdlinger and Zimmerman.

Rather than give up the privilege of handling theatre tickets these agencies complied with the Trust's command.

Up to date they have not thrown out the *World*, the *Commercial Advertiser*, the *Daily News*, *Life*, the *Criterion*, or any other of the New York journals that have dared to express their honest opinions respecting the Trust.

In the case of the principal hotel agency there are reasons that do not appear on the surface why its proprietor should do the Trust's bidding—reasons that more or less affect the interest of the patrons of the Trust's theatres here.

The sales of *THE MIRROR* in this city have not been affected by this hotel boycott. It has resulted simply in increasing the sales of the legitimate newsdealers in the vicinity of the hotels in question.

The force of the incident is found only in the emphasis it gives to the underhanded tactics employed by the Trust in its vain attempts to avert inevitable disaster.

If Charles Frohman should withdraw from the other men connected with the Trust its downfall would not be delayed.

He is its principal prop. He feeds it with dramatic material and the use or the misuse of his name is valuable.

Frohman's friends feel that his connection with the Trust has resulted in loss to him of money and prestige and knowing upon what dangerous ground he is treading they are hopeful that he will pull out in time and save himself.

Frohman has nothing to gain and everything to lose by his present association. If he is wise he will heed the counsels of those that have his interests at heart.

The logical outcome of the present perturbed theatrical conditions will be an alliance of stars

and leading attractions, to assert and maintain the independence of the American stage.

The formation of such an alliance will re-establish the liberty of artists and strike off the degrading chains that shackle art.

An alliance of leading stars and attractions will restore the theatrical equilibrium.

The impudence of the Trust is passing all bounds, and it is doing as much to bring about its own destruction as those that are opposing it on principle.

One of the latest high-handed outrages perpetrated by a member of the Trust is the pre-emptory discharge of an actor who had been reported by a spy as having expressed an opinion unfavorable to the Trust in a public place.

Is not this one instance—if others were not plentiful—sufficient to show that it is the duty of every self-respecting actor to do his or her share toward throwing off the yoke of this arrogant clique?

Of course, such practices will not be tolerated long. The Trust has been given rope enough, and it is hanging itself.

San Francisco is "jazy" again in Heymann's estimation.

The *Minneapolis Times* last Sunday discussed the Trust from the local manager's standpoint. He said, among other things, that "if one man or one Syndicate gets hold of all the shows, what on earth will become of the houses? Percentages will continue to go up until they are squeezed out. The booking Syndicate may deny that it is a Trust, but this is the best example of what is by law prohibited as a Trust that has been shown recently."

Heymann, last spring, was shaking his fist and declaring that he would not permit any discussion of the Trust, which he characterized as "a private business."

Heymann is hedging on this assertion now.

Heymann gave out through one of the Trust's press agents employed on an evening paper the day that the *World* began its great exposure of the Trust and the Trust's methods that "the essence of the theatrical business is publicity, and the article in question is therefore a good thing."

This is a singular change of opinion, but no more singular than Heymann's assumption that such publicity as the *World* is giving the Trust is a good thing for the Trust.

Bravo, Richard Mansfield!

Art must be free.—RICHARD MANSFIELD.

FANNY DAVENPORT'S CASE.

The *Boston Herald* contains this story of Fanny Davenport's experiences with the Trust:

Fanny Davenport's connection with the Trust has been peculiar. Last winter she was one of the stars who rebelled against the Trust, and wished to enter into an alliance against it. She expressed her opinions decidedly and publicly and the Trust concluded to bar her out of its theatres. Heymann, speaking of Miss Davenport, said last May that the Trust theatres had lost money on Miss Davenport, and that she had ceased to attract the public just as Modjeska had ceased to attract it, and he remarked brutally that "if old women want to be carried around the country by us we shall have to be paid well to accommodate them."

Miss Davenport and Mme. Modjeska are both playing under the Trust's auspices to-day. Miss Davenport suddenly relinquished her attitude of opposition last summer for the reason that the Trust, wishing to remove her from the ranks of the enemy, conceded terms and theatres to her on her own basis.

In explanation of her change of heart Miss Davenport said: "I reconsidered my policy regarding the Trust, because of two evils I believe in taking the lesser. I could not believe it wise or dignified to play to cheap houses even at higher prices, when practically shut out of my strongest cities with a new play on my hands. It would have been cutting off my nose to spite my face. And as everything has been conceded to me, I can see no reason to oppose the Trust further. Our theatrical career at the best is short, and I have come to the conclusion that friends are better than enemies in it."

But the sequel is interesting. After Miss Davenport's engagement in Boston this season she went on the road under Trust auspices. The Trust gave her a week in one-night stands in New England. Then she went to Montreal for a week, thence to Toronto for a week and this week she is playing in Brooklyn at the Amphion. Next week Miss Davenport's company will disband.

Last spring, in an interview in the *Herald*, Miss Davenport said:

I do not sympathize with monopolists. I believe that live and let live is a golden rule. I cannot see at present how the Syndicate can benefit artists and stars.

Miss Davenport was prophetic, even as to her own case.

I consider the existence of the Trust or Syndicate a standing menace to art.—RICHARD MANSFIELD.

A Great Evil.

Boston Evening Transcript, Nov. 9.

The artistic feature of all actors in this country depends upon the suppression of the Theatrical Trust—a great evil which threatens to bring about a complete divorce between the art and the business of the theatre. It will be a revelation to the public to learn of its extent and its hold on our American stage. The art historic is not to be "condemned" without protest from all lovers of the drama.

The existence of the Trust, in my opinion, is an outrage and unbearable.—RICHARD MANSFIELD.

THE THEATRE TRUST

MUST GO TO PIECES.

[Continued from page 1.]

Thompson, Elsie De Wolfe, Mary Hampton, and other actors would appear in the play. These actors were in New York and other cities, employed in other companies.

The Trust tried to compel E. S. Willard and Richard Mansfield to play in the trust theatre in Baltimore, the Columbia, this season, but they refused, and remain at Albaugh's Lyceum, where they have appeared heretofore. Manager Albaugh was forced by the operations of the Trust this season to establish a stock company in his theatre, as he could not secure attractions outside of the Trust, and Mansfield and Willard will be his only stars during this season. Local managers of the Trust theatres in Harlem, Buffalo, Baltimore and other cities have tried in every possible way to book Mrs. Fiske and Francis Wilson, in response to requests of their patrons, but the Trust has ruled against them.

The general operations of the Trust are said to have worked discontent among the managers who are in the power of the Trust, but their protests against the arbitrary methods employed have brought them nothing but rebuke. Theatrical production outside of the Trust has practically been paralyzed, several prominent managers having abandoned individual projects through fear of the Trust, and the rank and file of the profession not under engagement by the Trust have been disheartened and demoralized by its workings.

PROTESTS OF ARTISTS.

The *World's* exposure of the evil influence of the Trust has brought to it confirmation of the righteousness of the cause from all quarters. These expressions by prominent artists have been prominently displayed by the *World* in its articles:

To the Editor of the *World*: Art must be free. I consider the existence of the trust or syndicate a standing menace to art. Its existence is, in my opinion, an outrage and unbearable.—RICHARD MANSFIELD.

To the Editor of the *World*: The more I reflect upon the stand the *World* has taken respecting the utterly incompetent men who have seized upon the affairs of the stage in this country, the prouder I am that a great and powerful newspaper has determined to ventilate this matter. They have all but killed art, worthy ambition and decency.—FRANCIS WILSON.

To the Editor of the *World*: We are in the hands of the enemy; God help us!—FRANCIS WILSON.

FROHMAN'S DEFINITION LAUGHED AT.

Indianapolis Journal, Nov. 29.

Charles Frohman, who employs more actors than any one man in the world, perhaps, has given the *New York Sun* a unique definition of an "original company." As the theatre-going public knows, New York successes are frequently sent on the road and advertised as the "original," but after tickets are purchased the public may find it has paid to witness an inferior production. So many of these "original" companies have been "jacketed" lately Mr. Frohman desires to undeceive the public. Mr. Frohman says he may send out several companies playing a New York success and, of course, all the actors in the New York company cannot take part in each "road" company. But it is Mr. Frohman's desire to give the "original" New York show in each town and to accomplish this he has copies of the scenery and gives every "road" company the same lines and "business" and, therefore, he says, the so-called "Original productions are identical with those of New York in every particular excepting the actors."

It is quite plain that the new management of English's Opera House does not accept such an explanation or it would not have canceled this week's time of "Secret Service," by a company without William Gillette and the actors who played with Gillette in New York. Mr. Frohman must have been misquoted.

Art must be free.—RICHARD MANSFIELD.

THE PROGRESS OF A FAILURE.

Klaw & Erlanger's *A Ward of France*, which played to losing business in Philadelphia, and last week quit Boston after a ghastly engagement, will force Julia Arthur out of Wallack's Theatre, in this city, in line with the Trust's policy to boom, boost, force and foist its own enterprises on the public at the expense of artistic attractions in which the Trust has no interest.

Mildred Aldrich, in the *Boston Herald*, has this to say about it:

"Speaking of Julia Arthur, she departs from Wallack's to let in *A Ward of France*, which left the Boston Theatre, Saturday night. I wonder what New York will say to this play. So few people saw it in Boston that its New York fate will be interesting. Of course, among men, Barrymore's return to the stage at Wallack's is interesting, as no man on the stage is so well liked among men as he is. But to us in Boston for the future this clever man, once a good actor, will always be associated with the banner bad business of two seasons. It was thought when Barrymore last left Boston, after the failure of *Roaring Dick* & Co., that that business would never be beaten in this city, but I reckon *A Ward of France* took the banner away from Barrymore's version of *Ready Money* Mortimer."

I consider the existence of the Trust or Syndicate a standing menace to art.—RICHARD MANSFIELD.

SUCCESS OF "THE ORIGINAL REBEL."

Omaha Bee, Nov. 21.

Francis Wilson, the original rebel against the Theatrical Syndicate, took a full out of the "octopus" in its own stronghold, Philadelphia.

TRUTH ABOUT THE BUFFALO FIGHT.

THE TRUST TRIED TO GAG AN INFLUENTIAL NEWSPAPER.

The "News" Tells the Story of Its Opposition to the Monopoly—How the Local Manager was Frustrated When He Sought to Act Independently.

Buffalo News, Nov. 28.

The Star Theatre, having seen fit to display the fact that the management does not advertise in the *News*, the *News* desires to explain to the public why the Star management does not advertise in this paper. There has been no difficulty nor trouble between the *News* and the Star Theatre management, as might be supposed. The facts, briefly, are these:

The Star Theatre is ostensibly managed by a firm known as Whitney, Stair and Stirling, Mr. Stirling being the local manager. The bookings of the theatre are made in New York by Klaw and Erlanger, so-called booking agents. It is the duty of this firm to fix dates in different cities for the Theatrical Syndicate. The syndicate controls by personal supervision a number of first-class theatres in the large cities. They have, for instance, the Hollis Street in Boston, Hooley's and the Columbia in Chicago, and theatres in about twenty other cities. In order to get into these theatres the different companies place their bookings with Klaw and Erlanger. If they do not they are shut out of the entire chain of theatres. The same rule applies to houses that are not under the syndicate's personal supervision. Mr. Stirling, in order to get attractions for his house, contracted with Klaw and Erlanger to make his bookings. They made them. The public can see what sort of bookings they are. Tony Pastor's show, *Bo-Peep*, put on for a week because of Mr. Stirling's personal interest in it, died two or three weeks later in Cincinnati. The Paris Doll lived just three weeks. The whole list of attractions thus far at the Star Theatre has been made up of practical failures, of plays presented by second-rate companies, of stars, surrounded by unknown actors. Even Sol Smith Russell's company was reduced to nothing when it was brought here, by the withdrawal of Annie Russell and Blanche Walsh.

Early in the season the *News* learned the truth of the treatment Mr. Stirling was to receive from the syndicate. The *News* believes that the public, which may not generally understand the principles upon which they are asked to pay \$1.50 for plays that are failures, should not be gulled by managers who advertise "original companies," as in the case of *Never Again* and *The Whirl of the Town*. The *News*, to protect the theatre-going public, has told the truth in regard to the class of plays served at the Star Theatre this season. It has exposed the misleading tactics of the theatrical jobbers, believing that Buffalo people should not be asked to pay \$3 for what the people of other cities may get for \$2, and that a second-rate company should not be accepted for an "original" company, and that plays that were failures elsewhere should not be brought to this city's principal theatre. For this the Theatrical Syndicate has ordered Mr. Stirling to cancel his advertising in the *News*. It is understood that their letter to him read as follows:

"If you cannot protect our interests and control the press, we will have to withdraw our attractions from your house."

The *Buffalo News* cannot be controlled by Klaw, Erlanger, Frohman, et al.

In justice to Mr. Stirling it should be stated that he is said to have made some effort to withdraw from the Syndicate. It is said that he communicated with Francis Wilson, Mrs. Fiske and others not in the Syndicate, asking for dates. He claims that this was frustrated by Mr. Whitney, of Detroit, a partner. Whether or not Mr. Whitney is interested in a financial way with the Syndicate is not stated. One fact concerning Mr. Whitney the Buffalo public knows. He has never furnished to Buffalo the attractions and the entertainment afforded by Meech Brothers, in the days when to go to the Academy of Music was to insure something worth seeing. If he has had any interest in Buffalo it has not been apparent. Mr. Stirling has seemed anxious to please, but it will be seen by the foregoing that he is simply a figure-head. The Theatrical Syndicate runs the Star Theatre and the public is systematically and earnestly staying away from it.

Art must be free.—RICHARD MANSFIELD.

An Imposition on the Public.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

A glance into the working of the Syndicate shows how easily such a thing can be done. It controls nearly every first-class theatre in the large cities of the country. In return for the bookings of this vast Trust the local managers practically surrender the policy of their own houses into the hands of these purveyors to the public taste who are operating upon a scale so gigantic. Messrs. Rainforth and Havlin, of the Grand Opera House, play Syndicate attractions. Had not Manager Hunt, of the Pike, rented his house to Mrs. Fiske, Cincinnati would not have had the opportunity to witness her presentation of a play which competent judges pronounce one of the greatest performances in the history of the American stage. These are truths. They do not come from the press shops of any theatre. They are, however, a straightforward illustration of what the Syndicate means to local theatre goers. If some great artists should happen to fall out of line with the all-powerful Syndicate Cincinnati might be forced to forego seeing them or else present arrangements would of necessity have to be altered materially.

TRUST OPERATIONS IN BROOKLYN.

ONE POPULAR AND INFLUENTIAL MANAGER
RUINED.

Driven from the City by the Combination—
This Trust, Like Other Monopolies, Allows
the Character of Its Goods to Deteriorate,
Because the Public Has to Take Them.

Brooklyn Eagle, Nov. 23.

The Theatrical Trust controls five theatres in Brooklyn and some sixty-seven in the country, but it has never given so novel a performance in the course of its dictatorship as is promised under its auspices at the New York Casino tonight. On that occasion Deputy United States Marshals are expected to be placed in various parts of the auditorium to prevent the proprietors of the theatre from stacking the auditorium with people, who, in return for their free tickets, are expected to hiss and "guy" the show, a comic opera called 1900, which has been struggling along there for a week or so without winning favorable attention. The legal proceeding which takes the deputy marshal to the theatre is unprecedented and the combination of unusual circumstances will be likely to crowd the theatre so long as the guardianship of the court over the opera continues.

The complainants in the suit are the Fifth Avenue Opera Company, the persons composing which do not appear, and the defendants are Lederer & McLellan, lessees of the Casino, and the Theatrical Syndicate or Trust, composed of Charles Frohman, Al Hayman, Marc Klaw, Abraham L. Erlanger, T. Fred Zimmerman and Samuel Nirdlinger, known to the business world as Nixon, of Nixon & Zimmerman, Philadelphia, managers. The allegations on which the plaintiffs went to court are, among others, that the owners of 1900 had a contract for four weeks' time at the Casino, whose proprietors have close business relations with the Syndicate; that the Syndicate induced Lederer, of the Casino, to attempt to injure the success of the opera at his house under the threat of unfriendly treatment of Lederer's companies by the Syndicate's booking agency, and by pointing out to Lederer that he had a guaranty of \$2,500 a week from the opera company, and he could not lose anything if its engagement should be a failure.

With the dispute between this particular opera company and the Casino or the Trust the public has no further interest than the instinctive love of fair play which prompts every American to see that every man and every enterprise gets a hearing on his or its merits. There is pretty good reason to believe that this particular opera has not had such a hearing as yet in New York. But with the Trust in general the public has vital interest because it practically controls nine-tenths of the amusements of the country and especially of Brooklyn. Colonel Sinn, at the Montauk, has a wider liberty than most Trust lessees, for he has played one anti-Trust attraction this season, Mrs. Fiske, and is this week to play another, Francis Wilson. The third prominent anti-Trust actor, Mr. Herne, has just played an engagement at the Academy of Music, the first part of which suffered from the fact that the Academy is only opened occasionally and that the town did not realize that Shore Acres was here until the middle of the week. Thus under the domination of the Trust Brooklyn has seen every notable anti-Trust actor, so it has little to complain of on that score.

But the Trust has the same temptation that the Gas Trust and every other monopoly is under to allow the quality of its own goods to deteriorate, because the public has to take its attractions or nothing. That tendency it does not resist and Brooklyn, in common with other cities, suffers, though not so seriously as some of the Western towns. For instance, the Trust sent here a Casino show, The Whirl of the Town, which depended for its effect upon the Casino actors, with for the most part incompetent substitutes for the original cast. It sent here a farce comedy which last season thrived on the popularity of May Irwin at first class prices, with a substitute who has none of May Irwin's personal vogue. Very soon after it played the same piece here at popular prices. The announcements on its printed programs are frequently misleading. For instance, it advertised, when Under the Red Robe was played here, actors who were scattered all over the continent. It sent John Drew here with Rosemary, advertised as "John Drew's personal success," when everyone familiar with the theatre knows that a large share of the popularity of that play, when it was popular, was due to Maud Adams, and it has done other things to shake the confidence of the public in its productions. The Columbia, the Montauk and the Amphion are first-class houses. When a play is announced for production at any of them the public should be able to assume that it has a first-class cast. When the play comes from New York it should come with the New York cast, or such substitutes as might have been made in the New York production. Under the Trust management this is sometimes true and sometimes it is not, and one has to wait for the cast to be sure what kind of a performance he is to see.

For these reasons the Brooklyn public will be apt to sympathize with the complainants in this suit until it knows definitely what the merits of the case are. Any absolute power is apt to become arbitrary, a rule to which the members of the trust are no exception, and a call before the court occasionally may prove salutary as a reminder of their duties to the public. At the same time the men who have dared to call it to account are likely to have a hard row to hoe. Brooklyn remembers the merciless fight which this organization conducted against Edwin Knowles, until it reduced him from a prosperous and influential manager to a position where he had to accept a benefit at the hands of his friends and seek business outside his own city.

The defendants in this case were the promoters in that, and the present warfare is likely to be long and bitter unless the complainants were speedily vanquished.

The existence of the Trust, in my opinion, is an outrage and unbearable.—RICHARD MANSFIELD.

FROHMAN ONE OF THEM AFTER ALL.

The Criterion, Nov. 27.

So the Frohman, Hayman et al. Syndicate is going to seek the balm of filthy lucre for the wounds inflicted upon it by Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske's clever pen thrust and Mrs. Fiske's virile word castigations. At least, I gather as much from the press notice sent out from the public opinion foundry, maintained in the Empire Theatre building, announcing that suit for libel has been brought against THE DRAMATIC MIRROR for \$100,000.

It has been the prerogative of the writer, since the first wooden type blocks clicked together in the hands of a compositor, to criticize the productions of theatres and makers of books. Such criticism is as stimulating and beneficial as a bitter tonic. The object of it may be sensitive to its acidity, but its effect is to induce a more healthy output. To seek to suppress honest, fearless and just criticism is to acknowledge a desire to escape the sting of adverse comment without supplying the artistic intelligence and energy that are its natural antitheses.

In good time The Criterion will have much to say about the Theatrical Syndicate, whose greed and bulldozing tactics have at last roused many to open rebellion.

I consider the existence of the Trust or Syndicate a standing menace to art.—RICHARD MANSFIELD.

THE TRUST AN EVIL INFLUENCE.

Memphis, Tenn., Commercial Appeal, Nov. 23.

While the public has small interest in the question of Theatrical Trusts, the fact that they exercise an evil influence cannot be ignored. At the present time, and in so far as the Trust can reach, the padrone system is in vogue. Plays are produced by players who are mere pawns. The Trust controls absolutely everything from local manager down to super and the independent actor-manager has a hard enough time of it. Of course, this arrogance and unlimited power of the Trust has a bad influence on plays and players. The stage has been receiving many elevating and uplifting accessions of late years, but under the present arrangement a reactionary movement must set in and the actors will degenerate into vagabonds as they used to be under the English law. There is some hope for a destruction of the Trust if THE MIRROR is correctly informed.

The destruction of the Trust is much desired. We should have free trade in genius as well as in other things.

The Theatre Trust is a peculiar abomination.—NEW YORK WORLD, Nov. 22.

THE 1900 CASE.

A peremptory injunction order by Judge Lacombe, of the United States Court, was served on the George W. Lederer Company, managers of the Casino, last Monday, restraining the Lederer Company from interfering with the production of the comic opera 1900, at the Casino. The order was secured by the Fifth Avenue Opera Company, for whom Tracy, Boardman & Platt and Colonel C. E. James are attorneys. The charge made by the Fifth Avenue Opera Company is that the Lederer Company, after accepting guaranteed rent from the opera company and promising to do all that a theatrical landlord usually does for a theatrical tenant, in various underhanded ways sought to discredit the opera 1900; the theory being advanced that George W. Lederer, owing members of the Theatrical Trust a large sum of money, lent himself and those in association with him to discreditable and illegal means to accomplish that purpose at the request of members of the Trust, who thus wished to punish persons concerned in the opera who had opposed the Trust.

Art must be free.—RICHARD MANSFIELD.

IN SECRET SESSION.

The members of the Trust have been in secret confab nearly every day this week. Nirdlinger and Zimmerman coming over from Philadelphia to consult with their colleagues. It is said that the chief topic of conversation, relating to the crusade against the Trust, has been and is, "How can we get even with THE MIRROR?" THE MIRROR has already informed its readers of some of the means employed by the Trust to "get even" with THE MIRROR. One of the latest is the enlistment of the hotel stands in this city, they having been influenced, it is said, to stop selling THE MIRROR. But as THE MIRROR can be found on newsstands at every turn in New York, as elsewhere, this plan to embarrass the paper has had no effect.

Art must be free.—RICHARD MANSFIELD.

WILL NOW BE THOROUGHLY AIRED

New York Commercial Advertiser.

It looks now as if the methods of the Theatre Trust would be thoroughly aired. The first thing which is brought to light in the fight is that the most artistic actors in the country show, as a rule, the most restlessness at the control of the Syndicate.

Art must be free.—RICHARD MANSFIELD.

A POWERFUL ARGUMENT.

Nashville American, Nov. 27.

THE DRAMATIC MIRROR has issued another caustic supplement continuing its war on the Theatrical Syndicate. It is a four-page sheet, gotten up in characteristic style, and is a powerful argument in a good cause.

THE SYNDICATE MUST GO DOWN.

Publicity as to Its Methods Will Destroy It
—A Just Crusade.

Quicksilver, Nov. 23.

There can be no two opinions among right thinking people as to the righteousness of THE MIRROR's cause in its struggle with the Theatrical Syndicate. It is announced by the combatants on both sides that a battle à l'outrance has begun. If that is the case, then the Syndicate must go down in the long run. If THE MIRROR fails for any reason to achieve the result for which it is striving, there will be no lack of hands to pick up the banner where it falls and carry it on to ultimate victory. One need not be a deluded optimist to cherish the belief that, however slow the movement, the inevitable tendency of affairs in this troubled world is toward good and right. If anything, great or small, sets up its standard in opposition to this stupendous upward progress the flag may fly in apparent security and in the midst of actual prosperity for a time, but the residual dust will only be the greater for that, when the resistless wheels have passed over.

It has been said, since the anti-Syndicate agitation began, that the members of the Trust "have acquired such influence by means of the advertising they control and by other means, that the New York daily press is absolutely silent concerning their methods." Whether there is, or has been, ground for such a charge, the following editorial utterance of the New York World, of date November 22, is significant as showing that one New York paper at least, and not the one from which freedom of action in such a matter would have been expected, has resisted any influences brought to bear upon it by the Syndicate:

"The Theatre Trust," says the World, "is a peculiar abomination. It aims not only to compel the public to pay what prices the Trust pleases for its entertainment, but to decide arbitrarily what plays and what actors the public shall see."

Now, the publication of an editorial like that cannot fail to do good. Mr. Fiske and those who are valiantly following his lead have already lopped away one of the most dangerous tentacles of the octopus in throwing the searchlight of publicity upon its methods. It is profoundly true that "it is the actor, not the manager, that attracts public appreciation," and when the manager, who is not wanted, begins to force himself upon public attention and to claim public appreciation, it is only a question of time when the public, which is long-suffering but reasonably sure to arrive, will weigh him in the balances. Woe be to him if he is found wanting! As to the sundry members of a thrifty race who compose the Syndicate at present oppressing this land, and who assume to control an art which is as high as the highest, a systematic inquiry is on foot to learn "upon what meat do these our Caesars feed, that they have grown so great."

The existence of the Trust, in my opinion, is an outrage and unbearable.—RICHARD MANSFIELD.

STILL LYING ABOUT "RUNS."

The announcements of Charles Frohman's Under the Red Robe are filling the West with the now familiar fiction about its run of "300 nights at the Empire Theatre, New York." But the advance man has been let loose to work up another strange assertion. The profits of this elastic New York run are being fearfully and variously estimated. The press man has been unable apparently to remember just what the figures were. He stopped in Denver for several days recently, but his memory couldn't hold through the stay. On November 18 he said the play "cleared nearly \$100,000." On November 20, he wrote: "It cleared nearly \$85,000." On November 21, it came out that the play had "earned upwards of \$85,000." The company struck Denver the next day, but there is no telling how much more the estimates might have varied if the veracious advance man had been permitted to guess on.

The First Born Company, now at the Garden Theatre, is announced as "direct from London," although the company put in a week at Philadelphia between its return to New York and its arrival on these shores after its dire failure abroad.

Henry Miller, in Heartsense, is advertised as having enjoyed "a run of over 100 nights at the Garden Theatre, New York." Including matinees, regular and extra, the play was given just about seventy-three times at the Garden Theatre, and there was much "paper" in the house at that.

The Serenade is announced in Cincinnati "as sung by the Bostonians 150 nights at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York." The opera was played here about eighty times, and a fraudulent "one hundredth performance" was given just five days before the end of the run.

The existence of the Trust, in my opinion, is an outrage and unbearable.—RICHARD MANSFIELD.

A TRUST PLAY.

Criticism in Philadelphia Press.

As the curtain-raiser used last week has been withdrawn, I will say little about it. The protesting comments that have reached me come from many of the most influential people in the city. The last ten minutes of this piece, A Night Session, were the most "Frenchy" that I have seen in an age when French suggestiveness enters into all forms of art; but so artistic was the acting that one critic of eminent distinction assured me he forgot the immorality in his appreciation of the art. Nevertheless he was one of a dozen people I know who advised their friends to get to the theatre half an hour later in order to escape the concluding scene of the curtain-raiser.

Art must be free.—RICHARD MANSFIELD.

THE METHOD OF CHEAPENING.

AND THE MANY MISSTATEMENTS MADE
TO DECEIVE.

A Rochester Paper That Presents the Assump-
tion That the People of this Country are
Simple-Minded—Trust Schemes Arraigned.

Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, Nov. 23.

A New York paper says that "an occasional complaint is made from out of town cities that New York successes are brought to them without the actors who played at the original New York performances of these plays." Why has the New York paper been so careful to misstate and belittle the complaints to which it obviously refers, the just and reasonable complaint that is not "occasionally" but incessantly made by theatre-goers in cities other than New York, which, it may be reasonably supposed, are the cities intended to be described by that particularly senseless and ridiculous phrase, "out-of-town cities?" The real complaint that the New York paper so carefully misstates is this: "Managers habitually and persistently lie about the casts and other particulars of their road productions of New York successes, and of New York failures, with intent to deceive theatre-goers in 'out-of-town cities,' and to obtain by false pretenses the money of said theatre-goers."

For an example, let us take this typical case: There is now "on the road" a certain play that undoubtedly won great and deserved success last season at a prominent New York theatre, which may be called, for the purposes of this article, the Nonpareil. The Nonpareil Theatre was opened less than five years ago. Its stock company has been in existence about four years. The play was successfully acted at the Nonpareil Theatre last season 162 nights. Of the twenty-one members of the original company thirteen are no longer with the company. These are the facts. Not one of them throws the least discredit on the road production. Knowledge of them is not in the least likely to prevent any reasonable theatre-goer from patronizing the road production. But on the "paper" of the road production, in newspaper advertisements, and on theatre programmes, the following statements are made, either directly or by obvious implication:

"The Nonpareil Theatre Stock Company is now on its ninth annual tour."

"This play ran for 300 nights at the Nonpareil Theatre, N. Y."

"The company now presenting this play is the original company." Every one of these statements is a lie. Similar managerial lies are told and have habitually been told for years by nearly all producing managers about nearly every New York production sent out on the road.

This habit of producing managers is as silly as it is reprehensible. It doesn't make a particle of difference either in fact or in the view of the theatre-goers in "out-of-town cities," whether a play has run for the traditional 300 nights, or for 162 nights, or no nights at all in New York, or Podunk, or elsewhere, nor whether the cast is the original cast or not. Nobody outside of New York nowadays cares a copper for New York's opinions of plays and players. The players habitually on the road are, at least, as competent as the players who are habitually in New York, and everybody outside of New York knows it. Moreover, no theatre-goer in the "out-of-town cities" pays the slightest attention to producing managers' statements about their plays. All these stock-phrases, "great New York success," "ran for 300 nights at this, that or the other theatre," "original cast," etc., are regarded as purely conventional ornaments of bills and programmes, with as little real meaning as the traditional "ten carloads of scenery" that every spectacular melodrama carries, or the traditional "sixty people" that every comic opera company numbers. All that the theatre-goer of an "out-of-town city" wants to know about a play sent "on the road," from New York or elsewhere, is whether or not it is a good play of its kind, well acted, adequately staged, and likely to give him his money's worth and trouble's worth the enjoyment. As to these points he is able to inform himself without paying any attention to the producing manager, the last person alive whose word he would take in this matter. If the play really has had a long and successful run in London, or Paris, or New York, there are sure to be a number of persons in every "out-of-town city" who have seen it and told their neighbors all about it; the "out-of-town" theatre-goer has read a great deal about it in newspapers and periodicals that he regards as trustworthy; the names of the players in the cast tell him how the play is likely to be acted, the name of the producer tells him how it is likely to be produced. The name of Charles Frohman, for instance, is here justly regarded as a substantial guarantee of excellence in this particular. If he has no other means of finding out what he wants to know, he stays away from the theatre on the opening night, reads what his local newspaper has to say about the play next morning, and governs himself accordingly. No New York manager (because he is a New Yorker, and, therefore, as ridiculously provincial as the genius who coined the phrase, "out-of-town cities") can in any wise be made to believe these facts. But that doesn't in the least affect their status as facts.

"But," the producing managers may urge, "if all this is true, if our lying doesn't detract from the merit of our road productions, and doesn't deceive anybody, why shouldn't we be allowed to lie, without objection, if it amuses us?" Because to tell foolish and obvious lies to a man is to belittle him to his face, to inform him that you consider him a fool, to insult him, annoy him, humiliate him; and the provincial theatre-goer has put up with just about as much of this sort of nonsense as he is going to stand from the producing managers, who are mostly, after all, his dependents.

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THE Early Drama in California

APPROACHING the happy Yule tide, reminiscence grows with ever increasing force, and I surrender to its all-conquering power. It may be that from the hazy mist of fifty years' remembrance there will be distilled a few sparkling drops of historic truth.

Writers have not been wanting to record the early achievements of the pioneers of the West, but few have found space to picture the struggles of the Argonaut Thespian to obtain a foothold in the Land of the Golden Gate. In a slight degree the events narrated in this short sketch may supply the omission.

The earliest dramatic performances in California were given at Monterey, by a company composed of members of the army under command of Colonel Bennett Riley, shortly after the conclusion of peace between the United States and Mexico. While they were in the nature of private theatricals, yet, as they were attended by the army officials, the officers of the fleet then in port under command of Commodore Sloat, the daughters of the neighboring grandees, and people of prominence generally, coupled with the fact that most of the performers afterward became the real pioneers of the theatre in California, their mention here is justifiable. The repertory comprised *Don Caesar*, *Lady of Lyons*, and *The Wife*. The company consisted of several ex-professionals who had enlisted under Major Graham's command. They were Sergeant Edward Bingham, Sergeant Edward Fury, and Privates Jack Harris and John O'Neil. The others were well-known army amateurs. Lieutenant Derby ("Squibob," the popular humorist); Lieu-

tenant Alfred Sully, afterward Major-General in the late Civil War, and Lieutenant George Stoneman, afterward Governor of California. The only woman in the company was Bingham's wife, Lizzie, the ingenue being done by "Squibob," and the other female characters played by men, as in the days of the early drama.

Shortly after the breaking out of the gold fever the terms of enlistment of Bingham, Fury, O'Neil, and Harris expired, and they determined to chance their fortunes as Thespians among the conglomerate mass of humanity that filled the newly opened diggings. They arrived in Stockton in December, 1849, the city then being little more than a collection of tents.

Jim Doak, the famous bear hunter, had completed the most pretentious (!) building and opened it as a hotel under the name of the Stockton House. The dining room was offered the travelers for their first performance. *The Lady of Lyons*, cut so as to meet the limited resources of the company, and the farce, *Raising the Wind*, were played. Among the "firstnighters" were Sam Purdy, afterward Lieutenant-Governor of California, and whose

relative rode the horse "Eclipse" in the famous race against "Henry," at Union Course, L. I.; Judge David S. Terry, the attempted slayer of Judge Field; Benjamin Cheatam, afterward General in the Confederate Army, and Colonel Frank Clark, the genial secretary of the '49ers in New York city.

After several weeks of such success as the conditions permitted, Captain



SAN FRANCISCO IN 1849.



J. B. BOOTH, THE ELDER, AND EDWIN BOOTH IN 1850.



EDWIN BOOTH IN 1852.

The New York Dramatic Mirror.

Webber built a large wooden structure on the Point, and called it the Corinthian Theatre. Shortly before there had been erected in Sacramento the Eagle Theatre. The company was composed of some English and American performers, among whom were Mrs. J. H. Kirby, H. F. Daly (the Harry Montague of that day), and J. H. Atwater. This theatre was swept away by a flood after an existence of a few months, when Mrs. Kirby, Daly, and Harry Coad, a new arrival, went to Stockton, and, associating themselves with the Bingham company, opened in the new Corinthian under the management of Ned Bingham.

While playing here there was being built at Sacramento for Mrs. Kirby the new Tahema Theatre, to which she brought the entire company, and, having married James Stark, opened the Tahema under the joint management of herself and husband.

This being the first organized theatrical company in California, I give their names: Mr. and Mrs. W. Hambleton, Harry Coad, Joseph Downey, comedian; J. J. McCloskey, second comedian; W. Mitchell, old man; H. F. Daly, juvenile; Captain Campbell, leading; Ned Bingham, second leading; Buck Zabriski, character; Lizzie Bingham, juvenile; Sophie Edwin, children and boys; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Stark, stars, and James Libby, musical director. A chance arrival of the wardrobe and effects of a stranded French opera company, which had been touring the world, enabled the company to give an effectiveness to its performances equal to those of the East.

A few months after the opening of the Tahema, Charles R. Thorne and his beautiful wife opened the Pacific with a company from New York. Much amusement was derived from the rivalry of the criers who daily announced the performances. Going around on horseback each would ring his bell and detail the various excellences of the rival companies. Printing was



EDWIN BOOTH IN 1854.

London." Madame Foley was the whole concert in herself, and I well recollect her rendition of one little gem of high class opera, entitled, "The Captain with his Whiskers Cast a Shy Glance at Me." The madame, being a large woman with a scant wardrobe and somewhat out of her "teens," evoked from one of the audience, after her second repetition of the captain's offending, the remark that "the captain was a man of nerve and ought to be promoted."

The city of San Francisco now began to assume an Eastern aspect. Actors from all parts arrived by each steamer and across the plains, and new theatres were springing up all around. The French Theatre, called later the Adelphi, in Stockton Street; the Bella Union, in Kearney Street, the American Theatre, in Sansome Street, the Eureka Theatre, and a small one known as the Jackson, were some of those that flourished in fifty-one.

Among the devotees of the stage who came at this time were Mr. and



ALEXINA F. BAKER.

out of the question. The character of the drama produced in both the Tahema and the Pacific was legitimate.

While these theatres were running in Sacramento, Thomas Maguire, observing their success, built the San Francisco in the Plaza of that city. This theatre was twice destroyed by fire, and each time rebuilt, and was afterward known as the Jenny Lind. There had been in operation a small museum under the management of one Robinson in Sacramento Street, where light performances were given, but Maguire's was really the first theatre that deserved the name in San Francisco. Upon its completion Stark brought his whole company from the Tahema, with the exception of the Bingham and McCloskey, and opened in the new house. Following their arrival the Bingham and McCloskey entered into a combination with William Barry, Fred Hill, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Green, Madame Duprez, and Mrs. H. Mestayer and opened the Adelphi in Clay Street. Dr. Colyer had been giving exhibitions in the Adelphi of "pose plastiques" when Bingham took control. The venture proved a failure, and the whole company went back to Stark and continued to perform at the Jenny Lind. About this time the first circus arrived in the West. It consisted of one equestrian, Joseph Rowe, with one horse; one clown, Ned Yeamans, the father of Jennie Yeamans; one ringmaster, T. Foley, and his wife, who was modestly announced as the "prima donna from the Royal Philharmonic Concerts



MATILDA HERON.

Mrs. J. B. Booth, Jr., Mrs. E. Woodward, Mrs. Judah and her husband, John Torrence, John Fairchild, the famous scenic artist from the Boston Museum; John Dean, the noted musical conductor from Australia; J. A.

Thoman, the original "Lone Fisherman;" Lewis Mestayer; Mr. and Mrs. John L. Baker (Alexina F. Baker); Matilda Heron, who laid the foundation of her great success in San Francisco; that peculiar character whose fame and conquests extended over both continents, Lola Montez, and he whose memory lies hallowed in the inmost recesses of the actor's heart, then but a youth of nineteen, the revered tragedian Edwin Booth.

Booth's early appearances in California were at the Jenny Lind as Wilfred in The Iron Chest, Herneya in The Apostate, Richmond in Richard III., and even then he gave evidence of his future greatness. His father, who had accompanied him, remained but a short time, and departed for the East, leaving Edwin in charge of old Dave Anderson.

The Jenny Lind was purchased by the city for a City Hall and the company disbanded in 1851. Then commenced that career of adventure, hardship, pathos and humor that, as memory carries me back, seems but the revellings of romance. We started out to play among the mines. Encumbered as lightly as possible with scenery and wardrobe, we traveled from settlement to settlement and from diggings to diggings, playing in the open air and under cover as the opportunities of the places afforded. Our theatres were practically a return to the old inn yards of the days of Shakespeare.

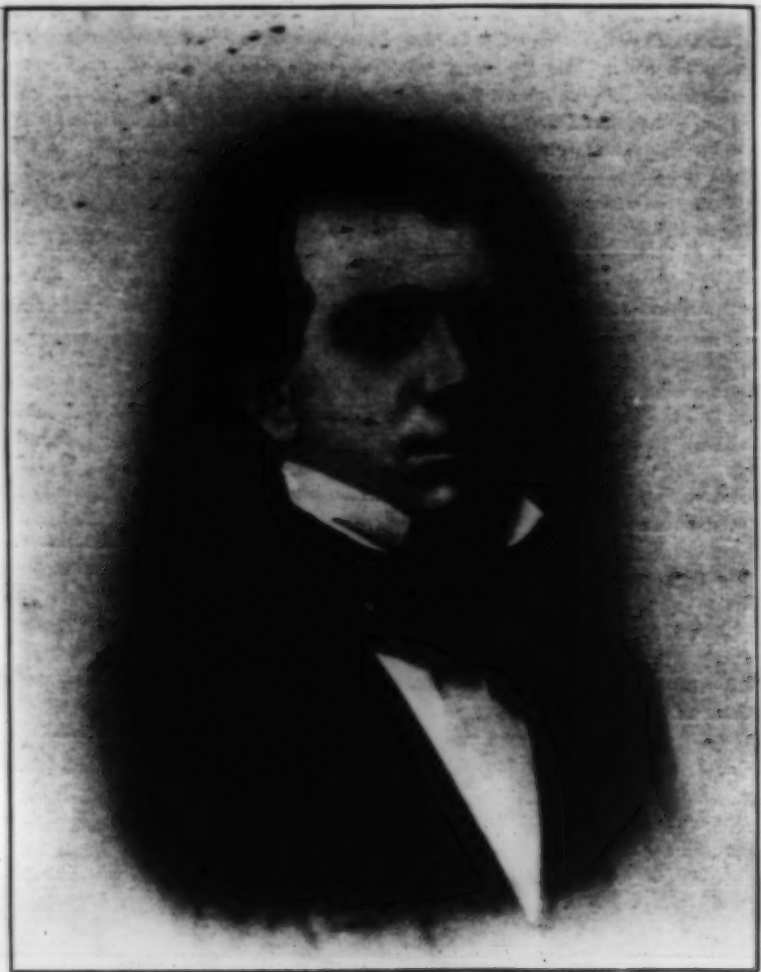
Upon our arrival the news would be heralded by large tin horns, sounded from place to place. The miners would gather, the entrance fee would be fixed, and our treasurer would adjust his scales. Many an extra fee was gathered in through the joking of the miners as standing around they would untie their pouches and carefully pour upon the scales the gold dust. A nudge on the elbow would cause an overflow of the precious stream, and the laughs of the jokers would prevent the victim from taking it back. While accepting poor scenery and oftentimes



HENRY F. DALY.

faded wardrobes, it was never safe to bank upon a lack of familiarity with the play on the part of the audience. The rough garb often covered the forms of college graduates, professors, and men of scholarly attainments, and any carelessness in the rendering, or ignorance of the lines, often received severe condemnation. Should I attempt to revel in the wealth of anecdote, humorous and pathetic, that filled our career among the miners, and that rushes in upon me as I write, this sketch would lengthen itself to a volume.

One incident there was that formed no doubt the inspiration of Bret Harte's "Luck of Roaring Camp." Ned Bingham and his wife quit the mines and joined the fortunes of General Walker in his expedition to Nicaragua, and Lizzie died there. Upon Ned's return to the mines he brought his twin children, Lilly and Rose. Their first entrance was on mule back in two champagne baskets strapped across the back of the mule. On arriving at Goodyear's Bar on the Yuba on our way to Downieville the miners got a glimpse of the twins, and many an eye was wet as the hardened old fellows gazed and coddled the babes, bringing back as they did the recollection of days almost forgotten. The twins were a stronger attraction than the play, and the golden stream that flowed in by reason of their presence caused them to be named "the Golden Twins." At Downieville Theatre I had engaged as leader of the orchestra Napier Lothian, Sr., and his son. The lad was a great violinist and was so small that we would place him on a barrel, when, with all the grace and airs of a bandmaster, he would tap



J. J. McCLOSKEY IN 1857.

the stand and play the "Arkansas Traveler," after an announcement that the overture would be "Fra Diavolo," or some equally classic subject.

It may be that in some future paper I will speak in detail of the men and the incidents of our journey through the diggings. Of Mrs. Judah and Sophie Edwin I will say a word here. Both ladies were revered by all their associates—Mrs. Judah for the motherly interest she always evinced in the welfare and success of the company, and Sophie Edwin by reason of the fresh, girlish innocence that was like a perpetual gleam of sunshine in our midst. Both were great actresses and true women, and the recollection of my association with them has ever been a source of joy.



THE JENNY LIND THEATRE.

Difficult as is the acquirement of success in the profession under most favorable circumstances, yet let it be remembered that there were days and times when hardship was the Thespian's daily lot, yet when struck by the rod of honest endeavor the golden stream of fortune flowed from the rock of conditions most adverse.

J. J. McCLOSKEY.

SUNDAY IN A ONE-NIGHT STAND.

THE WAIL OF THE ADVANCE MAN.

I'VE heard many a piteous tale
Of the sorrows of a jail,
But there's nothing in a prison
That ever has arisen
To the torture of a Sunday in a one-night stand.

You cherish hopes that you'll sleep late,
But the chambermaid is Fate!
She rattles at your door at six,
And strange oaths and groans you mix
As you wake up for a Sunday in a one-night stand.

The New York papers do not reach,
And the "head" is a "punch,"
With news not more than two weeks old:
So again you feel you're sold
To the slavery of a Sunday in a one-night stand.

In mad despair you seek the clerk
Whom at other times you shirk:
To his mustache he gives a curl
As he tells you of his "girl."
But no girls for you on Sunday in a one-night stand.

And though no appetite you feel,
You must wrestle with a meal
From menu in French far from good,
Yet it's better than the food
They throw at you on a Sunday in a one-night stand.

You may go up to bed at nine,
But for sleep you'll vainly pine:
You'll be awake till twelve has struck:
Then you foolishly bless your luck
That you're through another Sunday in a one-night stand.

"Every day'll be Sunday by-and-by!"
For this end some people sigh,
But I should never want to live
If no better time they'd give
Than one gets upon a Sunday in a one-night stand.

JULIAN MAGNUS.

LITTLE MOSES.

A ROMANCE OF VADEVILLE.

DRESSING ROOMS in theatres are very much alike, though sometimes they vary in different degrees of cleanliness—the leading vaudeville houses generally being superior in this respect to the more pretentious places of legitimate amusement.

The two girls who have to do with my story were sisters and occupied, one brooding day in July, a small room in one of our best known "continuous" theatres. A swift glance would have convinced one that they really were sisters, and another look would have assured one that, though there was a distinct family resemblance, they were totally unlike in temperament and character. On the vaudeville stage they were as yet little known, for they were practically newcomers. Their father, a country clergyman, had died and left them penniless, and Margaret and Lorraine Armstrong came to New York to find employment, their only accomplishment being a fairly good musical education and remarkably sweet, well trained voices.

Lorraine, the younger and prettier of the two, secured a position in the chorus of the Casino, and Margaret, with many misgivings, accepted a similar position in the same company in order to be near and to watch over her pretty sister. They drifted into vaudeville and, on the day of which I write, were preparing for their second "show." Lorraine had just finished dressing and was standing before the mirror reading over and over again a letter which the stage doorkeeper had given her. The elder sister, who had been watching her quietly for some time, said:

"Your letter must be very interesting, dear."

"It is. It's from Jack," Lorraine replied. He says he wants to see me to night, alone, after the show, before I go home, and that if I refuse—well—he—well, the consequences will be serious, that's all."

"To him?"

"I suppose so."

Margaret looked up at her and then, smiling quietly, said: "No—no, Orlando; men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love."

"Now, now, now—please don't quote Shakespeare. Three a day in this broiling, blazing weather is bad enough. Heaven knows without—"

"Lorraine, Lorraine, little sister, please don't use the word Heaven in that—"

"Oh, now, don't lecture! I can't act as if I were in church all the time. No wonder they call you 'Little Moses' around the theatre. You walk around with that meek, goody goody, wise air so that I half expect to see wings sprouting and—"

Just then a peremptory knock at the door and the call or rather the card boy's voice cried "Armstrongs next!" and the conversation ceased for the time to be continued twenty minutes later. Lorraine was tired, warm and impatient—the elder sister anxious and heavy hearted, for the Jack referred to was a young fellow about town who knew every actress of note in New York, but who had hitherto reserved his attentions to the prima donnas or to the beautiful English music hall singers imported for the dele-



FELIX MORRIS.

tation of the most *blase* and at the same time the most easily pleased audiences in the United States.

Jack Bentley was not a bad chap at heart, but he had been unfortunate in his selection of associates, especially those of the feminine gender. Of the thousands of good women of the stage, the morals of the few he knew were not above reproach, so he failed to understand the young girl who had crossed his path by the merest accident. It never dawned upon him that, perhaps, she was not quite like the women upon whom he had showered flowers and costly gifts, and when, one day, a ring, that he had sent to her, came back with word that Sister Margaret did not believe it quite right for her to keep it he smiled cynically and remarked that "a pious girl in a variety shop was a new one on him." As was to be expected, he redoubled his attentions after his first rebuff. In fact, for the first time in years he was really in love.

When the girls left the theatre that night it was raining hard. Bentley awaited them at the stage door and offered to call a cab for Margaret. She looked at him wistfully a moment, as if she wanted to say something, but her courage failed and she replied:

"No, thank you; the car takes me almost to the door," and then turning to Lorraine, she whispered, "Please, darling, be careful and don't stay out very late."

Lorraine, half impatient, had already seated herself in the carriage. Her admirer was beside her in a moment, the door was slammed, and Margaret stood looking after them, a great pain at her heart and, unmindful of the steady downpour of rain that was forming little puddles at her feet, she kept repeating to herself Bentley's words to the cab driver: "My rooms, Fox, and drive as fast as you can!"

"His rooms!" Her heart, which had been beating fast a few minutes before, seemed to rise up in her throat and choke her.

"Well, for the love of goodness, if there ain't Little Moses! What be you a doin' in the rain? Shure, an' do you want to be losin' your voice? What'll a decent girl like you do then? I'd like to know!" The speaker, who had just come out of the stage door, was a buxom Irish woman whose husband—a meek, mild mannered man, once a farce comedy star—now sang songs in vaudeville, while his wife assisted in a sketch more farcical than classical. Margaret replied that she was waiting for some one. It was the nearest approach to a falsehood that she had ever spoken.

"Well, it's the devil's own night to be waitin' for any one. Shure, an' you look as if a breath of wind would blow you over. Go home, now, like a good girl!" And the kind hearted woman hurried on. Margaret took a few steps forward mechanically and then stopped again. She must do some thing, she felt. Find out where Bentley lived first, but how? The directory; yes, that would surely tell. Suddenly a hand was laid on her shoulder and a surprised voice said:

"Well, God bless my son! Moses—I mean Miss Margaret—is it you? Where is your sister, and your umbrella, my child? Nothing wrong, I hope?"

The speaker this time was a recruit from the legitimate. He had noticed the sisters, and had been impressed by their demeanor and general air of



ANNE SUTHERLAND.

refinement. Margaret started to answer, but the words would not come—only a great sob rose in her throat and threatened to choke her.

"My dear child, tell me your trouble. Perhaps I can help you."

"No, no, thank you," the girl replied. "I'm all right, indeed, I am. Good night." Almost running away, she hurried until she reached a drug store, where a few minutes' search in the directory gave her the desired information. A moment later she had boarded a Broadway car and was riding uptown. Meanwhile, the rain kept falling in torrents, and at Fifty-ninth Street and Central Park, while waiting for the crosstown car, the girl was drenched to the skin.

When she finally reached her destination, it was after midnight. In answer to her ring the door was opened by Bentley himself, who looked rather disconcerted upon recognizing his visitor. In the room beyond, Margaret could see a party of men and women seated at a supper table. One dark haired woman, in an extremely *decolette* gown, had her arms about the neck of a tall young fellow in evening dress. Another girl, slightly intoxicated, called out: "Ask your friend in, Jack; here's a glass of champagne!"

For a moment Margaret could not see. Everything seemed to spin around. Then, turning to where Bentley stood, she held out her hand pathetically and cried, "Lorraine! give me my little sister!" The dark-haired woman in the *decolette* gown had become interested by this time and came forward. She surveyed the bedraggled form in front of her for an instant, and then said to Bentley: "Who's your friend, old chap? Looks as if she might be a member of the Salvation Army!" A laugh greeted this brilliant sally, and then, with slightly unsteady steps, a young girl came forward with a glass of wine. "Have one with me, old lady! Cheer you up!" Margaret shrank from her, ashamed.

Lorraine by this time was very uncomfortable. She had not felt quite happy before her sister came. Now, seeing her there, white, ill, and the butt and jest of these well dressed men and women, a feeling of shame overcame her. Putting on her hat and coat, she placed her arm about her sister's waist and started to go. Bentley tried to detain them, but Lorraine looked him full in the face and said simply:

"Mr. Bentley, my sister was right. I am not suited to your guests or to you. We do not understand each other: good night!"

In another moment they were down the stairs and in the street. It had stopped raining and a cold wind was blowing. All the elder sister's strength and courage seemed now to desert her. She clung like a little child to Lorraine. Now and then she shivered, and when they reached home she was burning with fever.

The two seemed to change places. Lorraine, who had always been the pet and the spoiled darling, helped her sister to undress and put her in bed. She was not used to sickness, yet she knew Margaret must be very ill from the short, hacking cough that racked her breast every little while, and the unnatural flushed color of her cheeks. Kneeling beside her sister's bed, her face burned with shame whenever she thought of Bentley and his companions. She had really learned to care for him, and it hurt cruelly to find him of the earth, earthy.

She had little time for thought upon her own heart ache, for Margaret's condition toward daybreak was alarming.

A doctor, who came in the morning, said that the girl was suffering from pneumonia, and that unless there was a change for the better before night she might not live three days.

Poor Lorraine, unused to care or to suffering, was beside herself with grief. She realized that Margaret's condition was due in a great measure to her exposure the night before, and she thought that she dared not leave her even to earn the wherewithal to pay for the doctor and medicine was agonizing.

The elder sister was unconscious most of the time, deaf to the voice and caresses of the being to whom she had devoted her young life. Early in the day Lorraine had dispatched a note to the manager of the theatre telling him of her sister's serious illness, and that she dared not leave her. Toward nightfall an answer came saying that when her sister was out of danger she might come back and work alone. This, however, failed to bring much comfort, for Margaret was growing rapidly worse. Lorraine knelt beside her, her cheek pressed close to the flushed face of her sister, calling her by every endearing name and entreating her for one word of forgiveness, but Little Moses was deaf to the present and was living in the past. One moment she was in the old orchard of their childhood home, romping in the grass; the next, it was the merry Christmastide in the old-fashioned farmhouse, then came the deathbed of their father. Once more she was talking to him: "Yea, father, dear"—and the already wasted form on the bed held up toward Heaven a thin little hand—"I swear to watch and care for our Lorraine as you would watch and care for her."

Turning on her pillow, the sick girl caught her sister's arm and cried: "Listen, dearest, ain't it beautiful? Can you hear, dear one?"

"Hear what, Margaret?"

"The angels sing, and mother's voice leads all the rest! Mother, mother, darling, take me! I am—so—tired. I want to be—your little girl again!"

Lorraine began to sob. Margaret raised herself on the pillow and looked at her. With the last glimmer of life reason returned.

"Little sister," there the weak voice faltered. "I know that I—I know that I—am—dying. It's dreadful to leave you—all alone—but He doeth all things—well—something tells me, dear, that you will always be good and sweet and pure—and—"

"Oh, Margaret, Margaret!" moaned Lorraine. "Don't leave me yet! God pity and forgive me—not yet; dear God, be merciful!"

The dying girl spoke again: "It's all so bright and beautiful—and we will be waiting—for you—Lorraine; darling—up there, beyond the stars. Listen! they are singing again! I'm going home—I'm going home—I'm going home—to—die—no—more—"

Before the last syllable was completed, the sweet voice was hushed forever, and Little Moses slept with God.

LILLIAN BURKHART.

THE CONSTANCY OF ARAMINTA BROWN.

WHEN Araminta went away, you'd orter heard the talk!

Folks said 'twould be a sorry day when she struck gay Noo York; Said Araminta couldn't stan' the noisy city ways, She as was used to farmin' lan' an' quiet all her days; But I jus' kep' a thinkin' 'cause, afore she lef' the town, She told me what her notions was, did Araminta Brown.

They guded me, too—said I was shook, and better go to York, But I jus' knowed my little book, an' so I let 'em talk. Well, 'twarn't so long afore a note from Araminta came, "I'm goin' on the stage," she wrote, "an' goin' to change my name; I've jined the Hottime Burlesque Co.—to sing and dance I'm down, And when you hear of Rosie Rowe—that's Araminta Brown!"

Somehow, the news got roun' the town, as news it will, you know, That my sweet Araminta Brown had gone an' jined a show; An' ev'ryone was shocked, in course, an' said it shouldn't be, The whilst they took it for a horse on poor, devoted me; They said some low comedian, or manager, or clown Would steal away the heart an' han' of Araminta Brown.

Well, 'twarn't but jus' a year or so, afore the bills in town Told how the Hottime Burlesque Co. was surely comin' roun', An' ev'ry man who had the dust was early in his seat, An' ev'ryone whose purse was bust was outside in the street; But while they waited for the show an' read the programme down, They never guessed that Rosie Rowe was Araminta Brown.

Say: when that show at last began, I felt a little queer, An' kinder needed jus' a han' to keep me in my cheer, For there she was, all sweet an' fair, in brownish spangled tights, An' with her own dear auburn hair all lit with di'mon' lights; You couldn't count the shouts, you know, when half the little town Caught onto it that Rosie Rowe was Araminta Brown!

An' when she sang, she sang to me, as all the boys could tell; An' when she danced, her winks would be for me alone as well; An' when, jus' as the curf' in fell, she throwed a kiss to me, I kinder smiled, a-thinkin' "Well, that's how I'm shook, you see!" So ever since that night, I've been the proudest man in town—she's goin' to change her name agin, is Araminta Brown!

GEORGE TAGGART.

BRUTO DOLCE.



WHEN Pasquale Lonati came home pay-night, Maia his wife, turning her rosy face from the steam of the frying turnips and potatoes, said that she had something very sad to tell him at the little supper. Pasquale rolled his eyes toward the statuette of the Virgin, threw his coat on the bed, sighed, unbuttoned his gray shirt to the waist, and, one elbow on his upturned plate, sat to look out of the window.

A gentle breeze set Signora Lonati's stockings dancing on the line and tossed Pasquale's glossy black ringlets away from his temple till he felt as cool as one of those days in Naples when he gathered violets in the hills and brought them home to the woman that was now withering her life for him; while the violets—well, a few in ribbon lay at the bottom of Maia's trunk, which she opened just once a year. Pasquale should never know that she had treasured them. Would he care? Men so soon forget the early touches of love, and then wonder why they wish to die.

"Well, what is this sad tale?"

"I will tell you when I sit down. Whistle to the canary till supper's on the table. I will tell you soon enough."

"Maia, this canary is a female. I have never heard it sing, and we've had it a year."

"Eight months. It's moulting."

"Moulting? Three feathers in eight months! Say, old bird, why don't you sing, eh? Of course it's a female; see the way it bows, like those ladies in Fifth Avenue; a man-bird doesn't bow like that."

"Never mind the bird, Pasquale. Listen to me. Here, birdie," dropping a bunch of currants into the cage. "Listen to me," she repeated, rolling up her calico sleeves and looking deeply into his big brown eyes.

"Eh?"

"My sister, Rosalia, is with Bruto Dolce. My own sister, my poor sister! Bruto has been reading big books lately, some that say it is wrong for a man to tie himself to a woman till he finds he could not be so happy with the others. You never heard such nonsense! A month ago, Rosalia proposed to him. Bruto said: 'Let us live like two birds a while, Rosalia, and then, if you think we ought, why, it will mean much more than it does to most people—it will be a bond that we put an extra knot in.' Well, she told him he was a fool, till he began to call at the rooms where she sews the waists, and read to her; then she became as foolish as himself. Oh, Virgin! You must do something, Pasquale; not married and they are living together!" Here she bit her nails, and shook the little gold pomegranates in her ears.

"How long?" asked Pasquale, trembling from head to foot.

"Three days." They supped in silence; then he put on the coat with the black mother-of-pearl buttons and went out.

Bruto was wiping the dishes when Pasquale entered. Rosalia, with a shrill cry, ran into the front room.

"Bruto, you must marry Rosalia to-morrow, you understand? You mean bookworm—serpent!"

"What if I don't?"

"I will make you! I will tell all your friends. I will disgrace you. I will—"

"Kill me, perhaps, eh? I don't see why you come to our house like a missionary among savages to try to make me believe your way just because I have a way of my own. Rosalia is here; if she wants to go, she may. I have not chained her to a rock, nor locked her in a cage like a canary. She wills to stay with me. When she finds that she can be happy with no one else, and that I am not so fickle as I used to be, we may—we may marry to please our friends and the busybody world. Have you ever read—?"

"No; some devilish book about woman's rights, I suppose. I don't want to hear of it. Look, Bruto, no more words; you must marry Rosalia to-morrow."

Bruto wore a pair of snow-white duck trousers, crease new, the pockets of which he was trying to open, but he could hide only the tips of his fingers; he was a picture of extravagance and stupidity. A sprig of parsley was in the top button hole of his coat, placed there by Rosalia in a moment of child-like fondness, and he looked very guilty. The thoughts would not flow.

"You are spending money! You make only a dollar a day; here are new china, bed, table covers, stove, paintings, and a mandolin. You must have discovered a gold mine. Tell me, what are these books you have been reading to Rosalia?"

"Well," said Bruto, smiling. "I was going to tell you, Pasquale, friend, but—"

"Bruto, I am no longer your friend. Do you think I am here to reason with you? to listen to what you have read—those fairy tales? My wife has sent me here: I am here to right a wronged woman, Maia's sister. I can't understand why I don't shoot you like a mad dog among innocent children, or why, when I came in, I didn't throw you out of that window. Come now, make up your mind. Will you marry Rosalia?"

"Oh, let me be! Rosalia and I know what's best. Pasquale mio, go home like a good man and tell Maia—I promise—that all will be well in good time by the clock. There's no good in your calling here to threaten me, Pasquale, for I don't care. I'd just as willingly die to-morrow."

"And leave Rosalia alive to suffer shame and the rest of this! You read

good books, you must! Read them again. You are a fool. Well, since death cannot frighten you, I'll use the fist of the law."

"The law is on our side. Now, don't look like a mad bull in the ring. Go home and comfort Maia by telling her that Rosalia and I are perfectly suited to each other, and that some day we will marry. And before you go, Pasquale mio, have a glass of chianti."

"Some day won't do, Signor Dolce, student, philosopher, big fool. Some day won't do. You must marry to-morrow. I suppose Rosalia won't see me. No matter! Good by."

"I will call Rosalia. Wait!"

While Bruto was in the front room, Pasquale went to the book shelf. Two books were there; one bore a gilt cross, the other he threw into the yard. Rosalia came in like a truant school girl.

"Rosalia, Pasquale comes from Maia and tells me that unless you and I marry to-morrow they will disgrace us to all our country people. What do you say? Have I not been gentle to you?"

"Bruto, we ought to marry, you know. I have been thinking it over in there. Maia is right, and so is Pasquale."

"There, you see!" cried Pasquale.

"Well, all right, Rosalia. Make it Monday, Pasquale. Have the priest. I'm satisfied."

"Maia will weep for joy when I tell her," said Pasquale. "Good night. Before I forget it, Bruto, look at your library, do you miss anything?"

"No!" exclaimed Rosalia, kissing her husband.

Bruto was a waiter in the Restaurant Goldoni, in Thirteenth Street, where young American art-students gathered to pick Italian and to acquire the skill of winding spaghetti on a fork. He could quote Ariosto till you begged him to stop for breath; Leopardi till you looked at the clock; Dante till you had to ask the proprietor, Signor Bambino, to open the French windows, framing a twin view of a cupidless fountain, Signora Bambino's napery out to dry and a hundred big sunflowers, which stared the yellow cats off the fence. Bruto loved cats; his tired head against the little white blinds, he would stand for an hour singing to them till the half licked paw fell unconsciously on the shingles and the soft eyes rolled in ecstasy at the music. He had sung choruses in the best days of Cary and Campanini. The great tenor once told him he had a voice; the cats told him that every day. When the stars reflected in the little weather yellowed fountain and the moonlight quivered in the diamond-shaped panes, Bruto, who some nights had to work till ten, would steal to the rear balcony and, beginning *pianissimo*, would sing *Donne l'Amore* till it seemed, that all the cats in the world sang with him. Then, laughing, he would roll into a chair, while the American art-students and Italian editors in the *café* applauded, but the applause had put his pet audience to flight, so he never gave encores.

In Winter, when the cats preferred woman to song, Bruto sang to a big flat headed Italian dog that used to lie on the balcony during *table d'hôte*, and to press its brown nose against the panes to sniff the fumes of fried olives and *frittis misti*. In the Spring he sang *aubades* to a housemaid with cedar-red hair shaking ruzs at a flat window opposite. One day, as he touched the high note of an aria from "Fidelio," she threw him her net of wax pearls, which hailed down Bambino's garden walks, the kitchen-stairs, and across the oil-cloth of the pantry. Bruto lowered the white muslin shade and laughed for an hour at the picture of a woman losing her self-control to this degree and making herself a fool before the neighbors. When Signor Bambino ordered Bruto to let in the light, she threw kisses, crying: "More, more. I love you. Don't you believe it? Oh, please sing again: please, please; I have nothing to do."

Bambino knew Bruto's worth: that waiter was no fool. To Americans he was the dreamy Italian, pure and simple; to his own countrymen he appeared against the cloudless blue sky of their beloved Naples, and to a certain poor young poet and his sweetheart that dined there once a week he was Apollo with lyre, opening the gates of love and song, till poetry seemed all that was worth living for, and love all that was worth dying for. Bruto was fond of Byron's speech in "Julian and Maddalo": "Most wretched men are cradled into poetry by wrong."

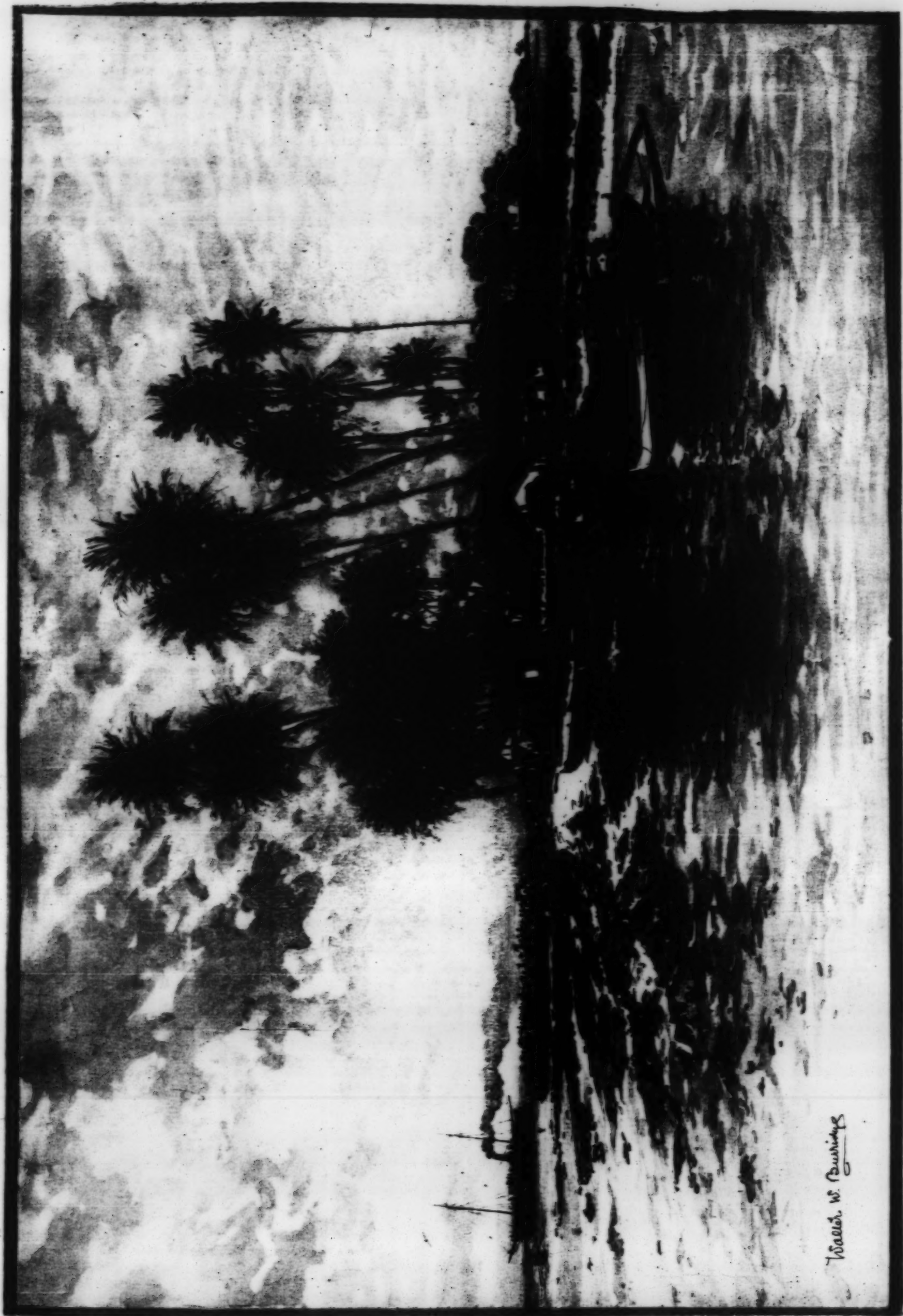
"Poets are made to suffer; look at me. Ah! if I could only put into verse what I think. I can't. I feel a heavy hand on mine when I sit to write, a giant's hand, cramping my fingers, and another on my brain, so that it is impossible for me to express all I feel."

"Bruto, the greatest poets are those who feel more than they can rhyme."

I missed the poet and his sweetheart one month, and inquired of Bruto, who answered that the poet was digging an early grave. "What do you mean, Bruto?"

"He has had to go to work."

"A very comfortable soup to night, Mr. George," was Bruto's greeting when he saw me entering the little dinner-room. That word "comfortable" amused me. Bruto knew its force, and would use it at each course, setting before me a pyramid of Parmesan cheese and a roll of hard but very wholesome bread. Then Maestro Timponi would come in with his black French poodle, which he tethered to his chair with a shawl strap, away from the dumb-waiter and the greasy pantaloons of the cooks, who were ever running upstairs to Bambino for provisions and the key of the wine cellar. Timponi has heard the greatest singers of the past sixty years. Once he had the



Walter W. Burleigh

Drawn for the CHRISTMAS MIRROR by Walter W. Burleigh.

STEAMER DAY ON ONE OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

honor to meet Patti in a Roman palace, and of hearing her sing the scales. Every one has heard "Traviata," but the scales, no one except Maestro Timponi has heard the diva do that. He saw Taglioni dance. She was a sylph, quicksilver on a cheval-glass, unnatural, immortal. He saw her dance the *Ave Maria*; that was in Pisa. It was too much; twenty Italian gentlemen and ladies, some nobles, wept in the Marquis de —'s drawing-room.

On Saturday, "copelletti day," Maestro Rupert came in with his white poodle, which was made to crouch upon a chair, under a corner of the tablecloth, out of view of Maestro Timponi's black poodle. These dogs never made friends, though their masters had fought under Garibaldi and drank the same kind of wine, Terrano. Timponi taught ballet-dancing, Rupert the cello. Timponi was in his anecdotal; Rupert lived to-morrow. Timponi was a piece of old *faience*; Rupert a Gregorian chant.

Rosalia was wedded to Bruto on Decoration Day, the day Signor Bambino must put on his Italian uniform. The iridescent cock-feathers of his helmet, which lay in Signora Bambino's lap while he ate his early luncheon, fluttered as a bird expectant at last of escape from its sunless prison. Little Giannina, the eldest child, her head under his left arm, played soundlessly with a yellow-and-crimson barlequin that never tired of having his legs above his head, nor of being carried by the gilt sword to which he clung for dear life. The black cat who strayed in one day and made life long quarters, bristled against his bottle-green trousers, and cried as a Venetian maiden on the shoulders of her warrior lover. A murmur of praise came from the kitchen, the tinkle of baby's rattle from the floor above, and Bambino felt as proud as though he were on the eve of making Italy the mother of the world.

"I hear that you were married this morning, Bruto; is it true?"

"Yes; I was getting tired of looking at Bruto in the glass every morning."

"Do I know her?"

"You know Rosalia Gardini. She has agreed to make me happy."

"Ah! That's right; eh, mother?" The signora answered by taking the baby on her lap to show her the pretty feathers in papa's helmet. Bruto tried to get away.

"Don't go, Bruto mio!"

"I don't wish to hear what you want to say to me at this minute. And I see it in your eye, Signor Bambino. You think of raising my salary, and I don't want you to do that because you have a large family, and your expenses here are something to mind every month. In the Winter it is all right; many Americans come here and some Cubans, true, but in the Summer"—whisking the table with his napkin—"in the Summer only a few of our own people come here. Breakfast is a waste, luncheon is all to our selves, and dinner—well, that's a little better. Wait, wait till the Winter. Rosalia makes some money by sewing, and here I make a little more than the salary—a few tips to keep my head cool and the rats of care away from the door." At which Bruto went into the yard for mint for the sauce that evening.

Pretty Giannina had not quite understood, but the tremulo in Bruto's voice told her something was wrong in their little world, so, an extremely sensitive child, she began to tremble and sob on mamma's bosom, till papa had to take down the magpie mocking in its cage, a-swing between the stiff lace curtains. He put on his helmet with the cock feathers covering one ear, kissed the child and mamma, and, telling Bruto "that matter would be all right," and that he was then going to put on the "Big Boot" (Italy), marched to his regiment.

Signora Bambino informed the cooks of Bruto's wedding, the cooks told the youth that peels the vegetables, he told the kitchen maid with a kiss, she told the house-maids, and they told the neighbors, certainly, for in one of the rear windows of Fourteenth Street where used to hang a curtain of dotted swiss across the lower panes, Bruto, standing among the sunflowers, saw the red haired maiden, with sad, shut eyes, stretch her mistress' mourning-veil—signified to Bruto that now, married, he was no longer in her heart. She would not listen to his voice again. The sunflowers were artificial. It was an age of artificial flowers—she had loved him so! Bruto's romantic shirt-bosom, gleaming below in the sweet shade, might be the white stone above her broken heart. The world was a mockery. He should never know the sequel, that in the afternoon of that fatal day she resigned her place and went to Tarrytown, sick at heart and not altogether right in mind.

It was a cool morning in September. Without, the sweet odors of decay rose from heaps of fallen leaves in basement and gutter. Horse-chestnuts dropped on the heads of fighting urchins and sent them to school. The air was as fresh as spring water. The trees gave up their Summer ghosts with the resignation of nuns in the last hour. The birds' voices were clearer than those of June, for all Nature appeared strong in the knowledge of why she had been made to endure all the long sweet pain, and was soon to understand in the dry intellectual light of white old age the meaning of the unquiet seed which men call life.

A gentle breeze blew a handful of yellow leaves into Pompeo Guasti's image shop, where he sat modeling a head of the young Antinous. Three friends lay on the snow-white floor, in talk with him as he worked. His wife was kneading plaster in a hothouse in the yard, where she grew violets and high-priced mushrooms for a fruiterer in Broadway.

"Look, Pompeo, don't send those cats out to-day. Those boys have tried to sell them all week. Nobody wants cats. Besides, they always come home without their spots or with their heads off the wire. Ladies handle them, but won't buy. Try the medallions to-day and those animals of Barye. The Singing boys by Botticelli always sell in the studios—try those."

"eh?" Signora Guasti's voice sounded as a second door in the open after an April shower. The three men on the floor fastened their gaze on the yellow leaves minnetting in a patch of checkered sunshine near the door.

"Giulia mio, I will let Luigi take a trayful of cats with new lemon spots, Ernesto the medallions and Giuseppe the others. I'll want your eye for this bust pretty soon. Boys, my sight is going fast. If it were not for la Guasti, I would put up the little green shutters and go back to Milan." His hearers watched the leaves turning into minted gold in the cheerful sun-patches.

"Ah, Italy!" sighed Giuseppe, spreading his fingers over his heart.

"You would like to be there, eh, Giuseppe? Well, we shall all be there some day. To be buried there is my last wish. Look, Giulia, you take care that I am buried in grandfather's plot in Genoa; you hear? He has a life-size statue there, standing on a raft in mid-ocean. Oh, it is grand! My father did it. Grandfather was wrecked at sea when he was only twenty-eight years old. Grandmother had kept a portrait, so my father under her fond eye did the marble to the life. If I could do such work, I would not be making thirsty cats and Venuses with their nerves showing."

"Good morning, doctor," the three said, smiling on Doctor Neri just entering, whom Guasti likens to Marcus Aurelius, from a certain faint resemblance in feature and nobleness of eye.

"What do you suppose can be the matter with that Bruto Dolce? I have been watching him in Washington Park for a full hour; he didn't see me, and changed his seat at least twenty times, like a somnambulist. He wears a ring that appears to hold some mystic power over him, for he would look at it and sigh till I thought all the houses were empty. Is he in love? You must know, all of you; he stops here at evening."

"Not now," said Ernesto. "Not for a long time. He is married now."

"Oh, well, I have never heard."

"Yes; he married Rosalia Gardini."

"Doctor," broke in Giulia, "what do you think of my big man there? Yesterday was so warm we were out for a walk in that park, and saw a young lady in a white dress, very simple; she looked like a lily on the altar at Easter. I pinched his arm, ha! ha! and asked him whether he remembered when I wore such a dress in Venice one day at a well, the year before he won me. He said he remembered. Didn't you, Pompeo? 'Well,' I said, 'old man, your dear is too old to wear such a dress now; she might wear a big hat like that to hide where the crows drink, but to wear such a dress you would have to give me back those days in Venice, Pompeo mio.' Look, this morning, when I awoke, what do you think I found on my bed? Two lawn dresses with Dresden ribbons, all tied up like candies; this cool morning, too. Now, what do you think of my old man, doctor?"

Pompeo laughed at all this, and, giving his wife a kiss, told her that love was never old, that a row of plaster cupids might turn into white dust, but love such as theirs would outlast all the art museums in the world. She looked straight at the doctor; but, as he had nothing to remark, and feeling the tears rising slowly, hastened back to the hothouse. Bruto Dolce, unnoticed at the door, heard Pompeo's speech, and stood amused for a minute.

"What did I tell you. There he is now dreaming again. For love's sake, Bruto, what ails you? I spied you in the park this morning. You were so strange, I was on the point of telling the Lonati's. It can't be love, for you are a married man, and so would go home if you felt lonesome and in need of that lovely sympathy."

"A married man, that's it. You understand, doctor; you are the first. Ah! I love my wife. Will Signora Guasti overhear, Pompeo?"

"No. This dust is coming in here, Giulia. I must shut the window. All right, my Bruto."

"Months ago, Rosalia—Rosalia Gardini—told me she loved me. I laughed. She asked me to marry her. Well, love to me—that is, love as we see it in Petrarch and the opera, was a kind of distemper, madness. It was not a product of 'sweet philosophy,' as we say. The world was for something better than the game of papa and mamma on the sands of time. We should leave our footprints here, as the poet sings—signs of labor and white living. There should be beauty in plenty, and always, but not of one kind like the helpless Venus and the sweet Clytie and the Bacchantes, which you and I, doctor, have seen in our motherland, but rather beauty of truth. I was a philosopher, you see. I sought truth, I tell you, everywhere. Symbols were in my bedroom; a sea-shell—well, that told me there was a sea; a little dry medlar from our garden at home—well, that told me there was an Italy. I promised myself that I would never marry. I could live with Rosalia as a saint, a brother, but, being a true philosopher, until I might prize this thing that took such fast hold of women's hearts and men's brains, leading them this way or that, I should regard my union with her as a mere story, an experiment. If I discovered that love was higher than the stars at which I gazed so fondly from my window, I would gaze above them; if it was a foolish thing, Rosalia and I must part forever. Let me tell you in a few words: Love has laid his magic hand on my very soul. I can't make it plain to you, but I seem to be a new man, born into a happier yet sadder world. I can't sleep, eat; I think of Rosalia, I dream of Rosalia. What does it mean? You say you saw me this morning, doctor; well, what do you think of me?"

"It is simple enough, Bruto mio; you are in love with your wife."

"I believe you," sighed Bruto, folding his arms and turning his face toward the door as though he had heard Rosalia call him home.

"It is very sad," said Pompeo.

"Love is a precious sadness. When I was studying surgery in Rome it made such a slave of me that I felt as you do, Bruto mio. Still there were studies and lectures not to be neglected even for Cleopatra, and Papa Neri was getting old, so I had to take two degrees at the same time—love and surgery. Pompeo knows the rest—that is, he knows my wife. Love is



EILEEN MORETTA.

greater than surgery; surgery only relieves the body. Philosophy, friend Bruto, is all right in its turn, but man must, first of all, let his animal nature graze, run wild; then comes your philosophy. Love is the first thing we do in life, and all our lives we are told it is the only thing we do in the life to come. Of course, one should not lose his head. My brother lost his the day before the wedding."

"Oh, doctor! how sad, eh?" exclaimed young Guiseppe.

"The wedding would be at 10 o'clock in the morning. The night before, at 10 o'clock, my brother, poor Rinaldo, went to his lodgings, so happy he could not sleep. At 1 o'clock in the morning he sent his secretary for some chloral. The secretary returned with the drug, and went to bed. My brother held a tumbler, and, as he supposed, counted the drops, but must have been thinking of her, for at 9, day time, Violette dressed in white satin and pearls was told that her lover was no more. He had taken an overdose. The happiness, you see, was too much. You, Bruto, had scientific habits. Men try to reduce love to a science, but it ends in nonsense."

"And the lady, Violette?" questioned Luigi.

"She is a famous harpist in Florence. Her reason was gone for two years. But the love remained; oh, yes! there are roses, white as her hair, all the year round at Rinaldo's tomb. Tell me, Bruto, why do you look at that ring so often? This morning you looked at it for a long time. Is it some infernal machine that works a spell over you?"

"No; it is only my wife's wedding ring."

"Well, what are you doing with it, you foolish fellow?" asked Pompeo.

"Oh, I wear it to-day because she said I might, that's all! I like to look at it. It brings peace and makes me feel light as air. I must be going. Good-by, dear doctor, Pompeo mio, Luigi, Guiseppe, Ernesto. I must go to the Goldoni. Don't the leaves smell delicious! Good-by!" As he went, bare headed, down the street, Pompeo, at the door, shouted: "Don't walk in the sunshine, you big fellow!"

One day in February, Rosalia fell ill. Bruto sat at her bedside till 5 in the afternoon, and then went to ask Doctor Neri to call again before midnight. During Bruto's absence a stream of watery sunshine, through the trees and window, touching, like the hand of a magnetic woman, the pale pillowed brow, soothed her to sleep. He returned with a cornucopia filled with strawberries, which he laid near her hand on the coverlid, and, arranging some white roses in a vase in the sunlight, waited.

"Oh, Bruto! You have been spending money again."

"What is money when you are ill? You are not going to leave me, Rosalia, all alone? Do you remember the day we took these rooms? We came in to look at them, and you sat just there on that cushion, clapping your hands, and saying you would never leave here because those swallows were on the ceiling."

"Well, now, don't they look real, Bruto?"

"I wish they would eat those strawberries."

"Where did you buy these strawberries, Bruto?"

"I didn't buy them. Signor Bambino gave them to me. He is giving a grand party to-day, and sent them to you because he knows you are ill. Then Giannina began to cry, and signora sent you these flowers. The doctor will be here to-night."

"To-night?" and Rosalia looked above the trees.

"Well, my dear Signora Dolce," said Neri, pressing her soft, white hands, "how do you feel to night?" She could not speak, but looked about for Bruto, who was standing in the hall. He heard the doctor say something about "quiet and hope," and Rosalia cry: "My husband, my husband!" and then felt himself pulled into the room by his sister-in-law, Maia Lonati.

"Oh, Bruto! Bruto! do you not see?" Rosalia hardly whispered, smiling. He would not take the child from Maia. He feared he would press it too warmly to his breast, kill it with too much love. Rosalia put out her arms. He watched Maia lay its little head on the mother's bosom. Then he knelt, and, one arm under the pillow, kissed the tiny wrinkling neck and the fairy hands that tried to tell him so much. Then Pasquale Lonati came in, and, having embraced Bruto and Rosalia, took Maia home.

Bruto sat all night by the moonlit window. Rosalia and the babe slept as the roses at his elbow. She cried for the doctor once, but, as Bruto started to go, called him back, saying that Neri was not needed after all. At four in the morning it snowed. She begged Bruto to get her a handful.

"But you will catch cold if I open the window. Why do you want the snow, dearest?"

"I want to make a snowball, just as I used to do when you passed the Lonatis' door two years ago. How you would laugh, Bruto, when I hit your big back. I knew I loved you then, but did not know how much till I saw how indifferent you were toward all the pretty girls in the neighborhood. I was not so very ugly myself, but never handsome. I was afraid you might be caught in a net by one woman who boasted to get you at her feet, Emilia Chiesa. She told me a lie about those coral earrings; she said you gave them to her on the day of Columbus' statue. I wouldn't look at you for weeks. Do you remember that, Bruto?"

He lowered his head.

"Get me the snow, dear. My hands are like hot bread." He did not stir for a minute, and then went slowly to the window. "Bruto! Bruto! Do you think it will harm me? If so, don't get it for me." He placed a saucerful on a chair at the bedside. She raised her arms to let the long white sleeves fall to the shoulders. Her pale, delicate hands rounded the snow and then slid exhausted to her side. Bruto lighted the lamp.

"You are weak, Rosalia. I should not have given it to you. It has done you no good. See, shall I call the doctor?"

"No, Bruto. Oh, you bad boy! You've been wearing my wedding-ring. Let me have it now." She looked ecstatic when he put the ring on her finger, and she begged him to put out the light, and turned her face toward the falling snow. A glaze crept over her deep blue eyes. Bruto, perceiving the change, called her three times, held her head between his hands, looked at her as though he were sure of answer, but Rosalia and her babe had quietly passed beyond all human intercourse. At sunlight he took the ring from the dead hand, and went to Pozzi, the goldsmith.

"What do you want, Bruto? You are as white as the house-tops. Speak, man, are you ill? Here, mother, give Signor Dolce a glass of wine!"

"No, no, Pozzi; I wish to know whether you can melt this gold ring into a bullet—a little ball for an ear-ring—Rosalia's ear-rings, you know, the pair with the gold bullets that swing in the large rings; well, she has lost one, and I thought to save a little by having this old ring melted down."

"Why, this is your wedding-ring!"

"No, no."

"It reads inside: 'To Rosalia from Bruto.'"

"I must have taken the wrong ring from home. My poor head; I don't know what I'm about this morning."

"Certainly, you must be in great trouble to wake me at 6 o'clock. We never open till 8. Is Rosalia worse?" Bruto was looking dreamily across the street at the chemist's window. "You don't answer?" A long pause.

"Rosalia—is—dead."

"Since when?" A longer pause.

"Half past five this morning. Our baby died, too. Now, what am I to live for?"

"And you come here, you big fellow, and want to make me an accomplice, to shape that ring to a bullet so that you might kill yourself? Shame, Bruto! I will lock the door and not let you into the street. You shall stay here all day."

"Away from Rosalia? You would not do that, Pozzi. You have more heart than that, my man!"

"Do you think I will let you go with that look in your eyes? Here"—and Pozzi held a handglass to Bruto's face—"see for yourself; you look ready for the grave. Don't look at those files there, for you can't reach them, nor Ferrari's drug shop, for I am going to watch you as a cat watches a church mouse. Do you hear, you simpleton?"

"No; I don't hear. Come, let us go to the Lonatis'!"

"Not a bad idea, my boy. We will go at once. Mother, hush, go to Rosalia's before us. Wipe your eyes, and never mind business to-day."

Have you seen Bruto since the funeral? I am told he held the dead child on his knees for a day and a night, when they had to force it from his arms. He has not since been seen. The Goldoni has done no business, and Signor Bambino offers him a partnership if Bruto Dolce will only return.

GEORGE LESOIR.



MRS. FISKE.

TO A DANCING GIRL.

A FROU-FROU of shimmering silk,
A swirl of some delicate lace,
A flash of two arms, white as milk,
A hint of an exquisite face—
Oh, she dances my heart quite away,—
It's caught in the glittering whirl!
Mrs. Grundy may say what she may—
I'm in love with a Gaiety girl!

CHORUS.

I'm in love—yes, in love!
My heart's in a glittering whirl!
She's entrancing—with her dancing,—
I'm in love with a Gaiety girl!

There's a snatch of a gay little tune,
A glimpse of two dear little feet—
Oh, she is a white rose of June—
So prettily modest and sweet!
Oh, her smile's like the sun on the sea,—
It gleams from the shimmering swirl
And its radiance falls full on me!
I'm in love with a Gaiety girl!

When I follow her steps with my eyes,
And try my fond love to express,
She takes little heed of my sighs,
And laughs at my silent distress.
She's gone—with a gay little laugh!—
To her lips there's the cruellest curl!—
And still—though the whole world may chaff—
I'm in love with a Gaiety girl!

LILLIAN ESTELLE WEILER.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

ON the opposite page will be found a reproduction of a letter written by Charlotte Cushman, never before published and possessing unusual interest. It was written to Mr. Grigg, who lived in Philadelphia at that time and who presented it to a lady, a warm admirer of Miss Cushman, and was treasured by her as one of her most precious possessions. A short time prior to her death in 1876 she gave the letter to its present owner, who has preserved it with religious care. There is much to learn from this letter of the character of Charlotte Cushman in the early days of her career; in it she portrays disappointment, hope, ambition to succeed in her profession, the desire to support her family, and an amiable hospitality. She wastes no words in her appeal, but comes straight to the point, and asks for a modest sum in a business-like manner, offering interest for the loan.

Although at the time this letter was written she had met with considerable success in this country, she longed for better opportunities for study, and, encouraged to go to England, she found herself for want of means compelled to borrow money to live while seeking an engagement in a foreign land. At that period it was no easy task to get an engagement, as our actors were termed "American Indians," and had to encounter violent prejudice. Her mode of study was to act in any part with the best actors, and to study their methods. Her genius was so great and her individuality so overwhelming that she later made her own methods, although it is related of her that she always regretted the want of early systematic training, and prized the opportunity of witnessing the performances of great actors. Let us hope that Mr. Grigg acceded to her request, as he probably did, for shortly after she accomplished her desire and left this country for England, where, after she succeeded in gaining an appearance, her success was phenomenal, and continued to the end of a long life. A brief *résumé* of her career may be interesting in connection with this letter, as she showed, even at the early period at which it was written, a business sagacity which put her "in the way of making much money," and gratified her ambition.

While playing with Macready in New York in the season of 1842-43 he remarks in his diary under date of October 23: "The Miss Cushman, who acted Lady Macbeth, interested me much. She has to learn her art." But Macready recognized her abilities as beyond question; otherwise he would not have invited her to play with him in New York, later in Boston, and still later to support him in England. Up on his advice she determined to go to England, and it was some time between Macready's visit to this country in 1843 and October 25, 1844, that the letter now published was written, as on the latter date she made her farewell appearance at the Park Theatre, New York, in *Much Ado About Nothing*, when Mr. Vandenhoff acted Benedick to her Beatrice. In his note book he thus speaks of it: "The house was by no means full; and she played Beatrice that night carelessly or over anxiously, I don't know which—the effect of either is much the same. I recollect particularly that she run one part of one act into another in a scene with me, in a very perplexed and perplexing manner. When we came off, she exclaimed: 'For heaven's sake what have I been doing?' 'Knocking the fourth and fifth acts together extemporaneously,' I replied. The truth is, she was disappointed with the house—the result being then of some moment to her. That audience little dreamt with what an accession of reputation and fortune she would return among them."

Miss Cushman, urged by Macready, whose parting words to her were: "Come to England, where your talents will be appreciated at their true value," sailed for England and reached there November 18, 1844. Upon arrival at Liverpool she found letters from Macready asking her to join him

in Paris, where he was playing with Helen Faucit; he told her he could not assure her leading parts, but she could make a beginning. She replied: "May I have Lady Macbeth? I will accede to your wishes in all other things." This Macready could not promise, as Miss Faucit was already alarmed by the praises of Miss Cushman. She proceeded to London, and Mr. Vandenhoff gives the following account of how she procured her first engagement there: "The manner in which she obtained her first engagement in England is so characteristic of the spirit and pluck of the woman that I cannot resist telling it as it was related to me by Maddox, the manager of the Princess Theatre, in 1845. On her first introduction to him Miss Cushman's personal gifts did not strike him as exactly those which go to make up a stage heroine, and he declined engaging her. Charlotte had certainly no great pretensions to beauty, but she had perseverance and energy, and knew that there was the right mettle in her; so she went to Paris with a view to finding an engagement there with an English company. She failed, too, in that, and returned to England more resolute than ever, bent on finding employment there because it was necessary to her. It was a matter of life or death almost. She armed herself, therefore, with letters (so Maddox told me) from persons who were likely to have weight with him, and again presented herself at the Princess'; but the little Hebrew was as obdurate as Shylock and still declined her proffered services. Repulsed, but not conquered, she rose to depart; but as she reached the door she turned and exclaimed: 'I know I have enemies in this country; but (and here she cast herself on her knees, raising her clenched hand aloft), so help me God! I'll defeat them.' She uttered this with the energy of Lady Macbeth, and the prophetic spirit of Meg Merrilies. 'Hello!' said Maddox to himself, 'She's got de shuff in her!' and he gave her an appearance and afterward an engagement in his theatre."

Of her first appearance as Bianca in *Fazio* the journals spoke with enthusiasm. Her engagement at the Princess' was continued through eighty-four nights. To her mother she wrote that her brilliant successes far exceeded her most sanguine expectations, and that in her most ambitious moments she never dreamed of the success that crowned her every effort. Her good fortune enabled her to send for her family, of whom she so feelingly writes to Mr. Grigg, and in the early Summer she established them in a house at Bayswater. At that place Miss Cushman studied *Romeo* and her sister Susan Juliet. The play achieved what at that time was an almost unheard of popularity, and had a run of eighty nights in London. She afterward met with equal success in the provinces, appearing as *Romeo* upward of two hundred nights.

In August, 1849, after an absence of five years, she sailed for America, and was heartily welcomed on her return. She made her reappearance on October 8, 1849, at the Broadway Theatre, New York, as Mrs. Haller in *The Stranger*. In the Summer of 1852 she returned to England, and from that time she acted with short intervals in that country or the United States. It would be impossible in this short sketch to give an idea of the quantity of work she accomplished. Her stage life was one long triumph, covering a period of many years. Her private life was equally triumphant, as never a breath of scandal sullied its purity. Although a constant sufferer for many years before her death, on February 18, 1876, from a most painful cancer, she never failed to work, and remained a student to the end. The number of parts she assumed seem almost incredible, ranging as they did from light comedy to heaviest tragedy, from the most feminine to masculine characters, equally well done; but the most prominent ones of her latter days were Queen Katharine, Meg Merrilies, and Lady Macbeth. Miss Cushman made her final appearance as Lady Macbeth on May 15, 1875, at the Globe Theatre in Boston, in which city she was born July 23, 1816. With her died the greatest actress this country has ever produced, indeed one of the greatest actresses the world has ever seen. Her art ranked with that of Rachel and Ristori, and no matter how small the part had hitherto appeared when assumed by Charlotte Cushman it carried away the audience when touched by her genius. It is related of her that on one occasion she could not for some reason play Lady Macbeth, and took the part of First Witch. She held the stage, and made of that minor role the principal one of the performance. It is gratifying to know that her genius was recognized before her death, and a public ovation, such as the world has seldom witnessed, was tendered her at Booth's Theatre, New York, on November 7, 1874, when William Cullen Bryant crowned her with a laurel wreath, and Richard Henry Stoddard wrote a poem in her honor, which was read by Charles Roberts before an audience composed of the most prominent men and women of that day, whose names represented the highest in art, culture, and society.

In an account of that evening the *New York Tribune* said: "From Booth's Theatre to the Fifth Avenue Hotel the street was so packed toward midnight as to be almost impassable. A glare of light from the theatre-porch, the torches of the Arcadian procession, and the street lamps illuminated the scene; and presently from the direction of Madison Square a burst of Roman candles and rockets added to the brilliance and excitement of this memorable midnight hour. Miss Cushman entered a carriage opposite the stage-door, and, amidst the cheers of the populace and a tumult like that of the old-fashioned Fourth of July, was driven to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where she presently appeared on the balcony and greeted the populace, while the Ninth Regiment Band performed a serenade, and the spaces and vistas of Madison Square were illumined with fireworks."

Her reverence for her art can in no way be so well told as in her own words: "I think I love and revere all arts equally, only putting my own first above the others, because in it I recognize the union and culmination of all. To me it seems as if when God conceived the world that was poetry; He formed it, and that was sculpture; He colored it, and that was painting; and then, crowning work of all, He peopled it with living beings, and that was the grand, divine, eternal drama."

K. M. W.



A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF
CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN

My dear Sir,

Pray excuse the liberty I am taking with you. but I am sure ⁱⁿ the goodness of your heart ~~that~~ you will do so. when you know my wants. I have for a long time sought an interview with you. & now now have come from New York for the purpose, but as usual have been disappointed. & now take this method of asking a favour—

I have been for a long time hoping & wishing to go to England for improvement. I am anxious to study there under some of the great masters. & it will be putting me in the way of making much money when I return to this country. for the support of my family who have for many years been dependent upon my meagre stipend you. my dear Mr. Briggs can assist me & would you but lend me for a year or so—upon interest from £50. to £100. You would be doing me a charity. & put me in the way of future affluence—

Pray give this consideration & let me hear from you. I wish you would visit N.Y. we will do every thing in our power to make you happy & comfortable & make your time pass agreeably—don't forget to let me hear an answer to this I believe me.

Most Sincerely Yours
C. J. Cushman

The New York Dramatic Mirror.

ON THE ROAD.

FROM Chicago to St. Paul—the snow falling in awful stillness, the train the only thing in all the land that seemed alive. The earth and the heaven, white and gray, symbols of sorrow. No one in the train had spoken for hours: even the company were quiet; gloom had settled upon us all. Hour after hour, mile after mile crept by; the snow fell; weariness of flesh and of spirit; rebellion in my heart against the fatigue and the monotony.

Two men opposite broke the silence at last and talked of the old days of the Northwest, when all the waste I saw outside was a wilderness, and they called each other's attention with pride to the squalid towns built on the homes of devastated forests and spoke in glowing praise of the wonders of America, of her progress, of her push, and of her spirit. Nothing there for a weary soul to lean on. More miles, more snow; an added restlessness as the day darkened into dusk. I read a bit by the failing light, but the day was passing and my mind no longer absorbed.

I rose, swayed down the aisle and drank a cup of water. I found a mother with a baby pressed to her breast. I borrowed the baby and talked to the mother, but babies lean on my soul and make me sad. I stumbled back to my seat. Out beyond the window stretched the prairies where the burned stumps of the trees that once had graced the land and honored God showed their pathetic little black faces peeping out from the white snow. They would be covered soon, reminders of man's greed and America's progress.

"This is a great country," enthusiastically repeated the man opposite.

"A great country!" I repeated to myself. "There is no great country on the earth, for men are nowhere greatly good, nor greatly wise, nor greatly true, and life is a weariness, a stupidity. It is still snowing, and the journey is long and tedious. I am tired, bored, rebellious, and I want to be amused."

Every passenger in the car seemed totally unprofitable for any such use. I could not feel an interest even in the little mother and her first baby going to her people for Christmas. Even when it is one's natural disposition to be interested in little things and all things, there are times when it is a real effort and a great virtue.

Nothing then in front of me, I turned restlessly, and my eyes fell on a man who sat directly behind me and whom I had not noticed before. As he was the only person now whose very clothes had not been catalogued and put away, I took advantage of the fact that he seemed asleep and looked him over. He was large, gray-haired, German evidently, a peculiar droop about the mouth, a patient, listless something about the whole face and figure that I could not quite understand. I looked again and then I knew. He was blind! Blind—does that word make the blood leave your heart? Does it give you a strange, tight pain in your throat, a desperate, bitter feeling that it cannot just be true that God lets people live to be blind?

Blind! The word rang in my ears. What joy to see the snow fall, and the stumps of the trees stick out their comical little faces from the dazzling white! How pretty the baby pressed to its mother's breast and the mother-love and pain in the young eyes! Well might the old men be glad to see the great plains of America change and harvest under their eyes and beneath the flag which waves for progress and for power.

I had dared to find the journey long, while behind me in true darkness, in gloom whose blackness my blackest mood had never dimly fathomed, that man, strong in body, with blood as red as mine coursing through his veins, with a mind to think and a heart to suffer, had sat, hour after hour, alone in the dark thinking and suffering. I jumped to my feet and went away, sat down by some one and talked, but "Blind, blind, blind!" shrieked through the car, deafened me. Mile upon mile, hour upon hour, he had sat there. He did not move. Now and then a weary sweep of his hand across his eyes. I told one of the men to go and speak to him, but he asked helplessly what he should say, and I could not tell him. Then I knew I must do it myself, but how? Whatever I might say would seem to mean: "I know that you are blind and I am sorry." I waited an hour trying to think of something, and then turned to say: "It's a gloomy day, isn't it?" Only this, after all my thought. A tremor of pleasure ran over his face, an eager look about his sightless eyes. He was not sure I had spoken to him. The pathos of it! So I repeated my silly question.

"I do not know—I am blind." He spoke slowly with a slight accent in a hushed voice.

"Yes, I know," I answered cheerfully. Then after an instant's pause, in which I felt the source of speech dry up within me, I remembered that, after all, the truth is always best. "That is why I spoke to you; it must be so tedious, this long journey alone, when one cannot even look out of the window. I thought you might like to have me talk to you; I would be glad to have you talk to me." He looked so pleased, like a poor little girl by a compliment. And so we talked, or rather I talked—talked of the trees, of the baby, of where we had been, and where we were going, about our play, and our company. He spoke little, but listened with deepest interest, a pathetically deep interest which yet made it hard for me to go on, until at last it all ended in my saying: "It is snowing harder than ever. Have you ever seen the snow?"

"Oh, yes!" he replied; "I have not been always blind—only fifteen years," and his face contracted into a strange, ghastly smile. I had noticed as we talked that peculiar smile which came whenever his sympathies were stirred, and was a sign of sorrow, not of joy. A silence came, but the expectant look upon his face made me know I must still speak on, and because of the pain I felt for him I wanted the words to express that pain. As I could not speak of God, I went to philosophy, the religion of the wise fool.

"Have you ever read Emerson?" I asked, knowing of course he had not, but I like people to talk to me of things I do not know.



FRANCESCA REDDING.

"I don't know whom you mean," he replied, simply. I hesitated. I had spoken, and then I did not know how to continue, but the expectant look upon his face forced me on, and so as one tells a big tale to a little child, I said: "He has written about things that people who have suffered understand. I spoke of him to you because it seemed to me that something he has said would help you a little. It is this idea, though this is not at all what he says, that everything in this world is, after all, about evenly divided. He calls it compensation, and means it to tell us that those who have great joys have great sorrows, that when we have some great affliction like yours, for instance, we are generally spared other troubles which might have pained us more." They were such empty sounds to my own ears as I heard them. God is better than philosophy. He was silent a moment, then that awful smile swept across his face.

"No," he spoke with absolute calmness, "it is not true. I have been spared nothing; for me only the curses. You wish to hear? You have been kind. I will tell you. You are sorry because I am blind. I do not mind that. What is that? You tell me where we are, and I show you where I live when a boy." I told him. "Two more stations." He did not speak, nor did I, until I said: "It was here, was it not?" "Yes," he replied; "you can see the road on the right?"

"No; it is too dark now," I answered.

"Yes, it must be dark now; to me it is always dark—I come here from Germany when I was a very little boy. I work on the farm with my uncle; after fifteen years I go away to Chicago, and work, and I save some money, then I get married. I like that woman I marry. I thought she was a good woman. We live together for thirteen years. One day I get sick, then when I was getting better my eyes they hurt me. First one eye get bad, then the other eye get bad, then I get blind, I can't work no more."

Good God, never let me see again a smile like that upon a human face; it is not right!

"I feel very sad for my wife; it is not good for a woman to have a man who is blind and can't work. One day when she say to me that I should gif to her the five thousand dollars we have saved, I say to myself: 'What for does she want me to do that?' But she say I am blind and can't take good care of it now, and I ask my brother August, who always live with us, if that was right, and he say 'Yes.' I think when I was no good any more I should do what she like, and I gif it to her. I like that woman, and we have been married thirteen years and have never had a word."

The conductor passed through the car, and stopped at our seat. "Can I do anything for you?" he asked of my companion. "Nothing, I thank you," was the reply, and, like all the world, he passed on. He could do nothing.

"One morning, a few days after I gif her that money, I come down stairs, and it was very quiet. I call 'Teresa!' and then I call 'August!' but no one answer me. I wonder where they can be. I sit down and wait. I wait all day; I have nothing to eat, for I cannot go 'round by myself like now. Then it comes night and they have not come, and I wait till the morning. I could see then if it was day or night. I go to my neighbor, by holding the fence with my hand, and I say to him will he send to Milwaukee for my sister, and he say 'Yes.' Then I go home and I wait. I am most crazy, but I wait. Then my sister come, and she shake my hand hard, and



PERVERTED REPARTÉE.

SHE—"THE PIANO FAIRLY SPEAKS TO ME. IT SAYS 'WHAT A DELICATE TOUCH YOU HAVE!'"
HE—"AND MY 'CELLO REMARKS THAT 'YOU'RE STRINGING ME!'"

say: "I have a telegram from Teresa; she has gone away, brother—she has gone with August!" I could not think this was true. I wait a little while and I think. Then I say to myself, "I will not tell my sister about that money, because Teresa was my wife, and it was not goot that a man should speak things against his wife."

Again a little silence, then in an impassive monotone he added: "She has never sent me a word to say how was I, and I liked that woman, and we have lived together thirteen years and never had a word."

"What a wicked, wicked woman!" I exclaimed.

"No, you must not say that," he answered. "It is not goot for a woman to have a man who is blind for a husband."

I leaned over and took the poor hand that had groped its way through the awful years, and said: "I am so sorry, so very, very sorry. May God help you!" I believe he understood and was comforted.

BRANDON DOUGLAS.

"THE PLAY'S THE THING."

I HARDLY like to occupy your valuable space with personal matter of so trifling an order, but really, at the time (years ago, fortunately) the incident had a most important bearing upon our immediate requirements. Our venture in comic opera had been most unsuccessful, and the end came abruptly, with the enterprising manager very considerably in our debt. Gathering ourselves together, as it were, it occurred to us that we could better stand the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, in a very modest establishment of our own. We discovered a little flat and furnished it in the simplest manner. Our sitting-room had to remain in a state of nature, so to speak, as our funds would not admit the luxury of furniture of description so elaborate as is demanded by sitting rooms.

Songly installed in our own home, we could work out our salvation and live according to our slender and uncertain means. The Puritan simplicity of our surroundings did not lessen our contentment, nor dampen our enjoyment. A few little plants, a hyacinth or two, a little caged songster and a sweet little baby voice gladdened our home and lightened our cares. Thus encouraged, blessed hope grew strong again.

Our sitting-room, with its open grate, we converted into a grand play-room. The bare floors were just the thing for our romps, and the huge fire sparkled and crackled and roared at our games. It was almost a disappointment when our means enabled us to furnish that sitting room, and most unexpectedly the opportunity came about for us to do so.

A lady called upon us with a letter of introduction from one of my artist

friends. She proceeded to explain that she was desirous of appearing in the guise of dramatic author. She knew nothing of the requirements of that most difficult branch of literature. She had an idea, a pet idea, which she felt certain was susceptible of dramatic treatment. She produced a very slim scenario, and begged me to undertake the matter for her. The comedy must be in four acts, she insisted, and ready for her by Thursday—it was Monday when she presented herself—and if she approved of my work she promised to pay me a snug sum. Her offer opened up to view a new *El Dorado*. The amount offered seemed a small fortune.

My name was not to appear in the transaction at all, but from one point of view, at least, this was an evident advantage. After some argument, an extension of time was granted, and I promised completion of the work by Saturday morning. That gave me four days and nights for the effort. The playroom became my workroom. I rolled off sheet after sheet of arrant nonsense, my wife copying away for dear life. The pressure was tremendous. We sat up all night. Meals were forgotten and sleep defied until the poor brain rebelled. Something had to be done. A great poet, it is said, derived inspiration from gin and water. I would try gin and milk. This was a rude shock to my helpmate's ideas on the subject of temperance and moderation, but I prevailed, arguing that my stimulant was a modification of the poet's; the nourishment derived from the milk and the brain stimulant yielded by the juniper juice was all that I required, and so, at regular intervals, homoeopathic doses of the beverage were supplied and the four acts of the play were at last completed. Gaunt, and weary, and worn, we received the lady on Saturday morning and went through the ordeal of reading that which had been so hastily prepared. To our delighted amazement, she pronounced herself charmed with the play and generously paid into itching palms the amount agreed upon. She left immediately for Washington, and we saw her no more. What was the fate of the play I never knew. I am only certain of one thing, and that is that it was *never produced*.

FELIX MORRIS.

TRANSITION.

OUT of this known world into the next—
A sober, solemn and fearful text!
From somewhere to nowhere—a question vexed,
Leaving the imagery sore perplexed:
The body here mouldering, the soul annexed
To oblivion—a book unindexed.

RUSS WHYTEAL.

GOD'S WAYS.

I.

LIKE one who sits before a mimic stage,
And sees the jealous curtain slowly rise,
While he lends heart and soul, and ears and eyes,
To laughter, tears, misfortune, triumph, rage,
And all that can humanity engage,
Till, towards the puerile end, he leaves and sighs,
As he is stricken with a sad surprise,
Like one who turns and reads a last, dull page:—
So man, exultant in his early pride,
Surveys the world's wide stage before his feet,
While heart and soul expectant throb and glow:
Till feeble age steals softly to his side,
And waves him, sighing, to that dim retreat
Where he, and not unwillingly, must go.

II.

How hard it is to die when hope is young:
When pleasure's fingers steal into the palm:
When days, as salt, are sweet, and nights are calm:
When sleep comes at a nod: when morn has flung
Its countless golden lances down among
The countless eyes that leap to some new charm,
While nature's heart exhales a subtle balm
As fragrant as a lark's song early sung:—
Then we would live till time's old bones are dust,
But when old, gradual age comes with his load,
For heart, and head, and limbs, and soul, and face,
How easy then to leave life's care and rust,
And totter feebly down the lonely road,
To reach at last man's great abiding place.

III.

Well, very busy, old, and wise is God,
And strange His ways at times to you and me:
But if our troubled souls had eyes to see,
Perhaps we'd kiss the hand that holds the rod,
Though all our selfish hopes were 'neath the sod,
And black despair were roaming, fierce and free,
Within our soul's deep corridors: for we
Might bend, as trees, when great winds go abroad.
When storms ride forth, to purify the world,
The wise trees know, and bend, but do not break:
The hollow-hearted groan, and fall, to die.
And so with man, when at his soul is hurled
The tempest that shall either mar or make
The heart that's loved so tenderly on high.

IV.

A great commander sits upon his steed,
To watch the tide of battle ebb and flow,
Far from where his men so bravely go:
And yet his heart is with them where they bleed.
He cannot know each soldier's wound and need,
Each valiant act or weak, he cannot know:
Nor shriek, nor groan; he cannot stop one blow
That maims or slays the man of daring deed.
Yet, when he walks about among his dead,
His great heart swells with pity, love and tears:
The dying see him from the blood-soaked soil:
And then they know he knows, and doubt has fled,
Before their winged souls soar above the spheres,
To live forever in the light of God.

JOHN ERNEST McCANN.

THE TIGER'S EYE.

IT was an opal, of great value and of transcendent beauty—of the species known to connoisseurs as the fire-opal. In color it was of a transparent reddish brown, flecked with flame-like streaks and burning from its glowing heart outward with a lustre that was almost demonic.

It lay in the centre of a slab of Mexican onyx which formed the top of a small table, on opposite sides of which sat two charming girls, both of whom gazed on it as if fascinated, occasionally casting at each other glances that seemed half terrified but intensely interested. From time to time they answered each other's looks with mocking laughter—which was not all laughter, either, for the sound was too constrained and painful for true merriment.

"It is beautiful—wonderful," exclaimed Netta Henderson; "but I'm afraid of it. You know opals are always unlucky, Miriam."

"I don't know any such nonsense," replied Miriam Kellogg, with the proper contempt of a mind above superstition. She put out her hand toward the jewel as she spoke, and gingerly touched it with the tip of one white, tapering finger—which was instantly withdrawn again as suddenly as if the opal had been charged with electricity.

"You're afraid of it, Miriam! Don't deny it!"

"I am not!" declared the other, snatching the jewel in a resolute grasp. "There! It is like the nettle—a bold grasp disarms it; and now that I hold it closely, Netta, I vow that I can feel a warm glow all over me from the palm of my hand to the centre of my heart."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"I don't quite know—keep it, I suppose, since I can't find the owner. I've done what I could—the advertisement has been in every paper in New York for more than a week; and I have had some fifty applicants, more or less. It has cost me a pretty sum already between paying for advertisements, waiting my time on interviews, and receiving callers—each one of whom was certain that he or she alone was the true and only owner of the mysterious jewel. And, worse than all else, I am now accused of having invented the opal as a means of advertising myself before I start for England."

"What impudence! But we poor actor girls have lots of injustice to bear! Tell me, Miriam, where did you find it? You have never told me the whole affair."

"I found it directly at my feet, as if it had dropped there out of the air, just as I stepped out of the stage-door after rehearsal a week ago last Monday; and I am certain it was not there two seconds before, for I almost stepped on it, and you know I am careful where I step, ever since I sprained my ankle."

"Was it in a case?"

"No, uncovered—just as it lies now," and she put the opal back on the table, where it flamed like fire as it seemed to catch and centre in itself the sunlight that streamed through the window.

"It is beautiful!" exclaimed Netta. "But of all who came to claim it, Miriam, has no one seemed to be the honest owner?"

"Not one—all frauds and swindlers! They described dozens of jewels—cameos, diamonds, emeralds, sapphires—everything, in short, except an opal. You see it is so simple, yet so unusual. No one could guess at it—see how it glows and burns now! It might have been the eye of some ancient god; and then the setting—just like a silver claw!"

"It looks like a tiger's claw."

"Inclosing its own eye," laughed Miriam. "Rather awful, Netta, but suggestive. I wanted a good name for my opal, and now I have it. 'The Tiger's Eye'—but we cannot linger over it any longer. As I can't afford the luxury of a maid on my salary, I must do my own packing; and you had better follow my example."

"Glad enough to follow you in anything, dear," and the two girls were soon absorbed in the difficult task of making two small steamer trunks hold an amount of dresses, bodices, and chiffons generally that called out loudly for more room.

Several weeks later the scene had changed to the interior of a first-class railway carriage on the Great Northern from London to Edinburgh. In the carriage were three passengers—a courtly, florid-looking Englishman wearing a great amount of cheap jewelry, and apparently conscious of nothing so much as of his own importance; a tall, foreign-looking man with dark eyes, and hair of the far-famed raven hue, a silken moustache, just a shade or two lighter, barely concealing a well-formed, delicate mouth, and one ungloved hand as slender and almost as white as Miriam's own—for, of course, the third passenger was Miriam Kellogg, quite well known by this time in many of the best theatrical towns of England as one of the most charming and talented of the young actresses sent over to the mother country by its prosperous and self-willed elder son.

By all the rules of nomenclature, so strenuously insisted upon by the greatest of French writers, Miriam should have looked the original of Byron's maiden who "walks in beauty like the night of Orient climes and starry skies," while "all that's best of dark and bright" should have met "in her aspect and her eyes"—but, alas! for the contrary ways of the modern heroine, especially when she comes from the western shores of the Atlantic!

Miriam had a way of setting all sorts of authors, French and otherwise, at defiance; and her personal appearance was a perpetual ridicule of Balzac's theory. She was of slight and sylph-like figure; her abundant hair was like corn silk, curling slightly about the temple and massed in a coil of pale gold above the nape of her graceful neck; and her complexion would have turned a blush rose white with envy. Her tailor-made costume of dark blue cloth and her coquettish hat of velvet and ostrich tips of the same color served as a vivid background for her blonde beauty; and of this fact at least one of her traveling companions seemed abundantly conscious.

Whether or not Miriam observed this fact, only she could say positively—for that charming and almost infantile countenance had in repose a power of looking serenely unconscious that would have baffled the most experienced detective; but to all appearance she was not aware of the existence of the occupants of the compartment. Presently she drew a letter from the pocket of her jacket, and while she perused it a faint smile slowly irradiated her placid countenance, for she was really fond of the writer, and it seemed as if the contents of the letter amused her.

Netta Henderson warned her again and again to be very careful of "The Tiger's Eye"—that mysterious jewel which had already become celebrated in two hemispheres—and which, although an opal, had not yet brought ill-luck of any kind to its possessor. Indeed, Miriam had renamed it her "Mascot" in token of the good luck, professional and otherwise, which, as she declared, it had brought to her.

"Don't let it out of your sight, Mirie," Netta wrote, "for this time I know there is a plot on foot to steal it from you. I suppose, dear, you will

persist in laughing at my fears, but I truly overheard two wretches speak of it to-day—they called it 'The Tiger's Eye,' and spoke of its great value and the necessity of procuring it at any price. I do wish you wouldn't carry it about in that little satchel. You know it is no longer possible to keep the thing a secret—it is quite well known that you are the owner of 'The Tiger's Eye,' and however valuable it may be in reality that value has now become fabulous since the story of it got into print, and has been copied over here in several of the theatrical papers. I feel sure half the thieves in London are watching you every time you take a hansom or get into a railway carriage. I have ordered rooms at the Waverley, and will be there to meet you. If I hear anything further of a suspicious character I shall wire you before you leave London."

When she had finished reading, Miriam carelessly opened her little satchel, slipped the folded paper into it, and snapped the steel fastening almost viciously—glancing at the dark, foreign-looking gentleman as she did so, for she did not waste even a look on the other man. Her grasp tightened on the little satchel, which was a pretty thing made of lizard skin and ornamented with its owner's initials in a silver monogram. It bulged with its contents suggesting that it probably contained other articles of value besides "The Tiger's Eye;" and, if appearances could be taken as any indication, it was evident that Miss Kellogg treasured the satchel, for she looked at it often, and even sighed once or twice as if with repressed anxiety. Suddenly she drew from a second pocket a slip of paper that proved to be a telegraphic message, and in her new interest while reading the message the satchel slipped from her loosened grasp and fell against the folds of her skirt, where it lay, apparently unnoticed. The message was short: "Be on your guard—a tall, dark, foreign looking man. Netta Henderson."

Miriam read these words more than once with a quite inscrutable smile playing about her lovely mouth, and occasionally her eyes shot a quick, almost quizzical glance through their long lashes at the handsome foreign-looking man on the opposite seat, who seemed not wholly unconscious of her scrutiny and somewhat embarrassed by it. The night waned. Miriam had fallen asleep from time to time; and always when she awoke it seemed to her that some effort had been made for her comfort—once it was a rug that had been thrown over her; another time a small silk-covered pillow had been slipped under her head against the seat; and a third time the gentleman uttered a few words of apology—remarking that the facilities for comfort in railway travel in Great Britain were far inferior to those in—well, in some other countries.

"Yes," said Miriam, rousing herself, "we do those things better in America—this doesn't compare favorably with our Pullman or Wagner carriages."

"No, indeed," responded her companion, eagerly, and without any foreign accent, such as one might have anticipated from his looks. "I have always thought our—that is, I mean—traveling in America—"

"Oh, don't deny your nationality!" said Miriam, with a slightly mocking laugh. "I recognized you at once as an American—besides, I feel sure that I have seen you in New York."

"I have been there," replied the foreign looking gentleman, in subdued tones.

"It's quite a nice town," Miriam continued. "I shall be glad to get back again."

She put her hand out toward the window, and her companion hastened to raise the curtain, letting in the gray light of early morning.

"How glad I am to see the daylight," said Miriam, fervently, "nothing will ever persuade me to travel by night again in this dear old country."

Glancing about she became aware that the third occupant of the carriage was no longer to be seen—and at the same moment she remembered her satchel and began a wild search for it.

"What is the matter—have you lost anything, Miss Kellogg?" asked the gentleman, unguardedly.

"Lost anything? I should hope not—my satchel is mislaid, that's all—it will be found in a moment—how did you know my name, sir?"

"Your name?" repeated the gentleman. "Oh, well Miss Kellogg, who doesn't know your name—and—your fame."

"Oh, yes, of course—I'm an actress," Miriam said, lightly. "I ought to remember that every one knows us once our faces get into every shop window and our names into the newspapers. Where is that satchel? I hope I haven't lost it."

"Are you quite sure you had it?" asked her companion, anxiously.



MILDRED HOLLAND AS FAN FAN.

"Positively—I never travel without it. Other actresses leave their valuables in charge of their maid. But I can't afford that luxury—I'm not distinguished enough as yet. Why, the satchel is lost beyond question—it is not in this carriage—it must have dropped from my hand when I fell asleep."

"Was it very valuable?"

"Oh, priceless—to me. It was the gift of a friend, and the silver monogram was too lovely for anything—besides, good heavens! I put her letter in it—oh! I have been robbed—I know I have been robbed—I'm sure there was another man in the carriage!"

"Yes, there was—he must have left the train some time during the night. I remember now that I dozed off some hours ago, and when I awoke that man was gone."

"Then he was a thief?" exclaimed Miriam, excitedly; "he has carried off my satchel! Oh! how could I be so careless, after being warned, too—"

"Warned?" exclaimed her companion. "Had you reason to suppose you would be robbed?"

"Of course, I had—my friend wrote to me first—then she telegraphed—look! I received this just as I entered the train—read for yourself—there's the dispatch," and she held it under his eyes, steadily, watching with demure smiles the flush of amazement that dyed his face, even to the temples.

"But this doesn't describe that man," he said, stupidly.

"Of course not—she was mistaken—unless you are an accomplice! You see the description reads 'a tall, dark, foreign-looking man.' I won't make use of this—because it would only confuse the detective—for, of course, I must have a detective. Fortunately I know you, and I'm not going to mistake you for a—well—a—one who covets his neighbor's goods."



THE LIGHTS

SEE her flit in the calcium white,
A nymph who never knew the night,
Like fine spun gold her flowing hair,
Parian marble her shoulders bare;
Her bosom chaste and pure as snow,
Lithe icicles her limbs below—
A fairy—goddess—far above
The very thought of mortal love,
She seems in that celestial light
An angel ever fair and bright.

Behold, a warm and rosy glow
Suffuses now the erstwhile snow;
Sweet blushes burn upon her cheek
And bid her tender eyes to speak
The modest invitations of
A living, glowing, gentle love.
The while her dainty limbs are dight
In softly blended pink and white—
A Venus from the seafam horn—
Aurora heralding the morn.

Rich purple shadows, like a pall,
Upon her graceful figure fall;
Her face is flushed as if with wine,
As burning stars her bright eyes shine;
Like rich, ripe grapes beneath the leaves
Her palpitating bosom heaves;
Entrancing shadows lurk below,
Her limbs with blood and passion glow;
A siren bathed in languorous light,
She fascinates each hapless wight.

A lurid, ghastly, gruesome green
Suffuses all the glowing scene;
See, how her siren beauty dies—
Dark shadows frame her glassy eyes—
Her cheeks are sunken, pallid, thin—
Her smile becomes a ghastly grin—
Her hair is mouldered, dank and gray—
Her bosom festering away—
Beware, rash lover, oh, beware,
It is the Death's head mocking there.

WILLARD HOLCOMB

"You know me?" in a very puzzled tone and with a great increase of the flush which had been subsiding.

"Yes—all but your name," and Miriam laughed, mischievously. "You always sent such beautiful flowers, and you occupied that seat in the orchestra so persistently that I couldn't act at all on the one night that I failed to see you there; but do what I would I could not learn your name."

"Let me supply that deficiency," and he humbly presented a small oblong piece of pasteboard.

"Mr. Emilio Calaveras," Miriam read slowly. "What a fine name! Of Spanish ancestry, of course—a Mexican, perhaps? Ah! that accounts for your dark and foreign appearance—also, for—other things."

"But your satchel, Miss Kellogg—you have been robbed, all the same, and the satchel must be recovered."

"Indeed, yes," said Miriam, "for it is far more valuable to me than the thief will find it—ah! I would like to see that fellow when he turns out the contents of my satchel," she concluded, with a laugh that was very mystifying to her listener.

And then as the train slowed and stopped Mr. Calaveras hastened out to tell the guard that Miss Kellogg had been robbed and to furnish such information as he could, and then to telegraph to Scotland Yard. After that was done he devoted himself to the service of Miss Kellogg till he saw her safe to her hotel, and in the care of her friend, Netta Henderson, who was already wringing her hands in despair, for the news of the robbery had traveled to Edinburgh with electric swiftness, and a dozen versions of it had reached Netta before Miriam's arrival.

"Oh, Mirie!" she exclaimed the moment they were alone together, "then you have lost it for good, I'm afraid—after my letter and telegram, too!"

Miriam sank into the nearest chair, answering her excited friend at first with only a slight smile.

"Your warnings were somewhat incoherent," she said, "as the thief was evidently a professional and made up for the part—while the dark, foreign-looking man turns out to be an old acquaintance. I recognized him immediately, though I learned his name only to day. I think I have caught a glimpse of him several times, too, since I came to England. Mr. Calaveras would need no deep laid plot to recover the mysterious opal—in case he wants it he has only to ask for it."

Netta Henderson blushed furiously, and, turning away quickly, walked to the window and looked out for a minute or more without seeing anything, though she had an uneasy sense that Miriam's glance was fixed upon her, mockingly and triumphantly.

"Don't worry about 'The Tiger's Eye,' Netta dear," said Miriam. "See

how it sparkles—bright and beautiful as ever, and quite safe."

"Then you didn't carry it in the satchel?" exclaimed Netta. "Oh, I am glad!"

"I never carry it in the satchel—goose! What woman carries a mascot openly in her hand for thieves to run away with! No, no, little Netta! I wasn't born yesterday."

"No," murmured Netta; "but I begin to fear that I was."

"Has Charley Gordon arrived yet?" asked Miriam, carelessly; and knotting a lace fichu at her throat she pinned "The Tiger's Eye" into it.

"Yes—he came by the late train last night."

Netta's voice was low and constrained, and she was very pale in contrast to the flush that had dyed her face a few minutes earlier.

"Do you intend to wear that jewel, Miriam, in plain sight like that?"

"Certainly—I never said I had lost it. I only made complaint of having had my satchel stolen. Besides, Mr. Calaveras is going to breakfast with us, and perhaps he would like to know that 'The Tiger's Eye' is safe."

"I'm sure he would," said Netta, with a sudden brightening. "So he is going to breakfast with us? Do you like him, Mirie?"

"Well, dear, I can hardly say on such brief acquaintance. But I think him an eminently likable person. Come, let us go to the coffee-room. I'm hungry enough to enjoy even bacon and eggs, and I'm told the Scotch can do better than that—they are said to excel in the matter of breakfast."

In the coffee-room the two girls found Mr. Calaveras and also Charley Gordon apparently on as good terms as if they had been friends of many years; and Miriam presented the dark, foreign looking gentleman to Netta with almost ostentatious ceremony. Then, as if anxious to give them every opportunity to improve the acquaintance, she devoted herself to Charley Gordon, at which Miss Henderson's momentary brightness disappeared, and her manner became constrained and cold, while her face again lost its customary pretty pinkness and looked sad and pale. She made no effort to reply to her companion's attempts at conversation, and seemed to clearly understand only a single remark—which was made so pointedly and in a tone so low that she felt compelled to answer it.

"What on earth possessed you to wire such a message to Miss Kellogg?" said Mr. Calaveras, in an angry whisper.

"It was intended to help you, of course," was the answer in a similar tone. "Mystery is always interesting. It attracted her attention—otherwise she mightn't even have looked at you. As it was, you may be sure she watched you as a cat watches cream."

"But she might have thought I—well—she might have thought I was unduly interested in her."

"And are you not? I wish you were a thief, indeed—if you would only steal her! Look at her—I wonder if she isn't a thief now! What else do you call it?"

The dark cheek of the foreign looking American flushed deeply, and he bestowed a glance of indignation on Netta, while he answered in a severe tone:

"Miss Henderson, I believe that you do your friend injustice."

"Oh, I'm sure I hope so!" replied Netta, and far from being angry the words and manner of Mr. Calaveras seemed to give her pleasure.

Before the day was at an end word had been received of Miriam's satchel. The police officials were most creditably busy, and two days later the satchel was returned to its owner intact—but empty, except for a letter and several crumpled bundles of paper which had been found in the hedge where it had been flung—with what violence and disgust Miriam could easily imagine. But she received it with delight, assuring the official who returned it that the letter was, to her, the only valuable article the satchel had contained—and while he received this information with amazement the handsome tip she placed in his open palm enabled him to conceal his feelings.

For the next few weeks "The Tiger's Eye" and Miss Kellogg's satchel played star engagements in the gossip of the day; and their adventures, real or imaginary, would make a story quite too long for a limited number of columns; Miss Kellogg also played many parts, star and otherwise, and Netta Henderson more than once touched the limits of a friend's endurance, while the little drama began to look too serious for comedy.

The English season was over at last, and the several members of the American company were gathering in London for the start homeward by way of Southampton. Netta and Miriam were alone together—something which had not happened for two weeks or more; and Miriam was looking almost as serious as her friend, for the little game she had been playing with so much quiet amusement was over, and Netta looked so very pale and sad that she felt angry with herself for having carried it so far.

"It hasn't been stolen after all," said Netta, looking bitterly at the "The Tiger's Eye" which Miriam was wearing as usual, to hold together the folds

of her lace fichu. "It is a mascot, too—it has brought you only good luck!"

"As to that, Netta dear, I'm not quite sure—I shall find it no mascot if it loses me the dearest friend in the world."

"No, no, Mirie," Netta interrupted, her cheek flushed and tears rushing to her eyes. "don't think me mean enough to grudge him to you since you really love him. That he should love you is a foregone conclusion, and what hurt me most was that you were, perhaps, only amusing yourself—that you cared nothing for him, while I—"

"While you, dear?"

"Loved and love him forever with all my heart, Miriam! I'm not ashamed to own it, even though you should tell him what I say! But I know you won't, and I hope you may both be happy—as happy—as—"

Her voice broke and the tears bravely held back overflowed in a passionate burst of grief.

Miriam caught her friend in a sudden warm embrace.

"Netta! Forgive me! I never dreamed of hurting you like this—though you did deserve a little bit of punishment for thinking so badly of me!"

"Punishment—thinking badly of you—how?"

"To think me capable of taking my one dear friend's sweetheart! You little goose, I have been playing your hand as well as my own all this time! Oh, I've made it hard work for Charley Gordon to make love to you. I have fanned that gentle passion into a devouring flame. My dear, he is just mad with love for you and crazy with jealousy at those tete-a-tetes I have forced you into with Mr. Calaveras."

"In love—jealous of me—oh, Miriam!"

"Don't trouble about that, Netta—it is the best thing on earth to keep a lover constant; and now all you have to do is to keep it up. Never let Charley Gordon suspect how much you are in love with him. Oh! there—there! Don't hug me so—I can scarcely breathe!"

"Miriam—you darling—but you are in love with some one—I see it in your face—is it?"

"Well, yes; I suppose so—any way, I have said he might think so if he wants to—it must be this mascot, I suppose. You know if one finds 'The Tiger's Eye' one must fall in love with its owner."

"But that's only a superstition! Oh, Miriam!"

Netta withdrew suddenly from her friend's embrace, and hid her face in her hands. Then between her fingers she looked up at her and laughed.

"You little hypocrite," she said, "I believe you have known it all from the first."

"That you arranged the mystery of 'The Tiger's Eye' to excite my curiosity—that Calaveras threw it at my feet that morning when I came hurriedly out of the stage-door; that he told you the legend of finding it and falling in love with the owner; that you thought nothing would save me from falling in love with Charley so thoroughly as falling in love with some one else; that Calaveras is as full of romance and superstition as all his Spanish ancestry put together—in short, dear, that I know all, and what I didn't know I soon guessed, for you are no actress, dear—off the stage. But, hush! Here they come, Netta—Charley and Calaveras. They must not know all that we know. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, but too much is a great deal worse—the masculine mind can't stand it."

"But you forgive me, Miriam?"

"Yes, I forgive you."

ELIZABETH C. WINTER.

LIFE'S PICTURES.

I SAT 'midst the purple heather,
The golden gorse grew nigh,
And gazed from the lonely hillside
On the river gliding by.
The sun o'er its glassy surface
Was flinging a path of flame,
And over this bridge of glory
A fair child-spirit came.

"Oh, I am come from Dreamland;
Return with me," he cried,
And he kissed mine eyelids softly,
And would not be denied.
Over the river and onward
To a region dim and fair—
To a palace built of cloud-drift—
And stored with treasures rare.

"Oh, come and gaze on my pictures,"
My guiding spirit said;
And I followed in mute obedience
Where his noiseless footsteps led:
To a dim and echoing vista—
'Twas the Hall of Memory—
There hung the magic pictures,
And all were known to me!

The first was a fragrant garden,
And in it a boy at play,
With humming bees in the roses
And songbirds on every spray;
And under the bending branches,
Flushed with a ruddy glow,
He shouts as he swings in the sunlight
Merrily to and fro!

The second was even fairer—

Down by the lone seashore
Where the surges whisper softly
Love secrets evermore—

A youth and a maiden, plighted,
Are wandering long and far,

By the side of the slumbering ocean,

'Neath the light of the evening star.

In the next, the ruddy fire-light

Plays on a merry group,

As into the curtained chamber

The laughing children troop;

And the husband gazes fondly

On his chosen, radiant bride,

And the cluster of little faces

Now gathering by her side.

Oh, sad is the next dear picture!

It hangs in an ebony frame.

How changed is its wintry aspect;

Yet the room is still the same.

But a stricken man is kneeling

Alone in the morning gray;

An open letter beside him,

And the fire has died away!

Gone are the joys of the home-life,

Of the innocent days of yore.

The children whisper and wonder

Why mother returns no more;

No more to the peaceful shelter

Of the hearth she loved so well,

But she wanders madly onward

'Neath a dark, unholy spell.

Then I view a poor, low pallet—

In the hospital's dreary ward—

The hands of the Fatal Sisters

Are loos'ning the silver cord.

For a woman is slowly dying

Of shame and a deep despair,

While the faithful heart she has broken

Echoes her parting prayer.

And the last is a distant hillside,

'Tis mantled with purple heath.

And a lonely man is gazing

On the river that runs beneath;

And the vision is past and faded,

The pictures have died in air.

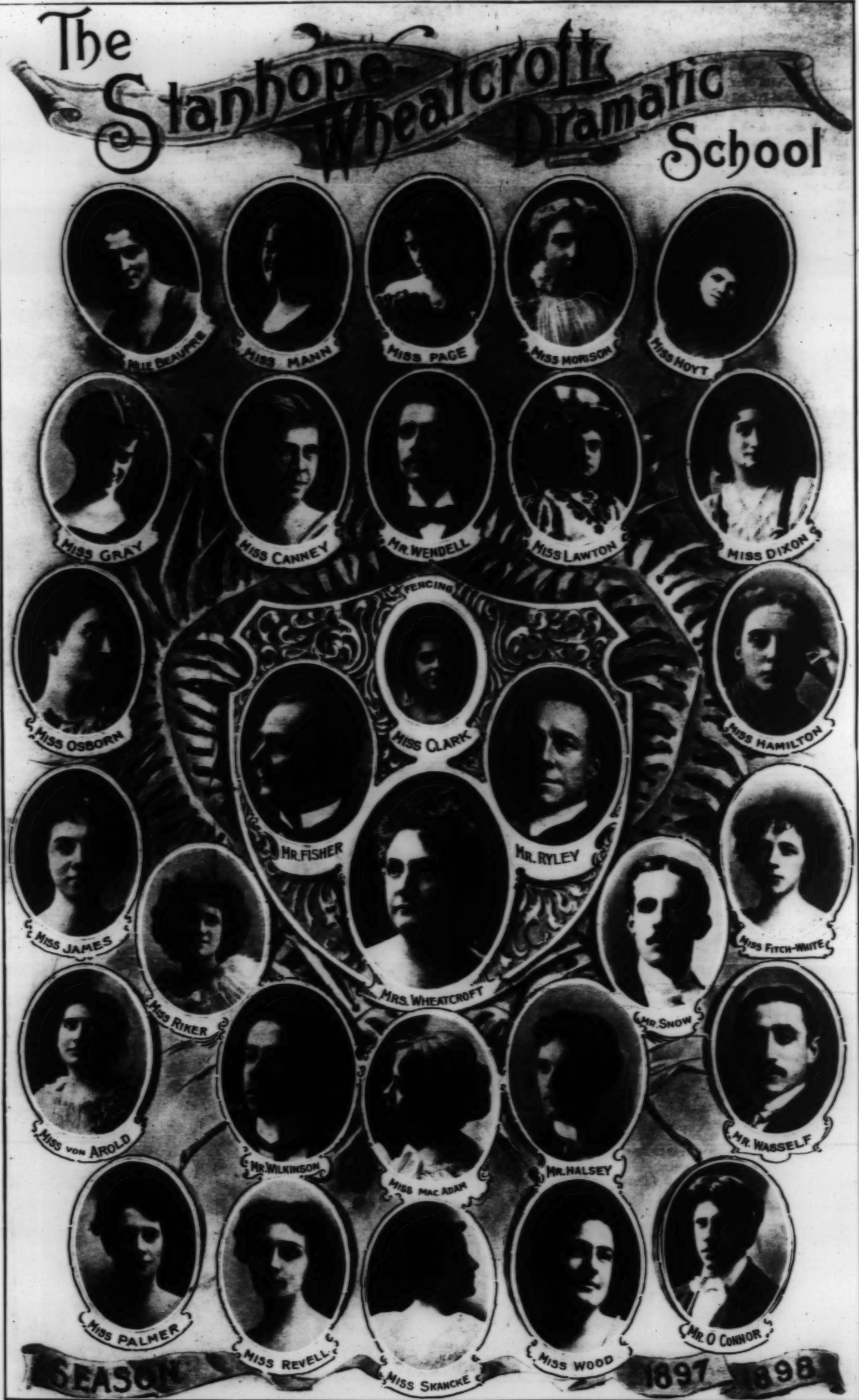
And the days to come will be empty—

Life's canvas is blank and bare!

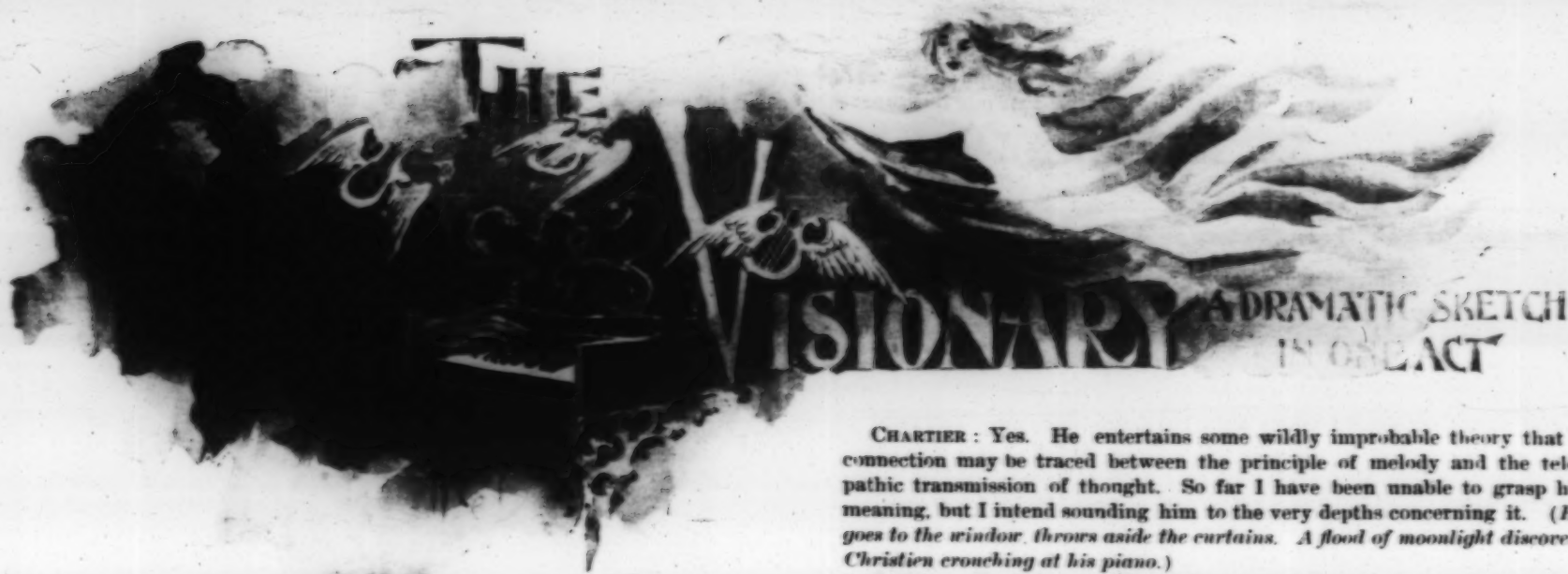
SYDNEY COWELL.



WILLIAM COURTLEIGH AS ROMEO.



MRS. NELSON WHEATCROFT, ASSISTANT INSTRUCTORS, AND, PUPILS.



CHARACTERS : Christien Sarazen, a student. Louis Chartier, his friend. Doctor Lebeau.

SCENE : A poorly furnished attic chamber in the Rue de Montmartre, Paris. A door on the right ; a heavily curtained window on the left. A table and chairs of the commonest description near the centre ; some small parcels and a bottle of wine on the table. A piano near the window, at which is seated Christien Sarazen, a pale-faced, dark-haired student, clad in threadbare clothing, his bowed head resting on his elbow. The scene is in almost total darkness, so that objects are scarcely distinguishable.

LEBEAU : In heaven's name, Chartier, whither are you leading me ? What ramshackle old rookery is this ?

CHARTIER : (Locks the door.) This is the place whereof I spoke—Christien's home.

LEBEAU : This ? Impossible !

CHARTIER : It is only too true. Yes, doctor, Christien Sarazen, who once lived magnificently in the Faubourg St. Germaine, now exists, or rather, suffers existence, in this miserable hovel of the Rue de Montmartre.

LEBEAU : I can scarcely believe it. And I thought you had merely stopped on your way to visit the bedside of one of your poor patients.

CHARTIER : Christien is one of my poorest patients. Ah, my dear doctor, if I could only cure his affliction I would deem myself well qualified to hang my shingle beside your own in the Place Vendome.

LEBEAU : Poor Christien ! I knew him in the past.

CHARTIER : Then you won't know him now.

LEBEAU : Is he, then, so changed ?

CHARTIER : He is but a shadow of his former self. His eyes are really the only living members about him, although at times his slight frame quivers with a nervous energy which bears no relation whatever to mere physical strength. His face is habitually pale, as if he stands forever in the presence of some great mystery. (He approaches the table.) See, it is the same old story. The food I brought him this morning remains untasted ; the bottle of wine is still sealed.

LEBEAU : We must remove him to a better locality. It were a shame to leave him here.

CHARTIER : That is impossible. Time and time again I have tried to prevail upon him to leave this wretched hole, but in vain. Poor Christien ! I am afraid, doctor, when he does go down those stairs it won't be his own legs that carry him. (He sits on the edge of the table, lights a cigar.)

LEBEAU : It is not so bad as all that, I hope. But, Louis, I don't see how you can make yourself so much at home here. There is a stillness about the place which feels all the more oppressive because, like a pall, it seems to muffle some hideous sound. I can feel the coldness of the boards under foot through the very soles of my shoes. But I suppose you come here often ?

CHARTIER : Yes, quite often. I remember the first time I ever visited him here. Of course, I was horrified at the plight I found him in. But what affected me more than the bareness of this meagre apartment was the emaciated form of Christien himself, bent down over his piano, an instrument of antique design, and the one article of furniture in direct contrast with its surroundings. His face was half hidden in his hands, between whose white fingers I obtained a glimpse of his whiter features.

LEBEAU : What has worked this great change in him ?

CHARTIER : Well may you ask that. My dear doctor, many a time have I stood here hearing the busy hum from the streets below, which he did not hear ; seeing the moonbeams straggle in through the open casement, which he did not see, and I have been moved to sombre reflection. Of what nature is the malady which afflicts this melancholy genius ? Are his hopes, his ambitions, the same as other men's and only different in their manifestations ? A skilled musician, with a soulful perception for harmony rivaling that of the great masters, I never knew him to write a note, although his capacity for extemporaneous composition is amazing ; a profound scholar, deeply versed in the occult as well as the exact sciences, I never saw a book in his hand, nor is one to be found in his apartment.

LEBEAU : Is he really music-mad then, as I have heard it said ?

CHARTIER : Yes. He entertains some wildly improbable theory that a connection may be traced between the principle of melody and the telepathic transmission of thought. So far I have been unable to grasp his meaning, but I intend sounding him to the very depths concerning it. (He goes to the window, throws aside the curtains. A flood of moonlight discovers Christien crouching at his piano.)

LEBEAU : He is here ? Why did you not tell me ? It was ill-advised to discuss his affairs within his hearing.

CHARTIER : Don't be alarmed ; he heard absolutely nothing. Observe. (Approaches Christien.) Christien, Christien, I say ! (A low moan is the only response.) Come, come, this is folly ; arouse yourself from this lethargy of despair. You have eaten nothing for three days ; you must be famishing.

CHRISTIE : (Mutters.) Yes, famishing—for her.

CHARTIER : Why do you stray into dark, forbidden paths, which will only lead you back to your starting point to die ? What seek you there ?

CHRISTIE : (With some show of fire.) Ask not what I seek—ask, rather, what I have found ! (Rises.) Louis, the world must never know the sublime truths unto which my researches have led me ; they would call me mad. But you, who are a poet, and therefore half mad yourself—you, my friend, my brother, shall hear all !

CHARTIER : Gently, Christien, gently. There is no need of exciting yourself. I will listen to you. I am all attention.

CHRISTIE : My friend, as you are well aware, I am gifted with extraordinary hypnotic power. This enables me to concentrate the faculties of will, and to direct them against any other will whose faculties are not collectively prepared for resistance. But why should I attempt to explain these occult mysteries, since they defy explanation ? Suffice to say that, although my power is well-nigh infinite, there is one being in the world to whom I would not say "You must !" A woman ; rich, radiantly beautiful ; who, when I passed her, did not deign to bestow a glance on me, yet whom I loved passionately. Although I knew a word would bring her to my feet, I never spoke that word. I did not wish to make this woman mine by magnetism—I longed to enthrall her spirit with the gentle yet compulsive ardor of a lofty passion.

CHARTIER : Go on. So far I follow you.

CHRISTIE : To speak to this woman, to tell her of my love, I chose the highest form of expression of which the human soul is capable—what men commonly term music. I directed those occult forces with which heaven—or hell—had endowed me into my inner self to trace the essence of harmony to its fountain head. I found it contaminated with grosser elements ; these I eliminated entirely by means of such sacrifices as heaven alone knows. Thus I have exalted the principle to such a rare extremity of perfection that it defies alike the action of time and space. When the spirit within me is favorable I can propel it in whatever direction I choose—it is spirit itself. Were you a thousand miles away to-night and I played, thinking of you at the same time, you would hear me, though pandemonium reigned around you. But I cannot exult long in my triumph. The gods are jealous of their secrets, and will be revenged upon me. They'll find me some Promethean rock to be transfixed upon.

CHARTIER : Christien, this is sheer madness ! I tell you, man, you will pursue this elusive phantom through the miasma of morbid conjecture until your yourself become a phantom.

LEBEAU : Be careful, Louis. Such delicately balanced minds cannot brook contradiction. You had better humor him.

CHRISTIE : Listen, Louis, listen—and although my words may seem a mere noise to your ears, to your mind they will prove a miracle. Harmony is the medium by which the soul makes itself known, as thought is the medium of the will. Harmony, then, is the perfume of the soul, and when the woman I love detects its fragrance she will trace that perfume to its flower. But in this the mere force of will shall bear no more part than does the wind when it carries a blossom odor across the fields. I shall speak to her by means of this—(He strikes the keys with such a deft touch that the two men tremble involuntarily at the dulcet sound)—and when her soul feels mine she will come to me ; perhaps not to-night, nor to-morrow ; but in the end—she will come. (He sinks utterly exhausted.)

CHARTIER : Christian, if you continue in this way—well, I won't say that you will regret it, for death leaves but little time for regrets.

CHRISTIE : It is useless to plead with me, my friend—I who have disregarded a higher warning.

CHARTIER : A warning ? What do you mean ?

CHRISTIE : Last night as I dozed over the piano I was carried by the wings of melody into dreamland. I heard the echo of my own sad strain,

and I knew that she had heard and was answering my prayer. Gently the music began, but gradually swelled to a richer volume, culminating in a mighty wave of harmony which shivered into diamond notes under the musician's masterful touch and sank sparkling into the quivering sea of sound again. Then it died down into a low plaintive murmur like the sobbing of a saint at prayer; almost inaudible, yet awakening in me desires that were maddening, irresistible—yet sublime. I saw the gray towers of the city glimmer and fade slowly away, while shadowy forms hovered about me. The shadowy forms brightened steadily until they gleamed like sunlight, while all else became shadow. Then my reason was ravished from me; my soul seemed to have found a group of kindred souls which bore it ever upward that it might not see its cold motionless body lying in the moonlight below.

CHARTIER: And then?

CHRISTIE: Then—then there burst from the instrument a wild, incomprehensible discord—a harsh, heart-harrowing delirium of sound which rang out like a thousand wails of agony, mingled with the exultant jeers of the fiends who inflicted it. Then I fainted.

LEBEAU: Pitiful spectacle! A brilliant mind which glows in that



crumbling frame as does a taper in some old castle ruin—merely to illumine its decay. (*Christie's fingers tremble over the keys as he plays a fantasy in a subdued tone, gradually gathering volume. They listen enrapt. He stops abruptly and rises, listening breathlessly.*)

CHRISTIE: You think I am mad—you did not believe me—therefore you cannot share in my triumph. She is coming—to me—now. Fools—unbelievers! I swear to you that she stands beyond that door! Open, open in God's name! that I may see her before I— (*He falls, his head and shoulders striking the keys of the piano, causing a harsh discord. As his body sinks to the floor Lebeau bends over him, places a hand on his breast, and rises, startled. Then, as if echoing Christie's cry.*)

A WOMAN'S VOICE (*without*): Open, open in God's name! (*Rattling of the door. Chartier glances at Lebeau, then at the door; a moment of painful silence; Lebeau shakes his head negatively. Chartier goes to the door.*)

CHARTIER: Madame, go away. We cannot admit you. You are knocking at the door of a tomb!

SLOW CURTAIN.

ROLLIN CUTTER.

A MODERN PYTHIAS.

MRS. WESNER'S few remaining guests are making their adieux, and Mrs. Wesner is just as charming to each as if she were not awaiting anxiously their departure.

"I hope you enjoy your Thursdays as thoroughly as do your guests," a young lady says, as she bids her good by. Her hostess smiles so brightly while answering that the young lady's doubts on that score are banished entirely if she ever had any.

The last one has gone without, it is to be hoped, hearing the hostess' low breathed, but none the less fervent, "Thank heaven!"

Not that Mrs. Wesner is ill-natured; you must not think that. She is all that is charming—quite charming enough to have dozens of admiring friends and scores of enemies.

She is very tired to-day, perhaps. And yet she does not go immediately to her own room to rest. Instead she loiters in the deserted drawing-room.

Five, ten minutes she stands, leaning her head on her hand and gazing into the fire.

A little clock close to her ear chimes the half hour with the gratifying result that she lifts her eyes from the glowing coals to its unrelenting little face.

"Half-past five," she says; "why am I waiting—I mean, standing here? No," she continues, this time addressing her reflection in an opposite mirror, "I would not confess that I was waiting, even to you. For whom should I wait?" she asks, defiantly, of the reflection. "Have I not seen every one—that is, every one I care to see here this afternoon?"

The reflection does not say no.

"What does it matter to me if that one individual fails to put in an appearance? That is nothing remarkable, surely. He has other interests, I suppose, besides—"

The reflection's eyes grow bright with tears and the reflection's lips quiver strangely. Mrs. Wesner evidently disapproves.

"Ah!" she says, "how I loathe—I hate you!"

She turns her back on the reflection, and starts to leave the room, but John is just ushering in a gentleman who comes quickly toward her.

"A thousand pardons," says the gentleman, "you got my message saying I could not come?"

"But you have come now," says Mrs. Wesner, and, had she looked in the mirror, she would have seen now that the reflection's eyes were very bright again, but not with tears. "You are too late for the music, of course, but you will dine with us and come to the theatre afterward? We are going—Fred told me to be sure to tell you. He said I was to take no refusal. You and Fred have been friends a long time, have you not?"

"Almost all our lives, Mrs. Wesner."

"Long before I knew him!"

"Yes, or I knew you—God help me!"

Mrs. Wesner does not catch the latter part of this speech. "I beg your pardon?" she says.

"I have come to say good-by, Mrs. Wesner," says the gentleman.

"Good by?" she repeats.

"Yes; please tell your husband I am going away."

"Going away? Where?" Mrs. Wesner's voice sounds strangely, even to her own ears.

"Anywhere; what does it matter—where?"

"Why do you go?" she says. Words and tone are a challenge. The gentleman does not answer for a moment. He turns away. Mrs. Wesner is standing quite close to him now.

"Why do you go?" The question is whispered entreatingly. The gentleman grasps the little outstretched hand and looks steadfastly into her eyes.

"I must," he says, "Fred is my friend." He is gone. Mrs. Wesner leans against the mantel as if for support, and gazes dazedly at the white face of the reflection, but she does not seem to see it.

"Fred is his friend. I do not count; he does not count; only his friend!"

She laughs—not a pleasant laugh to hear.

Catching sight of the reflection she stops suddenly. Under her gaze the white face grows rosy red.

"Fool! Idiot!" says Mrs. Wesner, "how dare you stare through those big reproachful eyes at me! I have done nothing to reproach myself for! Stop! Turn those mournful eyes away. Oh, I wish I could annihilate you forever!"

Mrs. Wesner's heavy cut glass vinaigrette is lying too near her hand. Quick it is flying across the room. Crash! It has struck the poor face opposite. But the reflection is gone. Pieces of broken glass tumble with the vinaigrette to the floor.

Mrs. Wesner walks out of the room.

"Well, well, well!" says Mr. Wesner between mouthfuls of soup; "well, well, well! Poor old Dick! Why, I wonder, did he take himself off in that fashion? Nice chap, old Dick, always liked him; bit too sentimental, though. By the way, do you know some one has broken the big mirror in the drawing room? Broken—utterly ruined!"

"I dare say," says Mrs. Wesner; "people at a musicale are so careless!"

ISABEL PITT LEWIS.

AN AFRICAN LOVE-CHANT.*

GREAT Imoya, God of Lovers! I invoke thy mighty aid:
Never warrior prayed as I do for the favor of a maid.

Strong Imoya! she is haughty, touch her with thy magic skill;
Make her tender, doting—fond and pliant to my loving will.

Réré, daughter of our chieftain—lovelier than may be told!
I would have her for my consort—have her firm, to keep and hold.

Long mine ears have loved to drink the sweetness of her spoken words,
Her clear, high voice in vestal hymning, gay as morning chant of birds.

Often have I watched our virgins dance around the baobab tree;
None there was to move like Réré—undulous, majestic, free!

In dreams I lead her to my hut, along a flower littered way;
The shout of "Réré" rises high, the tribesmen's spear-shafts clash and sway;

A warlike arch above our heads, and joyously the vestals sing,
"Honor, happiness be thine, beloved daughter of our king!"

Accept the sacrifice I bear—ah! let it not be made in vain:
Honey from a hollow tree-trunk, blood of pigeon newly slain.

Hear this vow, Imoya, hear, whilst on the sand the blood-gouts fall:
As freely would I shed mine own to save my love from foeman's thrall!

Prone thy servant lies, imploring; listen in thy reedy rest:
Great White Spirit! wake for him the love that sleeps in Réré's breast.

Strong Imoya! she is haughty, touch her with thy magic skill;
Make her tender, doting—fond and pliant to my loving will.

ROBERT STODART.

* In the Yoruba Country, West Africa, a god of lovers, by name Imoya, is believed to dwell in running water. The natives style him "the protector of the fond." Standing in secret place beside a stream, the anxious lover, having made sacrifice, fervently asks the aid of this deity. A beautiful belief and custom, it invites the verse form.—R. S.



A MATINEE GIRL.

DAGMAR, DOMINO DANSEUSE.



HE feature of the performance," Hastings wrote in his notice, "was the appearance of Dagmar, down on the bills as the 'Domino Danseuse.' She is, perhaps, the most graceful and daring dancer seen at the Oriental Theatre this season. The attractiveness of her act was not marred but heightened, if anything, by the fact that her face, with the exception of the mouth and chin, was hidden by a black mask, through which her eyes shone brightly. She made an instantaneous hit."

"She made a hit with you evidently," said the City Editor, as he glanced over the copy, and Hastings answered, "That's a fact, and there were others." The others of the staff made mental notes about a call at the Oriental the next day.

Bobby Lancaster's Maids of Old Madrid company at the Oriental had attained a first-class reputation of its kind. Dagmar was featured, and there were full length posters of her in handsome costume, with the domino on her face. Her photograph, with its mask covering, was in the windows, and lithographs with the alliterative title "Dagmar, Domino Danseuse," were seen everywhere. That she was young and strikingly pretty was to be judged from the glimpses under the mask.

All of the boys on the local staff discussed Dagmar. When the City Editor dropped in at the Oriental the next afternoon, he was too diplomatic to see Hastings, Carruthers, Johnson, and another reporter inside, but he felt their presence. The City Editor had come to see Dagmar and waited anxiously for her appearance. When she came from the wings, it was with a rush startling in swiftness. Tripping lightly to the footlights as if she was going completely over them, she checked herself suddenly and stood poised like a beautiful bird on one small white kid slipper. The music began. The City Editor, who had seen most of the famous foreign dancers, was entranced. Her poses were superb, her suppleness amazing. Her quickness, her grace, her lithic, unexpected movements were bewitching.

Her black hair was gathered in a Psyche knot, and on her head was a Gainsborough hat topped by a large sable ostrich plume. Her skirt came to her knees and was a deep red, and she wore black silk stockings. Her bust was enveloped in a sort of black Spanish mantilla, so wrapped about her as to show a portion of her beautiful breast. The domino covered her eyes and nose, but the rosebud mouth, with the gleaming teeth revealed by the smiles, was unhidden. The City Editor heaved a sigh when her turn was finished, and added his applause to that which was filling the house.

Even Middleton, who had been given the title of "Undertaker," because of his evident melancholy, appeared to take an interest in the little dancer. Carruthers found him one day standing before a poster of the girl, studying it intently, as if he was trying to pierce the identity of the performer. When he spoke about it in a joking manner Middleton's face flushed angrily, and he said: "It concerns me in a way you can't imagine, and I can't explain it now."

Middleton was a comparative new comer into the reportorial fold and was all right. He had been on the paper about two months, having come from the West. There was a reserve about him, an air of settled melancholy which the others could not understand. They were a careless, happy-go-lucky set on the *Phonograph*, ready to fight for their paper and its principles, but at the same time have plenty of fun and get all there was out of life. Middleton's manner was quiet in the extreme. He was evidently a gentleman. He never laughed nor joked, and seemed to brood over some secret trouble.

Hastings came in the city room one afternoon with such a radiant face that the City Editor asked: "How many were killed, Jack? It must be a good story."

"It's a good story," Hastings answered, "but not exactly for publication."

Then he told how Bobby Lancaster had invited the local staff to participate in a "spread" to be given to the company the next night, Christmas eve. It was a custom Lancaster had followed each season.

"We ain't goin' to open wine, nor have *paté de foie gras*," Lancaster had said, "but there'll be something to eat and something to drink, two or three songs, you know, and a good time. I want the *Phonograph* boys to come because I know you, Hastings." The staff announced unanimous acceptance. Middleton accepted with the rest, much to the surprise of everybody else. He was so unaccustomed to doing anything of the kind that Hastings observed:

"I did not suppose you would go just out of curiosity to meet Dagmar, like the rest of us, my boy."

There was a strange look in Middleton's eyes when he replied, "You have hit it exactly. That is the sole reason for my going." It was arranged that the members of the company and the guests were to meet after the performance at Stagg's Hotel. Hastings, who had managed to drop in at the Oriental for a few minutes on his way to the office, declared that the bill was being purposely cut. The order had been given for "early copy" that night, and by eleven o'clock nearly all the stories were upstairs. Then the staff started for Stagg's, through crowded streets filled with the merry jostling crowd of Christmas shoppers.

Most of the company were waiting. The serio comic, with the golden tresses; the Siren Sisters, song and dance artists; the knock about comedians, the descriptive singer, the Irish sketch team, the chorus girls, and the others. The dining-room, decorated for the occasion with evergreens and bits of mistletoe, presented a gay scene. Hastings, who had entered with Middleton, saw the latter glance searchingly over those present and heard him mutter: "Where is Dagmar?"

Where was Dagmar?

Bobby Lancaster explained, as he made the introductions ineasy, off hand manner, that Dagmar had gone on a little shopping tour, with another member of the company, but would be present in a few minutes.

"Feed I think is the cue just now, ladies and gentlemen," said Lancaster, as he waved his hand majestically toward the long table. "Stagg has provided, and we might as well set the ivory machinery in motion, as we used to say in merry Old England."

There was plenty of fun as the chairs were drawn to the table, and each one found out who was his or her elbow neighbor. Conspicuous for his expansive shirt front and massive diamond stud, Lancaster occupied the head of the table. Hastings sat next to the serio comic, who was telling him what she had sent as a Christmas present for her mother in New York, "the dearest little woman in the world."

There was a rustle outside the room, gay peals of laughter, the door swung open, and in burst two girls.

"Dagmar and Mlle. Tricot, gentlemen," Lancaster announced.

There was a craning of necks on the part of the newspaper boys to see Dagmar without the mask. They were not disappointed, for she was a beauty. She stood on the threshold a moment, looking over the assemblage just as she did when she first came before the footlights. As she stood, the others were so intent on her that they did not notice Middleton's ashen face, nor see him rise to his feet, and, with features working convulsively, clutch at a chair.

But Dagmar saw him, and amid a murmur of surprise at the strange occurrence, her eyes spread open wide, her face turned pale, the expression changing to one of amazement. Her lips almost inarticulately framed the word "George." Middleton stared at her across the table and the startled company, and said in a voice intended to be sneering, but which was pitiful in its huskiness, "Mabel!" Then after a moment he added, "She is my sister."

Dagmar burst into a torrent of tears, and, sobbing as if her heart was breaking, opened the door, flinging it wide with an impetuous swing, and dashed out. There was an effort to pass lightly over the occurrence. The rest began talking and Middleton sank into his chair. A bell boy entered and whispered to Middleton, who followed the boy from the room. Even Lancaster appeared a bit perturbed, but began to smooth over the affair as if it were nothing, explaining the manner of brewing a bowl of punch, for which he claimed to be famous.

He was evidently disturbed, though, and giving some pretext, soon slipped from the room. It was half an hour at least before he returned, but when he came through the door, he made his entrance as if he was just responding to an encore. By the hand he held Dagmar, smiling and prettier than ever, while Middleton, who usually sombre countenance fairly shone with gladness, stood by his side. Lancaster, still holding Dagmar by the hand, with Middleton on the other side, bowed low.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "we thank you for your kind appreciation of our little melodrama, entitled 'Found After a Year, or the Mystery of Mabel Middleton.' Although a new member of the company, I think you will all agree that Mr. Middleton played his part well. The plot of the play may be given later."

He led Dagmar to her seat, bowed Middleton gravely to his, and took his own amid a storm of applause. What had happened, the company neither knew nor cared. The trouble, whatever it was, had been settled, and the enjoyment of the evening began.

And such a time as it was! The newspaper boys never half enjoyed anything as much. What with Bobby Lancaster's amusing stories, the jokes by the Irish comedians, songs by the serio comic, the Siren Sisters, and an exhibition of fancy dancing by Dagmar herself, the time passed merrily. Dagmar's laugh was music itself, and a glance from her eye "worth alone the price of admission." The punch was not wholly responsible. It was the Christmas feeling of good fellowship that pervaded the atmosphere. The bells of Old St. Mary's across the square were pealing out the six o'clock chimes when the boys gathered around Bobby Lancaster and sang "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

The "plot of the play," as Bobby Lancaster had seen fit to call it, was given out the next day. Dagmar, whose name was Mabel Middleton, and George were brother and sister, and orphans. Mabel had been at boarding school in a Western city. From infancy she had possessed a remarkable aptitude for dancing and a fondness for the theatre. She had disappeared suddenly, a year before, and though her brother had tried every means possible, she had not been discovered, and he, poor fellow, was nearly heart-broken.

The explanation was simple enough. Mabel left the school unseen and unwatched, and went straight to New York. She had secured a position as chorus girl, and had risen to that of *danseuse* in Lancaster's company. The domino? At first, from fear that she would be recognized, she had worn it. Lancaster was clever enough to detect the novelty, and encouraged it. Middleton, at Stagg's, tried to persuade his sister to leave the stage, but she would not. What would have been the outcome is hard to say had not Lancaster, shrewd manager that he was in more ways than one, offered Middleton a position as treasurer of the company, which was accepted.

The boys were at the station when the company left. Bobby Lancaster, bright, smiling and chipper as ever, shook everybody by the hand with the grace of a Chesterfield. "Happy New Year is the cue, boys," he said heartily.

Dagmar went through the gate with Middleton and threw a farewell kiss.

"We have lost a brother, boys," said the City Editor, "but we have found a sister!"

C. S. PEARSON.

WANTED, A GIRL.*

To My Daughters, "Denver," "Frisco" and "York."

WANTED, a girl; not one of the hour,
That's a slave to passion's bright whirl;
Wanted, a girl, who is mother's right bower,
A sweet, smiling, lovable girl.
A girl who can coddle the dear little tots
When mama is weary and sad;
A girl who can handle the kettles and pots
The pride of her brother and dad.
Wanted, a girl, who can smooth out the skein
Of the household when its tangled up;
Wanted, a girl, to bring sunshine through rain,
Who feareth not sorrow's full cup.
A girl who'll not wear a trail dress on the street
To gather the dirt in the swirl;
Wanted, a straightforward, out from the heart,
Honest, pure, sensible girl.
Wanted, a girl, who at twenty knows not deception, duplicity, sin;
Wanted, a girl, who brings sunshine and joy
Through whatever door she comes in.
A girl who's a joy and a comfort at home,
Not a burden, a drone nor a shirk,
Who greets with a kiss her kind-hearted old dad
Each night as he comes home from work.
A girl who loves God and her parents as well,
Says her prayers, reads her Bible, and goes
To church, not to criticise what others wear,
Nor to posture, to smirk nor to pose.
I see many clever, bright, brilliant girls
Veneered, superficial, blasé;
But I want a jolly, impulsive, sweet girl,
Unskilled in the slang of the day.
Wanted, a girl, who can freshen up life
Like the day with a balmy Spring rain;
Who is pleasant at home, has a soft word for strife,
A girl who is always the same.
She may not be pretty, nor handsome, nor grand
Nor shine in society's whirl;
But I'd give up riches and houses and land,
To find one good old-fashioned girl.

WILLIAM DEVERE.

* By permission of M. Witmark & Sons.

UNDER THE CALCIUM.

SOME years ago I was a nightly visitor to the theatre, never missing a first-night and attending every souvenir performance. You couldn't bribe me to enter a theatre now. All the alluring posters, all the glittering announcements of the cleverest press agent, even the offer of a box for the best of entertainments, could not make me break this rule.

When I was twenty years of age I was a clerk in the detective agency of Bliss and Blair. My principal duties were the opening of the mail and attending to prospective patrons while my employers were engaged in a game of "cribbage" at the corner saloon.

Bliss and Blair were not leaders in the detective line. They never aspired to be Pinkertons, but were satisfied to secure fees enough to pay office rent, assure a decent living, and pay for the drinks necessitated by the games of "crib" at the "corner." My salary never worried them. If money came in rapidly I got it. If times were dull I was patted on the head, and told what a fortune awaited me in the dim distant days of the future when I should be a great detective.

The principal work of our office was the "shadowing" of persons expected to leave town suddenly, and at the same time leave their creditors, the collection of bad debts, and, in fact, any work that brought in a dollar honestly or dishonestly. I sat in the office day after day indulging in the usual golden dreams of youth, reading a cheap edition of the story of Vidocq, the French detective, gazing at the pictures in a rogne's album and chewing the pretzels that my employers would filch from the free lunch counter at the corner. Occasionally we would receive in the mail a circular from the police authorities in other cities describing a crime, and offering a reward for the arrest of the criminals. I studied these diligently, and prayed that fate would lead me to arrest one of these criminals and thus to secure fame and money.

So passed my days and my evening hours was spent at the theatre. The Star Theatre was my especial favorite, for the burlesques produced there were on topics of the day—light, airy things, it is true, but full of catchy music and with a large chorus of pretty girls, in whom I took a great interest. I came to know the faces of the girls in the chorus, and was even on speaking terms with several performers. I was often compelled to listen to their tales of impeded talent; how they were discouraged by a hard-hearted stage-manager, and the like. I knew well how they fought for positions in the front row of the chorus; how each tried to do something out of the ordinary to attract the attention of the audience, for I was at the Star so frequently that I knew them all by sight.

One night I observed a new face in the chorus. Its owner was evidently young, but her face was so smeared with "make-up" that she looked to be forty. There was absolutely nothing attractive about her except that she

was a new-comer. When the glare of the calcium light shone full on the faces of the chorus the rouge on her face stood out prominently and made her appear a fright. I noticed also that she kept in the background, but I attributed this to the timidity natural upon a first appearance. I wondered why the stage-manager had engaged such a dowdy-looking girl when he was renowned for getting nothing but handsome chorus people.

The next night I waited anxiously to see if the girl, who had made such an impression on me would look any better than on the first night; but there she was, appearing even worse than before. Her face was covered with grease paint, and the lines, instead of improving the features, made her look hideous. When the calcium light shone on her face it made her look like a corpse. And yet she fascinated me; I could not keep my eyes from gazing at her. And so it was night after night. The play had no further attraction for me. There was but one face that riveted my attention, and that was the ugliest of them all. I noticed also that the girl still kept in the background as much as possible. So it went on from week to week. Then I became addicted to standing at the stage-door, trying to catch a glimpse of the features of the ugliest girl in the chorus, and yet, strange to say, I could not succeed, for when she came out she was always heavily veiled. I did notice, however, that she never lingered at the theatre; never waited for any of the girls, but always went home alone.

One night a heavy rainstorm came up suddenly and I happened to have an umbrella. Taking up my usual station at the stage-door I saw the ugliest girl come out, pause and gaze at the down-pouring rain. As she had no umbrella, here was the golden chance I had awaited. Politely as possible I offered my services as an escort, and, after a momentary hesitation, she accepted. I was delighted to think that I had made the acquaintance of such an ugly girl, and yet I could not tell why. We walked to her boarding-house, as she absolutely refused to go in the car. During our walk home I managed to find out that her name was Rose Siddons, that she was an amateur, and had been in the city a little more than a month. When we reached the door of her house she lifted her veil, and by the light from an electric lamp at the corner I saw one of the prettiest faces I had ever seen in my life. I was dazed, stunned, incapable of saying a word. Could I have made a mistake and taken home another girl? That was impossible, and yet the face I had just seen was that of an angel, while the same girl on the stage was a fright! My walk home that night was full of wonderment. I could not understand, and felt as if I were under a hypnotic spell.

The next day passed like a dream. I anxiously awaited the coming of night so I could see the burlesque again. When the curtain went up there was the same homely girl, with a face that would fail to attract any one. I studied her carefully. Borrowing an opera glass I waited until the clear white light from the calcium brought out each feature, and then saw that I had made no mistake. The girl was naturally pretty, but her make-up made her hideous. After the performance I was at the stage door, and she greeted me pleasantly. The night was warm, and as we walked along I prevailed upon her to lift her veil. Then again I saw a sweet, pretty face, so different from that of the same girl on the stage that it reminded me of Jekyll and Hyde.

Feeling sure that it was ignorance that made the girl spoil a handsome



MAY VOKES.

low by paint and powder, I explained to her the details of making-up as best I could. She listened patiently, but said the other girls had told her the same thing, but she did not care to look handsome on the stage. This was such an astounding declaration that I dared not ask the reason. I begged her as a favor to go on the stage without using any artificial aids to her complexion, and she said she would think about it.

The next night it was the same hideous face that greeted me from behind the footlights. The more I thought of it the greater mystery it became. The idea of a young woman trying to make herself ugly in a profession where appearance counts for so much was more than I could comprehend. I coaxed, implored, entreated, threatened, and did everything in my power to get her to show her natural beauty, but she refused. She absolutely declined also to tell me anything of her past life. This continued silence only made me take the more interest in her. I neglected my perusal of the circulars sent to the office by police officials in other cities, for here was a greater mystery to solve. Every night I saw Rose, and on Sundays we took long walks in the Park. Being both young the attachment became stronger, and at last I proposed marriage, telling her that so soon as I was the recipient of a salary large enough to support us we might settle down in a nice little home. I found out that my love was returned, and Rose was willing to enter into an engagement providing I agreed not to try to find out anything about her previous life. To this I agreed, and at once commenced paying more attention to business than I had been doing for months.

One day, in looking over the notices about stolen articles, I was attracted by a description of valuables stolen in Cleveland, Ohio. One article particularly described was a diamond pendant of peculiar design. The notice



GRAHAM HENDERSON.

stated that the suspected thief was a young girl, whom the National Jewelers' Association were very anxious to catch, as she was an adept thief. The reward offered was \$1,000 for the arrest and conviction of the thief, and I had delightful dreams of the happiness that amount of money would bring me, how I could marry Rose and live comfortably in the neat little cottage we had selected.

That night I was at the Star, and it is safe to say I was the only man in the house that looked at Rose. Each girl in the chorus had from two to twenty admirers, but not one of the young men about town would think of looking at my Rose, who seemed so homely. I chuckled to think how badly the men were fooled, how they would all be raving about her beauty if they knew as much as I did.

When the calcium shone its brightest on the chorus, I noticed a gleam of fire from beneath a bit of lace that Rose wore around her neck. I looked more closely, and then through the lace, I saw the gleam of diamonds like a ball of fire. That this gem was meant to be concealed was evident as the lace fully covered it. Here was another mystery. The girl that was so anxious to conceal her beauty was also anxious to keep the public from seeing a costly gem. What made it more mysterious was the fact that I had always looked upon Rose as a poor girl, living on the amount she received at the theatre, and I knew that this was barely sufficient to pay her board. It was also the first bit of jewelry I had ever seen her wear.

On our way to her boarding house that night we had a conversation about the jewel. At first she denied wearing jewelry, but upon my persist-

ing in the declaration that I had seen diamonds on her neck she told me that it was the one souvenir of her former life, the one link that bound her to the past—the past that I had agreed to ask nothing about. When we reached the house she took me into the dimly-lighted hallway, and, detaching a chain, which encircled her neck, she placed in my hands a diamond pendant, whose lustrous beauty was only intensified by the semi darkness. I shook like a man with the palsy, for the pendant was an exact duplicate of the one that had been stolen in Cleveland. Mumbling a hurried good night I rushed out into the street and made my way to the office. Feverishly I secured the circular describing the jewelry stolen. I saw to my horror that there could be no mistake—the jewel was the same! I read further, and a description of the thief was given. It corresponded in every particular to Rose. The truth flashed into my mind. I saw through her reasons for making herself ugly and for living such a quiet life. No doubt she meant to live in seclusion until the excitement about the robbery had died away and then to dispose of the ill-gotten gains and to live upon the proceeds. And I was engaged to be married to this woman! The thought was maddening, and I dashed into the streets and walked about until morning.

A fierce conflict raged in my bosom—a fight between love and duty. That I did love the woman was evident, and yet my duty to the profession which I contemplated making my life work, to myself, to society, plainly directed that I should give her up to the authorities. As it neared morning my belief in her guilt wavered, and I was ashamed of myself for ever having had a suspicion against such a pure, loving, and trusting girl.

I was at the office early, and as soon as my employers arrived I asked, in an off hand manner, for some further particulars of the diamond robbery in Cleveland. They informed me that a telegram just received had given information that the thief had been traced to our city, and that a detective from Cleveland would arrive at the office at 4 o'clock to consult with them.

This news again aroused my suspicions, and I asked for a holiday, which was readily granted. Then the fight commenced over again. Which was the right course to pursue? If the girl were guilty, could I ever be happy if I concealed her whereabouts? Would it not be a constant menace if I knew she was liable to arrest at any time? Was my love strong enough to let a guilty woman escape? All these questions flashed through my mind. At last I determined to prove her innocence if possible, but to have her punished if guilty.

At noon I went to her house. She greeted me pleasantly, and said she wanted to have a long chat. Her first words were about the diamond pendant. Taking the glittering jewel out of her pocket she placed it in my hands, and said:

"This is only one of many that I formerly owned. I gave them all up to see if I could find the love of a man who wanted me for myself alone, and not for anything I might own. I have found that man in you."

Each of these words was a stab at my heart. It was but further proof of her guilt, and I could say nothing. At last I ventured to speak of Cleveland, and I noticed at once that her eyes filled with tears and her cheeks paled. With a hysterical sob, she said:

"Never mention that place again."

That settled it. The girl was guilty, and my course was clear. I asked her to take luncheon with me. She accepted, and I never saw her look handsomer than when sitting in the restaurant. I never ate a mouthful and said but little while she was bubbling over with joy. When we had finished I asked her to accompany me to the office, and she willingly agreed. I felt at times as if it was a case of a lamb being led to the slaughter, but when I reflected upon the fact that she was no doubt an experienced criminal, I steelled myself and prepared to do my duty.

We entered the office, and I at once noticed that Mr. Bliss and a gentleman were engaged in conversation. The door leading to the private office was ajar. Bliss introduced me to the stranger, saying in a low tone that he was a detective from Cleveland. I made up my mind that, to get all the glory possible out of this arrest, I would have to make it as dramatic as possible. Taking Rose by the arm, I said: "Gentlemen, you have been looking for the diamond thief, and here she is with part of the proceeds in her pocket!"

The men started to their feet; Rose gave a shriek, and just then there entered from the private office my other employer and a middle aged woman. The woman cried: "Rose, Rose!" and then I saw the two embrace.

The detective from Cleveland looked at me. "Young man," he said, "stop smoking cigarettes. Your brain is turned. This young lady is the daughter of one of the most prominent citizens of Cleveland, and here is her mother."

Then it was the middle aged woman's turn. She stopped her caresses long enough to call me a silly, meddlesome fool, a libeler, and a thousand other hard names. I tried to speak to Rose, so that I could get an explanation, but she indignantly waved me away. Then, white with anger, I appealed to Bliss and Blair, and told about the diamond pendant.

A well directed kick from Bliss landed me in the hall, and I went home, sore in body and puzzled in mind. The next day I got an explanation from the young man who secured my position in the office. Rose was the daughter of wealthy parents in Cleveland, and had run away from home because she was infatuated with stage life. She had tried to avoid detection by making herself ugly, as she knew her parents would try to find her, and make her give up the stage. Her mother had arrived in town that morning, and was enlisting the services of Bliss and Blair to find her daughter. The diamond pendant was only a portion of Rose's jewelry, brought along when she left home.

I never saw Rose again. I don't know whether or not they ever caught the diamond thief, but I do know that I lost a chance to marry a rich wife.

I am now measuring ribbons in a dry goods store at a salary of \$7 a week, and you cannot blame me for hating the theatre.

BOB WATT.

The New York Dramatic Mirror.

AN ORIGINAL SOLUTION.



AN ALEN was again in a state of financial embarrassment, a condition which seemed to be chronic, and which had certainly become habitual. His tailor was growing importunate, and the florist whom he honored with his patronage had refused to fill further orders till paid something on account. All of which was naturally most annoying to a man of Van Alen's tastes and habits.

His financial standing had been somewhat improved earlier in the season by his rumored engagement to Miss Ridgely, daughter and sole heiress of Ridgely, the wealthy

pork-packer; but his credit had received a rude shock when this rumor was promptly and authoritatively denied. Papa Ridgely had, in truth, interposed his bulky form between Van Alen and his roseate dreams of a future untrammelled by cares and collectors, and had abruptly put a period to the engagement.

However, Van Alen, nothing if not a philosopher, consoled himself with the reflection that he would have as a basis for future operations his engagement ring, a costly affair purchased in the exuberance of his spirits upon Miss Ridgely's acceptance of his heart, hand and liabilities. But unfortunately he was to be bereft of even this solace; for Miss Ridgely at their last stolen interview, weeping copiously against his shirt front, had begged to be allowed to keep his photograph and his "dear engagement ring." Van Alen inwardly groaned, feeling a strong inclination to mingle his tears with hers. In return, she insisted that he should retain her gifts to him—a gold mounted umbrella, which he had lost three months before; a silver letter clip, which had shared a similar fate, and a fligree and onyx paper-weight which was now in active service as a missile for marauding cats and Van Alen's valet. To this arrangement Van Alen assented with a lugubrious expression of countenance not wholly due to the parting.

Thus it was with a somewhat tempered feeling of rapture that he found among his letters a daintily worded letter of acceptance from pretty Edith Sherrill, who had been considering a proposal from him for what seemed to him an unnecessarily prolonged period. Miss Sherrill possessed attractions even superior to those of his late *fiancée*, having a substantial fortune in her own right, and no relatives nearer than a gouty uncle whose plans she upset, whose repose she disturbed, and who was in consequence only too anxious to have her married and away.

Ordinarily, this acceptance would have delighted Van Alen, but this morning he sat staring at Edith's letter, which spread itself over a half dozen pages, with anything but a rapturous expression.

"That means another engagement ring," he growled, unamiably, as he tossed the tender missive into the grate, "not to mention flowers, dinners at the club, and the rest of it."

He sought consolation in a cocktail, lit a cigar, and sank moodily and reflectively into the depths of his easy chair, looking as little as possible like a newly accepted lover.

"Why the deuce," he mused, "doesn't some reformer start a crusade against this nonsensical custom of engagement rings, flowers, gifts—the whole idiotic business? Engagements are rapidly becoming a luxury that only the rich may afford. How in Caesar's name am I to get the funds for another solitaire? Hang it all! I'm not equal to a pearl at present. Now, there's Dacre with money to burn—he gave Miss Stuart a beggarly little old gold band that had belonged to his great-grand uncle, or some other accommodating relative, and the girl was simply carried away with the novelty of the thing. Why the deuce didn't my ancestors—"

An idea presented itself to Van Alen. He rose with his nearest possible approach to haste, rang for his man, and a half hour later, attired in immaculate street costume, was mingling with the throng upon the avenue.

A few days later, Edith Sherrill, Van Alen's *fiancée*, received by special messenger a dainty jeweler's box containing a somewhat worn morocco case on whose velvet lining reposed, not the conventional jewel she expected, but a slender gold circlet, quaintly carved and of a design so old-fashioned and unusual that Edith, who relished nothing so keenly as novelty, was delighted beyond expression, even before she read the accompanying letter, which read:

MY DARLING:—To her who is dearest to me in all the world, I am sending a token which I hold only less dear, a priceless relic, an heirloom which has been in the Van Alen family for ages. It was my great-grandmother's wedding ring; the ring with which my grandfather sealed his betrothal; and it was the outward symbol of the love my father bore my sainted mother. You know, my darling—indeed, I have never attempted to conceal the fact—that I have been engaged before; but you may judge of the esteem in which I hold this little token when I tell you that I have never offered it to any woman save yourself. Will you wear it, sweetheart, for my sake, and may I hope to find it on your little hand when I call this evening? Till then good-by—my sweet, my darling.

With all my heart, Yours,

BRENT.

About the time when Edith was trying the effect of the quaint gold band among the numerous jewels adorning her pretty hand, Van Alen was inspecting with unmixed satisfaction the following document:

KEARSAGE AND SONS, JEWELERS.

In Account with J. Brent Van Alen, Esq.

To furnishing to order one carved gold band ring	\$10.00
To antique finish for same	2.50
To engraving inscription, no charge	
Total	\$12.50

And as Van Alen thought of the \$500 solitaire he had given Miss Ridgely, he felicitated himself upon his astuteness.



CARRIE LEE STOVLE.

However, Edith is still in blissful ignorance of the fraud practiced upon her and proudly exhibits her novel engagement ring to her half dozen confidential friends, all of whom pronounce it "Just too lovely;" "Awfully sweet," and "So very odd, you know." And Van Alen, as a result of his engagement, authoritatively announced in the society papers, is enjoying a well earned respite from importunate creditors.

LEIGH GORDON GILNER.

MEDIOCRITY.

NOT fancy free to take celestial flights,
To pierce the star-dust of the solar heights;
Nor yet disposed to grovel in the mire
And revel in the world's repulsive sights;
Not sighing vainly like an underling
To live the life of emperor or king;
The muse takes up the old and mended lyre,
And would a song of soul-contentment sing.

Let fires of genius kindle where they may,
Give me the brain that lights its humble way
Thro' darksome paths of doubt and sore distrust,
And comes at last unto the Perfect Day.

Give me the steadfast heart that throbs for all
In pity, who are held in misery's thrall;
That fears not ruthless trampling in the dust
When Duty hath to battle sounded call.

LEON MEAD.

FORGOTTEN.

FORGET thee? Yes! when the Springtime
Forgets to clothe the hills
With daisied grass and violets
And loose the thousand rills.

Forget thee? Yes! when swelling tides
Forget to ebb and flow,
And the scented winds of Summer
Shall fail to come and go.

Forget thee? Yes! when I'm sleeping
With brown earth on my breast,
When limitless dreams are over
And this longing heart at rest.

Aye! then thou shalt be forgotten,
Unless thy passing tread
Through the tangled grass above me
Thrill me and wake the dead.

ELEANOR MERRON.



From the painting by L. Alma Tadema.

LUDWIG BARNAY AS MARC ANTONY.

THE PERSONALITY OF CLEMENT SCOTT.

SUPPOSE we start in by admitting that London is, theatrically, the centre of the universe—the great cogwheel that sets all the rest in motion—and that what is successful there is pretty sure to be so else where. Then, in logical sequence, let us understand that the most powerful critic in the metropolis can make or break any attraction and that this enviable or unenviable position is held by Clement Scott, poet, *littérateur* and playwright, and have we not practically acknowledged that this man is really the theatrical dictator of the universe?

Even logic is sometimes at fault. I remember being taught at school that dry bread was better than Heaven because dry bread is better than nothing and nothing is better than Heaven. This is not cited to show that what I have said about Clement Scott is wrong, but to convince the skeptical that all cannot be supposed to reason alike.

There is no doubt of the greatness of the critic of the *London Daily Telegraph*, and nothing could be more clearly understood. He is a master of word painting, while the grace and ease in his pen pictures are noticeable to the most careless reader. There is nothing of the vulgar in anything he says, the flippant and irrelevant witticisms of most would be standards of judgment being totally lacking. Slow to condemn, when he does take up his pen to correct a player it is with advice as gentle as his satire may be biting and deep. In the righting of wrong he has proven himself fearless and regardless of the consequence to himself. In that way he has made many friends and more enemies. In point of fact one of his characteristics is his readiness to make an enemy if by so doing he may win a friend.

Mr. Scott is truly a friend to the friendless, a helper to the helpless and a clever adviser to all. He and his wife are both very active in charitable work, but for him mainly is reserved the labor of securing employment for needy actors and aiding ambitious ones by word or deed. His kindness knows no nation and no tongue, and the antagonism supposed to exist between Englishmen and Americans finds no echo in his big heart.

In appearance Clement Scott reminds one forcibly of one of those rugged oak trees that seem to grow out in all directions, as strong in one part as in another. He is reasonably tall, with broad shoulders that stoop only a very little. He is fleshy without being obese, emphatic without oppressing one with a sense of dogmatism, and dignified in every feature. His hair is gray and getting a little thin on top, his ears set far back and his face is as heavy as is consistent with intellectuality. A high forehead, heavy eyebrows, kind, thoughtful gray eyes, a large nose and mouth, and a white mustache are the most notable features, though his large, delicate hands invite attention.

With all his intellect, Clement Scott is as modest and unaffected as the most humble of his followers. There is nothing of the *ergo ego* about him, and still less that is pretentious. Mild and quiet in his ways, there lurks behind his personality an intense enthusiasm for his work and scholarly application for that work that is nothing short of remarkable. At the theatre he is the last person in the world one would pick out as a critic. The bored look and signed weariness which has become the thing is entirely lacking in him. He does not even make notes on his programme. Men like Scott do not have to affect wisdom. I know a young whipper snapper here who was a nice, fast black bored look that it took years to cultivate. He wraps it in a silk handkerchief and puts it in the bureau drawer when not in use, but never forgets to have it carefully dusted and adjusted when he attends the theatre or goes to call on a lady. Such a man is not Clement Scott.

He has his little peculiarities as have all men of genius, but they are neither obtrusive nor affected. The greatest of these is his habit of repeating "yes, yes," and "what," continually. Then some of his gestures are rather odd and his quality of running down his own work is equally so. "I make no money from my books," he told me one day; "it is all I can do to give them away."

Mr. Scott has the coziest possible little home at 15 Woburn Square, London, and a wife who would be an honor to any mansion in the land. Her portrait hangs over me as I write, a charming, intelligent, refined English lady. On the face of the picture is written: "Yours in all faith, Mrs. Margaret Clement Scott." That is her exactly—in all faith. She is the best possible helper to her husband, aiding him in his correspondence, taking care of his notes, writing at his dictation and in every way assisting him.

In Mr. Scott's study he has a library of several hundred valuable books and a collection of curios. One side of the wall is hung with famous old prints of theatrical people, and the other with fine china. The place is richly furnished and has a tinge of oriental luxury and picturesque disorder that is more than charming. An interesting souvenir, framed, in one corner, is in the shape of his first letter of credentials as dramatic critic. This is from the *Sunday Times*, with which he was originally connected. He went on the *Telegraph* in 1872. Besides being a critic, Clement Scott has had several plays successfully produced. *Tears, Idle Tears*, an adaptation from Marcel; *Peril*, taken from Sardou's *Nos Intimes*; *Diplomacy*, written in conjunction with B. C. Stephenson; *Sister Mary*, with Wilson Barrett as part author; *Jack in the Box*, with George R. Sims; *The Cape Mail*, *Serge Panine*, adapted from Georges Ohnet for Mrs. Langtry; *The Swordsman's Daughter*, written with Brandon Thomas, and *Denise*, in collaboration with Sir Augustus Harris. He has also published, among other things, "Round About the Islands," "Poppoland," "Pictures of the World," "Among the Apple Orchards," "Over the Hills and Far Away," "The Land of Flowers," "Thirty Years at the Play," "Dramatic Table Talk," "The Wheel of Life," "Lays of a Londoner," "Lays and Lyrics," "Theatrical Addresses," and his famous patriotic songs.

MARSHALL P. WILDER.



JAMES O'NEILL.

COLONEL SELLERS' CHRISTMAS DINNER.

WHEN the late John T. Raymond was playing Colonel Sellers under my management, at the Park Theatre, at Broadway and Twenty-second Street, he frequently received packages from manufacturers containing some preparation, generally something to eat or to drink, which they wished him to advertise in the play, as he did his famous eye water. The liquors and cigars he always turned over to me, for in my acquaintance with him the genial and erratic comedian never used either. The other packages were distributed unopened among the members of the company, and especially to the Cerberus of the stage-door.

Of course, Raymond never complied with the modest requests that he make some allusions in the role of Colonel Sellers to the preparations, but the donors were never discouraged. The approach of Christmas brought an unusual number of those packages, which were promptly distributed by Raymond and myself as presents to our friends, quite an assortment arriving on the eventful morning, when in exemplification of the apothegm that "nothing succeeds like success," the popular comedian was overwhelmed with presents.

As the reader is probably aware, as a rule, holidays are anything but such to professionals, and there is generally a special matinee performance. There is no feast for them until the usual midnight supper. Raymond and I decided that we would not attempt to dine out, but save ourselves for a supper that had been arranged in his honor by "Bob" Johnson, of San Francisco, at Delmonico's, by indulging in a "bite" between the afternoon and evening performances. Joining Raymond in his dressing room after the last curtain, I found him looking over the heaps of parcels that had come in the morning.

One of the parcels was labeled "A Christmas Dinner for Colonel Sellers," and a note intimated that the condition that existed in the Colonel's larder in the play could not prevail as long as he had these preparations or extracts by him. Opening this parcel we found that it contained a meal of prepared stuffs, and we fell to and heartily enjoyed the repast, he sitting on his trunk and I on the basket, as we used the chair for a table, calling into requisition the property table set of the play. It was indeed a Colonel Sellers dinner in the sense that its creation was worthy of his imaginative and speculative mind, and believe me, there was more than "turnips and water."

Lest it may be inferred that Mr. Ensign's clever idea in his numerical extravaganza 1999 of food tablets was anticipated on this occasion, I hasten to state that our edibles were in liquefied and solidified form in cans, requiring the admixture or application of hot water (obtainable on the Sellers stove) to render serviceable. I should also add that Raymond insisted on "matching" to decide who should do the preparatory work, and that it fell to my lot, as, with his customary luck with the tossed coin, his "heads" fell uppermost.

CHANDLER FULTON.



"It is time for you to go to the theatre," Jack Hallowdene turned his eyes fondly upon his wife.

"Hardly. You feel better, darling?" The loving woman knelt by the couch where her husband lay and passed her hand caressingly over his gray hair.

"Much better; indeed, I think I can go with you," He rose as he spoke, but fell back with a gasping cry. "No," he whispered, faintly. "I must see it through your eyes, hear it through your ears; and I had looked forward to this night during so many weary months and years."

"Forget them now, Jack; your play is to be produced at last, and His Victory is certain to be a great success."

"Yes, it will be a success; but, oh! my darling, we have waited so long, and have been so poor."

"But that is over; the manager is confident."

"Yes," returned Hallowdene, bitterly, "but his confidence did not destroy his caution; he would not pay a cent until after production."

"Well, it will be all right to-morrow, if it succeeds to-night; and it will; it is a great work."

"Yes," and a proud light, the look of the creative artist, came into his eyes; "there is the labor of years, the thought of a lifetime in it; nay, my very life is there. Thank Heaven, we shall know poverty no more after to-night; but shall I never forget the dreary days spent in hopeless search for work, the weary wandering in the cruel streets—penniless, footsore, heart-broken?" A spasm contracted his face, and he laid his hand on his heart.

"Oh, Jack, my poor boy—there—it has gone, you are better; never mind the past—your play will take, and then our hard times will be over."

"Yes; but the struggle has been terrible; the cold glances that hurt worse than blows; ah! can any success compensate for the agony I have known?"

"Oh, my darling!" None knew so well as she what his sensitive soul had borne.

"If we could but see the play together," he went on presently. "We can! I shall watch the clock; at eight the curtain rises, at a quarter past my heroine enters, dreaming love's young dream. The interest deepens—shadows fall across the picture—there is a sigh of relief when the curtain falls, the tension has been so great. I see! I hear it all!" She held his hand in hers, gazing anxiously on the flushed, feverish face; but he went on as if a vision were before him.

"Now we have the second act, with its sacrifice and suffering; I hear sobs in the audience as they hang upon the story, no longer a story but a life tragedy; they are looking on sorrows such as all men and women know, passions such as all men and women feel—their hearts thrill, their nerves quiver, they feel it is life, real, passionate, suffering life." The feverish light went out of his eyes, and he sank back exhausted; the scene beyond the footlights was more real to him than the present.

"Let me stay with you, Jack; I would rather a thousand times sit with you here," she pleaded.

"No; for once you shall be proud of your husband, who has been such a failure."

"No," and she laid her fingers on his lips, "not a failure to-day; but go on, so that I shall know we are indeed seeing it together."

"The third act goes gloriously, with laughter and tears—a stillness precedes the great outburst—my hero stands in his simple dignity broken hearted, but noble with the greatness of a pure soul—and now the applause breaks forth—oh, it is worth life, and worth death! I hear it now; they call for the author—the world knows my name at last. Triumphant it moves on; the curtain falls, and falls between us and poverty forever."

"Yes," returned his wife, softly, "it is happily named; it will prove indeed His Victory."

"One thing at least our poverty has taught us," he said, after a pause, "never to forget the poor and unfortunate; and there are times in life when a helping hand, nay, even a word of sympathy, means so much."

She rose to go, but in response to the loving eyes which followed her, turned when she reached the door to give another caress and whispered blessing. Care rather than years had silvered his hair, and taken the bloom of youth from her cheek; but each was passing fair in the other's eyes, husband and wife for years.

Mrs. Hallowdene had declined the manager's offer of a box, preferring a seat in an obscure part of the theatre; although there was slight chance of her being recognized, so small was the circle of her acquaintance. The contrast between the poor room and the handsomely appointed theatre was so great that she felt half-bewildered by her surroundings; it was years since she had entered such a building, and never before had she witnessed a performance that held for her a direct personal interest. It was a crucial moment; there was a crowd of fashionable people anxious to see and pass judgment on the new play, and their verdict meant life or death to her beloved. An almost irresistible impulse seized her to rise and speak the terrible truth to that happy, smiling, indifferent company; to tell them that the author had been starving when he wrote, and that only success could

save him. What if they failed to grasp the tragedy and pathos of his work; what if their hearts did not respond to his lines—lines that were written with his very life blood? She wondered vaguely how they would hear her; had prosperity any kinship with misfortune; could there be any sympathy between opulence and want?

Then she suddenly shrank back amazed at the madness which possessed her; would not Jack rather die than have his work owe its success to aught but its merit? Her brain was in a whirl, and even the rising of the curtain only partially restored her; not until the heroine appeared, speaking the impassioned words she knew so well, did she fully realize the situation.

With able actors to interpret, and stage accessories to strengthen the illusion, the scene became a living, moving reality; as new as if the story, with all its tenderness and delicate imagination, were being presented to her for the first time.

"His Victory was an acknowledged success from the first scene," said the critics on the following morning; when they also said many other pleasant things which greatly rejoiced the heart of the astute manager who had secured the option of purchase.

"A new dramatist has arisen," said one of a small group of men after the second act. "I wonder who he is; do you know, Higgins?"

The individual addressed was a well-known newspaper man, who had a large acquaintance among his brothers of the pen.

"I have not the least idea," he replied, "unless it is Jack Hallowdene;



I remember his speaking of a play with a plot like this that he had taken to every manager and star in the city."

"He won't need to hawk his manuscripts now; managers will seek him," observed a critic.

"I wish I were as sure of—well—of paying my debts," remarked another, whose chronic impecuniosity was notorious, "as I am of that."

"Another illustration of the certainty of genius being finally triumphant," rejoined Higgins. "I thought I'd better get that remark in now; I know you fellows are all sure to work it into your copy to night."

"And there will be one gray ghost the less on Newspaper Row," said

another press man, whose kindly eyes were quick to note the seamy side of a literary career. Then they fell to discussing the play, voicing the general verdict of approval.

The third act scored the triumph predicted, and in response to calls the dapper manager appeared to thank the enthusiastic audience on behalf of the absent author, John Hallowdene, for the cordial reception they had accorded his play. Then the pleasant manager went on to say how ever ready, how more than ready New York managers were to meet American authors, and how very satisfactory were the relations existing between them. As the manager was popular with the public, the gentlemen of the press made ample notes of his neat little speech.

The curtain fell amid a tumult of applause. Bewildered and happy the devoted wife hurried away to carry the blessed news to her waiting husband. The electric light threw dancing reflections of the leafless trees as she crossed Madison Square, and overhead the moon was shining and a myriad twinkling stars were looking down. Had stars ever shone so brightly before? she thought, in her fond exaltation.

"Please God," she murmured, "that they shine on a million other homes and hearts as glad as ours to-night."

Anxiety and want had undermined her loved one's strength, but under prosperity he would revive, and the fond dreams by which they had often striven to drive away the spectre of poverty would be realized. Success had come at last, come in time to save the brilliant brain, to revive the failing heart, to fill up the empty cup with life's brimming wine.

As she went upstairs she called to mind how often she had listened for his footstep as he returned from some hopeless quest, and learned from it, rather than from his lips, the story of renewed disappointment. How bravely she had hidden her misery; with what tender smiles and hopeful words she had met him on the threshold; with what faithful devotion she

had striven to remove the burden of care from his shoulders to her own. These things were known but to their own hearts. Their future might be lit by the golden sunshine of prosperity, but nothing could strengthen the tie welded under the fierce fire of suffering. She smiled as she realized that the past with its pain lay behind them, and that her beloved could now take his place among men which he had so hardly won.

"Jack, my darling: oh, such a glorious triumph!"

There was no response, though he lay where she had left him, his head resting on his hand and a smile on his lips. Had death been kinder than life; had the far off plaudits which the world was to give his work through coming years been wafted to his waiting ear? She called again. No response. Then a terrible cry rang through the room: "Jack, Jack: oh, my love, my love!"

The curtain had fallen on the last act.

MARY HANBROCK.

DEATH'S CONQUEROR.

A CYNIC'S tortured shade that feared the light
Crept from its mouldy hiding place one night,
And, skulking in God's acre's misty gloom,
Came where Death was bowed before a tomb.

"Destroyer grim," the cringing shade began,
"Mighty Conqueror, mighty man;
Do what he may, thou hast thine hour
When all must fall. Omnipotent thy power."

Then Death opened wide the tomb and bowed his head—
Love lay smiling with the waiting dead.

CHARLES DONALD MACKAY.



MR. AND MRS. SKETCHTEAM ON CHRISTMAS EVE.



A CHRISTMAS AFTERNOON BOX PARTY.



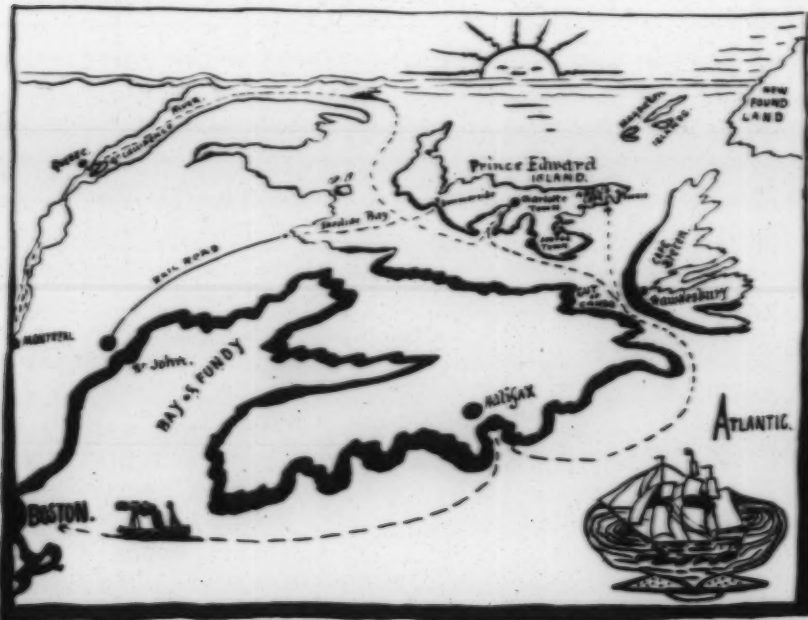
KIDD'S TREASURE.

I AM not going to ask any one to believe what I have to tell; neither do I care if it is pooh-poohed as fiction. I came here for health and recreation and not for adventure. Nor did I expect to encounter personally any of the traditions of the Island. But I have done so, as the bitter disappointment experienced can amply testify.

I can't say that I was ignorant of the Island's history, but it did not come into my mind again until long after my arrival; when I was slyly questioned by the inhabitants if I had come for the Treasure—a local joke they spring upon all visitors. I soon disabused their minds of being a treasure-seeker by roaming in the water with rod and creel in quest of fish, being well rewarded for my long journey by the daily feasts of royal sea trout, the beautiful scenery and the welcome knowledge that my health and strength were returning in speedy and ponderous proportions.

But I have not yet stated where I am. This is Prince Edward's Island, made famous by the novelist as the receptacle and hiding place of Captain Kidd's stolen boards. The particular Cape I located on is the home of an old and dear friend, known to his intimates as "Flockie." It is called Abel's Cape. It runs into the sea from the mainland and rears itself by degrees out of the water to a height of fifty or sixty feet, its red rock and sand crowned with densely growing fir, juniper and birch, making a gorgeous picture against the vivid sky and many tinted clouds.

Only during the Spring tides, when they are either very high or very low, is it possible to walk around the Cape by the beach, for with these exceptions the waves beat its base, washing away its body and undermining its green crown, which day by day drops off into the angry depths, carrying with it cords of its richly scented timber. Periodically it is visited by wise acres with divining rods, who have been prompted by dreams and prognostications to dig for Kidd's gold, many holes proving how firm is the belief that the treasure is buried here. The diggers, though, have not found it—they are always unsuccessful, and are usually scared away by the ghosts of Kidd and his crew.



That it was buried here is now an undisputed fact, and that it is not on the Cape at the present time my story shall divulge. Sailing, fishing and working, I had passed many delightful weeks, drinking in the invigorating air and gaining flesh and strength every day. Late one afternoon, about the

fourth week of my stay, I reached the opening to the bay after whipping a mile or two of the river. My creel was full of its beautiful fish, for which I knew the cook was waiting, but noticing how unusually low was the tide, I strolled along the beach beneath the cliffs and gave myself up to admiration of all their peculiarities, accentuated as they were by the kaleidoscopic rays of the evening sun, bursting upon them across acres of placid, reflecting water, broken here and there by the jumping trout. All the mysteries of the domestic economy of crab and lobster were clearly revealed, the only sounds breaking the superb silence being the bark of the stork and the plaintive, excited cry of the graceful harbor gull. Slowly wandering along, I gave no attention to where I was moving and cleared the point by a mile before I was aware that the tide was returning rapidly and would bar my way back.

The sun had set, leaving the atmosphere one glowing cauldron of roseate splendor. At the extreme point I found it was impossible to pass without getting wet up to the elbows. There was nothing to do but climb the cliff and work my way along its broken surface. The task was easy at first, but it took time, and long before I cleared the point it was evident I should have to stay where I was or climb the perpendicular to the top. The tide was now rushing over the rocks below, the spray making my foothold slippery and uncertain; but I struggled on and gradually ascended until I arrived at a smooth, flat, perpendicular space without the slightest projection, which extended some five or six feet above my head. This, however, was soon overcome by cutting several niches for my feet about a foot apart, and I rose higher and higher. While digging out the upper one my blade struck against a metal substance and brought to light an old-fashioned iron handle strongly welded to a flat iron plate.

Fate was kind, I thought; it was the one thing necessary to assist my ascent. It was rusty and deeply encrusted with earth, but it afforded sufficient hold for my purpose, and I gladly clutched it, thinking of it only as a means of deliverance from a wet skin at least. As I did so, the flat block to which it was attached moved and the soil broke away in all directions, revealing a surface about a foot and a half square, confined at the sides by heavy iron bands studded with strong bolts. My surprise was great, but nothing convincing entered my mind. Its whole appearance denoted great age, the rust and discoloration suggesting many restful years in its novel grave.

Another wrench to prove if the handle would bear my weight showed me that the rusty bolts were all loose in their rotten sockets, from which a heavy pull would part them, and perhaps hurl me into the now roaring sea. Simultaneously with this thought came another, and I realized to what I was clinging. My heart gave a great jump as the stories I had heard rushed through my mind—"Abel's Cape," "Divining rods," "Moonlight diggings," "Kidd's Treasure." Yes, the old-fashioned handle was attached to a wooden chest. Time and moisture had weakened the boards and loosened its bindings, and here it was reserved for me to find.

I tore away the iron from the rotten wood, and let it fall with heavy splashes into the sea, disclosing the interior of the chest filled with objects that made me giddy with joy. I hardly realized I was standing on almost nothing, but knocked away the dirt above it and clung heavily to its lid while investigating the contents; delicious thoughts flying through me, the like of which never until now had been mine.

But let me tell it calmly or I shall be accused of romance and perjury. The first things I noticed were several leathern bags at the bottom of the chest, half buried in shreds and dust. As I clutched one it broke in pieces like an eggshell and disclosed a heap of golden coins, larger than I had ever seen and of greater value than any I had ever owned. There must have been forty of these heaps in all, each containing two hundred pieces. This alone was fortune, but in addition were massive pieces of plate, golden goblets, diamond-studded sword-hilts and crucifixes, boxes containing necklaces and bracelets of precious stones and rings; while among the dust and shreds were hundreds of loose pearls, evidently the trimming of some decayed fabric, many of them of great size and beauty, and worth fabulous sums. Long before I realized the value of my find, my head was whirling. Here was wealth a king might envy.

What should I do with it? I who had slaved all my life from hand to mouth. I would gratify every wish. I would study art and improve my poor profession. I would do some great charitable deed to cover my multitude of sins and hand my name down to posterity. And yet, how to protect it for all this? It must not be left in the cliff. I must get it secretly to a hiding-place of my own. I didn't want the Cape overrun with sightseers.

Hastily I emptied my creel of its silver fish, and filled it with the glittering gold. What a frightful weight it was, but what a glorious burden! This all took time, working as I was with one hand. I had quite forgotten where I was, and thought only of Captain Kidd and his generosity to me.

when I was brought to the sense of my danger by a wave dashing over my left foot and washing away the lower niche on which it rested. My whole weight was on it and the top of the chest. The sudden jerk as I slipped made the lid cave in. It was a miracle that I did not lose my hold. Another wave released my right and left me hanging by both hands to the chest's rotten timbers. The waves crept higher, lashing me furiously as though they knew I was despoiling the grave they had guarded so carefully.

The gulls flew by like lightning, grazing my head with their sharp wings and piercing my ears with their shrill cries. The wind howled and the rain began to beat down savagely. The ghosts were indeed out, but I was not even nervous. It was right that I should pay something for such a treasure. To gain it by labor and danger seemed only natural. How long, though, could I hold on? To ascend was out of the question. I must hang until the tide turned. But with the great weight choking me, could I hold it till then? All spinal action was prevented by my glorious burden. My arms were becoming cramped, my breath came short, my extremities were chilled by the water. My head was dizzy and seemed on fire in spite of the wet. Again and again was I drenched by the waves. One larger than the rest broke right over my hands and freed the lid. My grasp relaxed and I was hurled like a bullet to the bottom of the foaming sea.

At first I was comparatively easy; the heavy gold held me still, but I had to free myself or drown. The moment I did so my body was at the mercy of the waves. I shot to the surface and madly tried to swim. Useless. They were punishing me for my presumption, and hurled me about with glee as they washed the precious contents from the chest. Suddenly all was black. My struggles were over, my danger and my fortune alike forgotten.

Early the following morning I came to myself, stretched upon a flat rock, stiff and bruised, my head matted with coagulated blood, the placid waters rippling on the beach yards and yards below me. I was carried home by an early seaweed gatherer, and for two weeks remained in bed, my attendants attributing my story to delirious fancies. No one would believe me. Their jeers, laughs and silly humors chafed me exceedingly and precluded my recovery. I could think of nothing but my find; and long before I should have left my bed I was on the beach hunting for my golden lined creel. But nowhere could I find it. Every vestige of the chest, too, had been washed away—only a nearly square hole in the cliff indicating where it had been. For weeks I have searched and delved in the sand, but all to no purpose save the amusement of the islanders. Incredible though it is, my treasure is gone; Kidd's spirit knows how to protect it.

CHARLES KENT.

THE MURDER OF ABEL.

My muse by no means deals in fiction;
She gathers a repertory of facts,
Of course with some reserve and slight restriction,
But mostly traits of human things and acts.

—DON JUAN.

AT the close of a long theatrical season we actors welcome the opportunity to betake ourselves to remote places for long draughts of fresh air and immunity from rehearsals, which, in my case, have been of almost daily occurrence. We seek a spot whose environments shall allay the feverish unrest of the season's work, and where, with pipe and recreation of individual freedom of selection, we can dream and refresh and expand our ideals. But, however much we may desire, we cannot get away entirely from the dramatic side of life.

As I gaze, dreamily, through the half-open door of my rugged old cottage or lay idly upon the deck of my weather-beaten schooner, *The Flying Dutchman*, and allow my eyes to roam over the length of the lovely coast line which stretches far away into the gray distance, fanciful dreams of by-gone days and long-forgotten dwellers on this old island steal o'er me.

With half shut eyes ever to seem
Falling to sleep in a sad half-dream.

Only last night, while over the cup which cheers but does not inebriate and the pipe that soothes, the oldest inhabitant happened to drop in, in a friendly way. This was no less a personage than Joe Brown, whose well authenticated age is one hundred and three, still hale and hearty, and delighted us with his ancient stories, also well authenticated, of "The Cape." After carefully removing the ashes from his pipe into the palm of his hand, and filling it from our keg of choice Virginia tobacco, which I grieve to say had eluded the vigilance of Her Majesty's customs, but nevertheless delighted the dear, old fellow, and taking a hot brand carefully from the log fire with the tongs and proceeding to light up, he slowly dived into the capacious inner pocket of his pea-jacket and produced a well-thumbed and yellow-looking copy of an old gazette published on the Island in 1816, wherein was advertised a reward of £50 for the apprehension of one Pat Pierce for murder.

Now, as from the old fellow's subsequent statement the murderer actually lived under the very roof I now occupy, it may interest some of my friends to hear his account of the tragedy. Crossing his ancient legs and settling himself easily in his chair, after a few preliminary whiffs from his pipe he commenced his yarn:

"This ere paper brings back to mind the story of the murder of Abel many a long year ago. Now I hain't much of a scholar myself, but my son is desperate good, and 'ee's got a book writ by a sea-captain, Marryat I think it was, or some sich name; it's called 'Frank Mildmay.' Now, sir, if you 'appen to 'ave that 'ere book, you'll find a story bearin' on this 'ere wery Cape."

As I luckily possessed, in my modest library of odd volumes, the novel, I produced it, and we soon found the following passage in which Frank Mildmay says:

"The frigate that I was to join came into harbor soon after I reached Halifax. This I was sorry for, as I found myself in very good quarters. I had letters of introduction to the best families. The place is proverbial for hospitality; and the society of the young ladies, who are both virtuous and lovely, tended in some degree to reform and polish the rough and libertine manners which I had contracted in my career. I had many sweethearts; I was a great flirt among them, and would willingly have spent more time in their company; but my fate or fortune was to be accomplished, and I went on board the frigate, where I presented my introductory letters to the noble-

man who commanded her. I expected him to have been an effeminate young man, much too refined to learn his business; but I was mistaken. Lord Edward was a sailor every inch of him; he knew a ship from stem to stern, understood the characters of seamen and gained their confidence. He was, besides, a good mechanic, a carpenter, ropemaker, sail-maker and cooper. He could hand, reef and steer, knot and splice; but he was no orator; he read little, and spoke less. He was a man of no show, nor could you ever perceive any assumption of consequence from his title of nobility. We were not allowed to remain long in this paradise of sailors, being ordered suddenly to Quebec. I ran round to say good bye to all my dear Arcadian friends. A tearful eye, a lock of hair, a hearty shake of a fair hand were all the spoils with which



I was loaded when I quitted the shore, and I cast many a longing, lingering look behind as the ship glided out of the harbor; white handkerchiefs were waved from the beach, and many a silent prayer put up for our safe return from snowy bosoms and from aching hearts. I dispensed my usual quantum of vows of eternal love and fidelity before I left them, and my departure was marked in the calendar of Halifax as a black day, by at least seven or eight pairs of blue eyes.

"We had not been long at sea before we spoke an Irish Guineaman from Belfast, loaded with emigrants for the United States: I think about seventeen families. These were contraband. Our captain had some twenty thousand acres on the Island of St. John's, or Prince Edward's, as it is now called, a grant to some of his ancestors, which had been bequeathed to him, and from which he had never received one shilling of rent, for the very best reason in the world, because there were no tenants to cultivate the soil. It occurred to our noble captain that this was the very sort of cargo he wanted, and that these Irish people would make good clearers of his land and improve his estate. He made the proposal to them, and as they saw no chance of getting to the United States, and provided they could get nourishment for their families it was a matter of indifference to them where they colonized, the proposal was accepted, and the captain obtained permission of the admiral to accompany them to the Island, to see them housed and settled. Indeed, nothing could have been more advantageous for all parties; they increased the scanty population of our own colony, instead of adding to the number of our enemies. We sailed again from Halifax a few hours after we had obtained the sanction of the admiral, and, passing through the beautiful passage between Nova Scotia and the Island of Cape Breton, known by the name of the Gut of Canso, we soon reached Prince Edward's Island.

"We anchored in a small harbor near the estate, on which we found a man residing with his wife and family; * this fellow called himself the steward, and from all I could see of him during our three weeks' stay he appeared to be rascal enough for the stewardship of any nobleman's estate in England. The captain landed, and took me as his aide-de-camp. A bed was prepared for his lordship in the steward's house, but he preferred sleeping on clean hay in the barn.† This noble lord was a man whose thoughts seldom gave much labor to his tongue; he had three different expletives or ejaculations. These were: 'Hum!' 'Eh!' and 'Ah!' I shall give one instance of our colloquial pastime. His lordship, after we had each taken up our quarters for the night on the soft, dry hay, thus began:

"I say—a pause.

"My lord?"

"What would they say in England at our taking up such quarters?"

"I think, my lord, that as far as regards myself, they would say nothing; but as regards your lordship they would say it was very indifferent accommodation for a nobleman."

"Hum."

"This I knew was the signal for a new version. 'I was observing, my lord, that a person of your rank taking up his quarters in a barn would excite suspicion among your friends in England.'

"Eh?" says his lordship.

"That did not do. 'Either your lordship's head or mine is very thick,'

* This man's name was Abel.

† This was Abel's barn.



thinks I. I'll try again, though dying to go to sleep. I say: 'My lord, if the people in England knew what a good sailor you are, they would be surprised at nothing you did; but those who know nothing would think it odd that you should be contented with such quarters.'

"Ah!" said his lordship, triumphantly. What further observations he was pleased to make that night I know not, for I fell fast asleep and did not wake till the cocks and hens began to fly down from their roosts and make a confounded clamor for their breakfast, when his lordship jumped up, gave himself a good shake, and then gave me another of a different sort.

"Come, rouse out, you d— lazy chap," said my captain. "Do you mean to sleep all day? We have got plenty to do."

"Ay! ay! my lord," said I. So up I jumped, and my toilet was completed in the same time, and by the same operation, as that of a Newfoundland dog—namely, a good shake. A large party of the ship's company came on shore with the carpenter, bringing with them every implement useful in cutting down trees and building log-houses. Such was to be our occupation, in order to house

these poor emigrants. Our men began to clear a patch of land by cutting down a number of pine trees, the almost exclusive natives of the wood; and, having selected a spot for the foundation, we placed four stems of trees in a parallelogram, having a deep notch in each end, mutually to fit and embrace each other. When the walls, by this repeated operation, were high enough, we laid on the rafters, and covered the roof with boughs of the fir and the bark of the birch tree, filling the interstices with moss and mud. By practice I became a very expert engineer, and with the assistance of thirty or forty men I could build a very good house in a day.

"We next cleared, by burning and rooting up, as much land as would serve to sustain the little colony for the ensuing season; and, having planted a crop of corn and potatoes, and given the settlers many articles useful in their new abode, we left them agreeably to our orders."

Now to my story, the gist of which, given to me by the oldest inhabitant, I am about to relate in my own words.* It may fairly be surmised that much of the trouble between landlord and tenant that so long agitated the people of Prince Edward's Island and which makes up so large a portion of the history of the Province was due to the harshness of land-agents in enforcing the payment of rents, much of which is supposed, in many cases, never to have reached the owners of the land, who were led to believe that the land was of little value.

Edward Abel enjoyed as one of these land-agents a most unenviable reputation, but many of his high-handed and outrageous acts can be traced directly to his wife's influence. She was a veritable virago, and urged her husband to commit many acts of oppression.

Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire?

He was weak enough to submit.

Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage.

And she finally drove him to his doom. Pat Pierce, an honest, good fellow, owned what was very rare in those days, a thoroughbred horse. Mrs. Abel was violently jealous of this ownership, and set her wicked wits to compass its possession. Ready money was a rare thing among the farmers, so when Abel came down on Pierce unexpectedly for the payment of his rent, a sum of £5 11s. 3d., for his few acres, Pierce was put to some straits to raise the money—there were no pawnbrokers on the island in those days. He first disposed of many articles of comfort and of necessity, and then sought among his neighbors to raise the balance. They willingly came to his assistance, for he was a good neighbor, and so he presented himself with the money at Abel's house, much to the woman's disappointment; but her covetous soul was equal to the occasion, it seems, for the money was refused on the ground that some of the coins were worthless. There being no bank in that part of the country, poor Pat was obliged to start on another pilgrimage to exchange the money. On his return to his house his eyes met something that chilled his heart and fired his Irish temper. Edward Abel had seized his precious horse, and led him out by the halter. Pierce presented the money and demanded the horse. The former was refused, and Abel held on to the horse.

Pierce protested earnestly, but Abel was obdurate, and determined that the horse was now his, forfeit for unpaid rent. This was the grossest injustice, and more than Pierce's Irish blood could endure, for he saw through Abel's outrageous act the hateful purpose of the wife. He dropped the battle of words and went into the house, whence he immediately returned

* Cull'd from suggestions kindly given to me by J. C. Underhay, Esq., of Bay Fortune. C. P. F.

with one of those old French muskets with bayonet* attached with which every settler was furnished by the Government. He gave Abel one more chance to take the money and release the horse. This he refused to do, and his high-handed and cruel nature got the check it richly deserved, for Pierce in a burst of indignation rushed at him with the bayonet and stabbed him twice—the last thrust a mortal wound through the groin.

Edward Abel's work of oppression and thieving was at an end. He managed to get as far as the Red House, which now gives its name to a locality near by. From this place a neighbor carried him home to his wife. It is to be hoped that the result of her wicked instigation brought home to this woman a lesson of humanity.

Pat Pierce made good his escape, and the glittering temptation of the reward of £50 found no neighbor willing to betray Pat and accept the blood money.

C. P. FLOCKTON.

* I am the proud possessor of this very bayonet (authenticated). It adorns the beam over my ingle. C. P. F.

THE PERIPATETIC PIRATE; OR, THE GHOST'S GRYATIONS.

A Dramatic Absurdity in One Short Spasms.

BILLIE ROYSTON,
HERBERT MILLWARD,
CHARLIE KENT,
"FLOCKIE,"
JOHN DAVIDSON (Steward).

Characters.

N. B.—All "bits," no star part. Centre of stage open to all comers. No souvenirs will be presented after the one hundredth performance of this tragedy.*

COSTUMES: Bohemian and eccentric—evening dress not admissible.

SCENE: Flockie's "Den" at Abel's Cape; night. Fireplace, C.; Door, R.; Casement window, R.; Log fire (real) burning on hearth, C.; Oak table, C.; Various old-fashioned chairs, settle, etc.; On table, two candles in candlesticks burning; Bric-a-brac, pictures, musical instruments, including a yellow flageolet; Fishing nets and tackle; Saddle and bridle; Warming pan; Boot-jacks hanging on walls. Scattered about are books, magazines, various "junk" props, and other flotsam and jetsam. On table, church warden pipes and tobacco, flagon of whisky (native still), flagon of old home-brewed beer, tankards, glasses, teapot, cups and saucers.

HERBERT MILLWARD, CHARLIE KENT, and FLOCKIE discovered, seated in various easy attitudes, FLOCKIE at zither. A noise as of a stumble and crash is heard. Enter (rather hurriedly) door R. BILLIE ROYSTON in mackintosh, stable lantern in hand. He is pale and disheveled, evidently near a nervous collapse. He stands—rather inclined to lean—against the doorway.

CHARLIE KENT: Why, what the deuce is the matter, Billie? (All look at Billie, curiously.) Dinner's all over; we were much too hungry to wait. Where on earth have you been meandering?



BILLIE: Well, you know I went to the post-office (by the way, there's no mail—don't expect anything for a week), and starting to return I saw lights on the point. Knowing Flockie's dread of fire in the woods, I didn't stop to go round by the road, but took the shorter cut. The tide was low. I knew the small boat was at this side of the creek, so I rowed across and rushed over the beach. Keeping the light well in view, I climbed the cliff stealthily, and where, boys, do you think it led me? Right to the old Treasure holes.

The moon was up—I took off my tackinmash, I mean mackintosh (all exchange glances), to conceal the light, which I had got from the old fish hut.

OMNES (impatiently): Well? Well?

FLOCKIE: Take time, old man; don't get "rattled."

BILLIE: And I saw something that chilled the very marrow in my bones!

HERBERT: "Take a sup of this, lad" (pushing flagon toward him. A door slams violently, as if closed by wind; BILLIE, thoroughly unnerved, appears ready to faint; he clutches at nearest thing for support. His features work spasmodically).

CHARLIE (in a deep voice): "Leave thy damnable faces and begin. The croaking raven doth—what is it? Is—Is—"

FLOCKIE: "Is eager for the fray."

(All laugh.)

BILLIE: Come, I say, you fellows, this is serious.

HERBERT: Yes, we're "The Serious Family."

BILLIE: The men disappeared.

OMNES: What men?

BILLIE: As I told you—the men I saw!

FLOCKIE: Why, you never said a word about the men; did he, boys?

BILLIE: Well, if I didn't, I ought to. You fellows do put a chap out so (re-suming very intensely). By the light of the moon, which was now up—

HERBERT (interrupting): That's why he took the lantern, to find the moon.

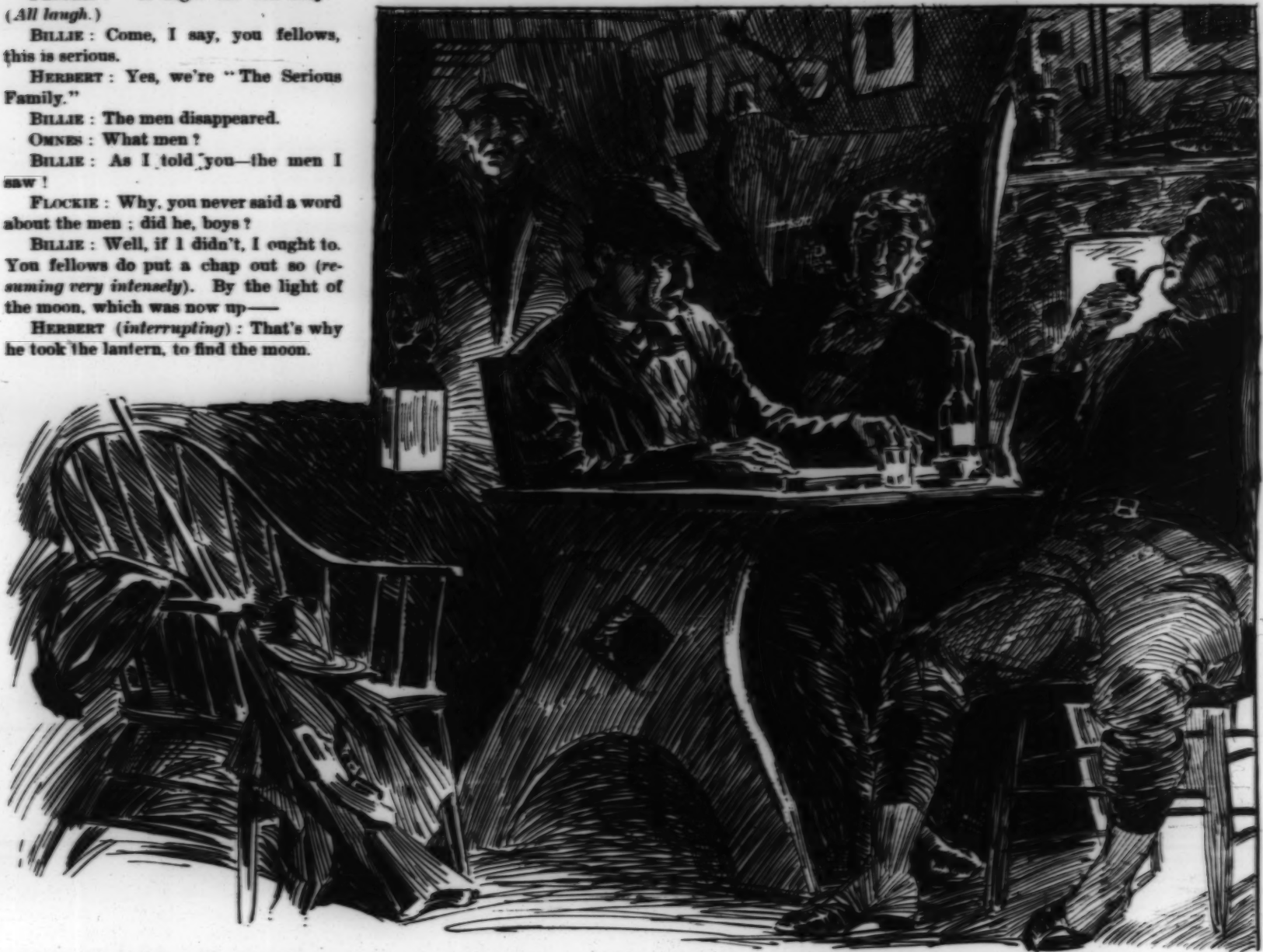
BILLIE: Now, you fellows, do be serious. I have seen the ghost of Captain Kidd—you'll all agree!

CHARLIE (interrupting): "When we do agree, our unanimity is wonderful."

BILLIE (to Flockie): Let me call in your man; John Davidson! (Calls.) (Enter John D. with tray on which is cold lamb, pickles, etc., and flagon of home brew, which he sets before BILLIE.)

BILLIE: Now, John, is it not a fact that you have seen the ghost of Captain Kidd?

JOHN: Yes, sir; most surely, as I am standing here. I'll take my affidavit to the same before any Justice of the Peace (about to exit, returns). For God's sake, gentlemen, don't tell my wife, for she's that nervous—



BILLIE (not noticing, intensely): I saw two men digging as hard as they could. But now comes the horror of the scene. Suddenly, just in front of them, appeared the awful figure of Captain Kidd!

FLOCKIE: Now, "no kid."

BILLIE: He looked just like you, Flockie, as the Flying Dutchman—same sort of "make up" (all laugh), only 'round him and all over him was a white kind of phosphorescent exhalation.

CHARLIE: Perhaps it was a white Polar bear that had floated down to these parts on an iceberg.

BILLIE: Now, do listen. The two fellows looked up and saw it. Just then it lifted its foot as if it would give one of them a tremendous kick, when its bucket boot flew off, clean over head, and landed—

CHARLIE (eagerly): In the nearest well?

FLOCKIE: That's the proper place for a bucket, certainly (all laugh).

BILLIE: It's all very well for you fellows to make a joke of it, but you wouldn't have seen the joke had you been there; it was awful—awful!

HERBERT: You seem terribly unstrung, old chap; cheer up!

BILLIE: Suddenly the ghost vanished and the four fellows—

CHARLIE: Why, you said two just now!

FLOCKIE: There were "seven men in buckram," you know.

BILLIE: Well, then two, if you must be so precise—the two fellows ran violently—

CHARLIE: "Down a steep place into the sea."

HERBERT: Like "the swine" in the ancient story.

BILLIE (much nettled): Look here, boys, if you interrupt me again I won't speak another word.

CHARLIE: Well, then, sing it, old man.

HERBERT: Yes! Flockie, you've got the zither there; give him the key.

CHARLIE: No, don't; he'll lock himself up.

FLOCKIE: And save the local constabulary the trouble.

FLOCKIE: No! No! John, she's too good a cook and housekeeper to ruffle her nerves with ghost stories. (Exit JOHN.)

BILLIE: For Heaven's sake, Flockie, after this burn your yellow flageolet.

FLOCKIE: Not much; that flageolet, yellow though it be, was given to me by poor Phifing, a personal friend, now deceased. God rest his soul and bring comfort to all who heard his notes. By the way, boys, I'll tell you a long story about (all rise hurriedly)—

BILLIE: No, no; not to-night! I, for one, am too tired, and we are all too much upset over the ghost, at least I am, so I'll proceed to refresh the inner man (begins to eat). I'll tell you what, old man, we cannot say that "the ghost does not walk" on Abel's Cape, as other ghosts, more material, occasionally fail to do in other parts of the country.

FLOCKIE: Don't suppose for a moment, Billie, that I'm upset, as you say, by the ghost. I'm only too delighted to think that my humble estate harbors a ghostly visitant, that many a nobleman, with gorgeous castle, would be proud to have wandering, phosphorescent light and all, 'round his stately walls. That's if he did not happen to have a well authenticated family ghost of his own.

OMNES (clinking glasses): Hear! hear! Three cheers for the ghost of Captain Kidd, and may its shadow never grow less; eh, Billie?

BILLIE: It can go to the devil for me—I'm weary of ghosts and of relating ghostly experiences to a lot of skeptics.

OMNES: Hear! Hear! (BILLIE finishes his meal and presently goes to sleep in easy chair. The other characters move silently about, blowing out candles, slowly and solemnly steal away. The sound of heavy boots, dropped one after another, on the floor overhead is heard, and all is still, save the sobbing of the wind through the neighboring pines. BILLIE sleeps calmly in chair by fire, whose ruddy glow faintly illumines "The Den.")

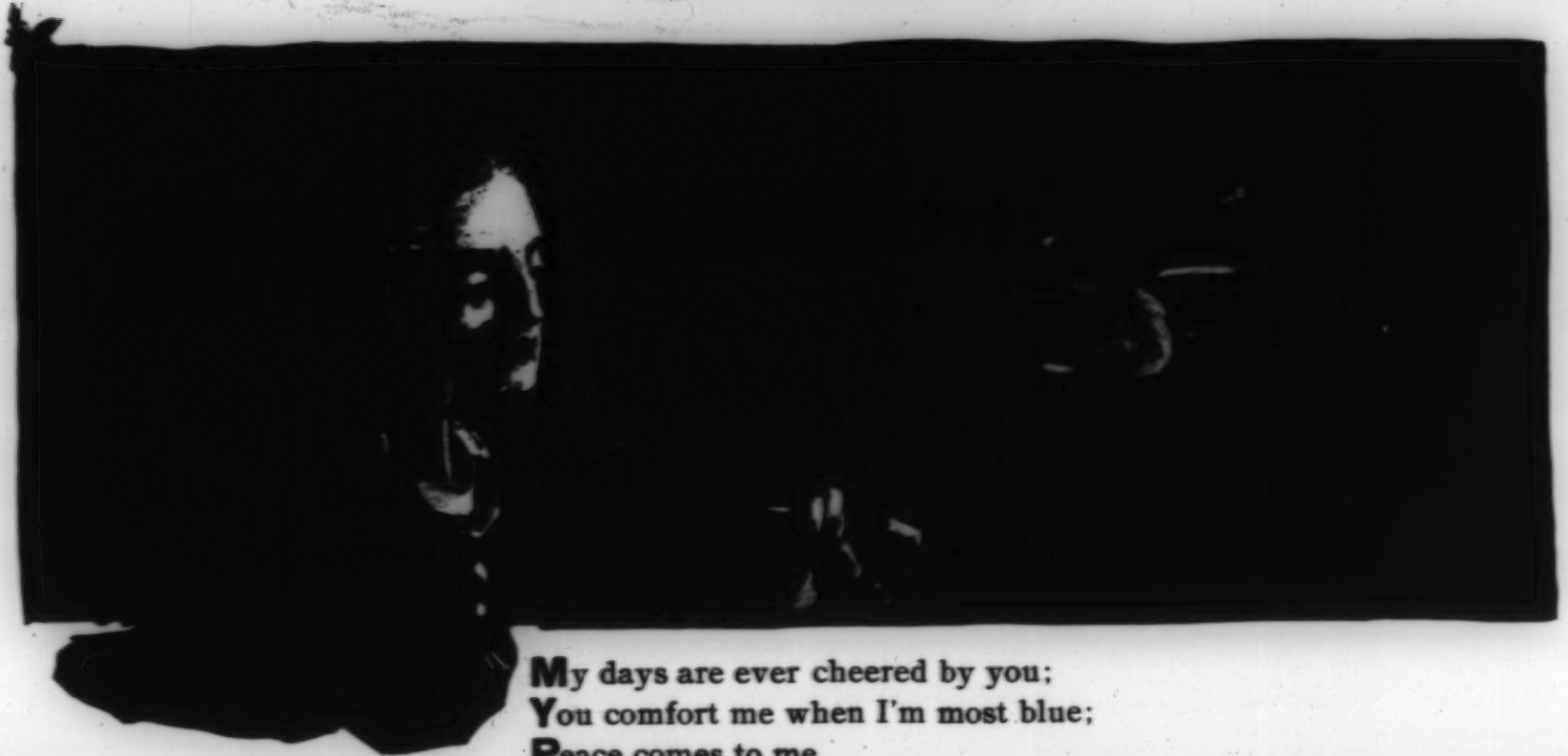
(I am indebted to the superb art of my friend, James Herne, for this last effect.—AUTHOR.)

NEMO.



JULIA ARTHUR.

AN XMAS ACROSTIC.



My days are ever cheered by you;
 You comfort me when I'm most blue;
 Peace comes to me
 In puffing you.
 Pray accept from me this small puff
 E'en though it is not praise enough.

ERROLL DUNBAR.

HIS NIBLETS.

IN the first place, His Niblets was a dog—a lean, half starved cur, with a pair of ears that looked as though they had been put on some time after the rest of the animal was made and a long, slim nose that seemed fashioned especially for fishing stray morsels out of hidden corners. He was blind in one eye and the pupil was of a whitish color, decidedly disagreeable to see. The four legs of which he was the undisputed owner, stuck one on each corner and had a way of wobbling like the worn out wheels of an old cart, while from his hindquarters hung a dejected looking tail with the end gone. Assuredly the oldest friend of the family could never have accused His Niblets of being a beauty.

Down in Virginia, where he was born, there were many like him. In fact, the little country town he claimed for home possessed fully a hundred just as fair to look upon, and yet when the Clara Jennings Repertoire company passed through the district in hard luck and the dog, then a nameless pup of six months old, followed the manager and advance agent around for an hour or so, they adopted him, gave him a name and kept him for a mascot.

It was no easy matter, this bestowing a name, and for a time it looked as though it might result in disbanding the company. The star herself wanted to call him Hero, but Lipman, the leading man, who had been a professor of history in a far away school before he became an actor, noticed the cruelty with which the mongrel would play with the rats he caught, and insisted that Nero was both appropriate and high sounding. Upon which Miss Jennings asked very emphatically, in her unique way, "Who bosses the shebang?" and Lipman succumbed. But the affair was not settled so easily. The manager was anxious that the beast should be known as Mascot, the soubrette wished to call it Dearest, and Rufus Winter, the leader of the orchestra, would be satisfied with nothing but the short, practical title of Kidd. For a time it looked as though everybody would call the dog what he or she pleased, but in the middle of the controversy some one proposed His Niblets, and immediately the whole party went over to the dark horse and the deadlock was broken.

Meanwhile the mascot went around with his head low, thoroughly enjoying the new comforts laid out for him and absolutely regardless of the trouble he was causing. He needed very little care, however, for having early discerned the difference between his past and present life, he decided that, in all probability, he had unconsciously died and was, as a natural result, enjoying the pleasures of a dog's heaven, from which he absolutely refused to be ejected. He had rather a strong mind at all times, and when he once made it up it was worse than extracting teeth to persuade him to change it. He learned early that his place was not on the stage, and with the exception of an ill-timed entry during the death scene of Othello one night, confined himself strictly to the dressing-rooms during the performance.

And yet it was a noticeable fact that His Niblets lost popularity steadily after his first week in the capacity of mascot. The primary step in this direction was made when his fondness for grease paint was discovered, after the commodity had been disappearing steadily for a month. Miss Jennings, generally rather proud, condescended to kick his floating ribs around to

another anchorage that night, but it seemed to do no good, and after the leading man discovered the loss of six sticks of flesh colored and one of blue paint, not to speak of a bottle of glue and a wig used in Romeo and Juliet, the members of the company took to putting their make-up boxes out of harm's way. But that was not enough. Late in the season a restaurant keeper with an experimenting turn of mind caught His Niblets out after hours and filled him so full of whisky and milk that he staggered home after four o'clock in the morning and roused the house to let him in. Then he retired to the top hall and from that point of vantage poured out his sorrows to the world for fully two hours. As a not unnatural result that portion of the world that was within earshot replied with a vigorous fusillade of bootjacks and hair brushes that drove the enemy into a closet, from which place he steadfastly refused to retire until the landlord took the initiative and threw him out of the window.

After this incident there was comparative quiet for a month, marred only by the brute's noisy repentance over his unfortunate drunk. But at the end of that period he began to make up for lost time and the result was an epoch of more than ordinary villainy. First he took it into his addled brain to explore the regions above the flies and dropped into the throne room in Don Carlos squarely on top of the Don, just as he was emitting the famous line in regard to being totally without friends. The result was laughter downstairs and a riot in the gallery that was only stilled by the aid of three constables and the sheriff. This was at the last stand in Maryland, and at the first one in Pennsylvania His Niblets swallowed a wedding ring belonging to the soubrette and narrowly escaped death by vivisection. In Pottsville he mistook the manager of the theatre for a tramp, and in the parlance of the street, "didn't do a thing to him." At the same stop he nearly choked to death eating the hair lying on the floor of a barber shop, and, to crown the whole, slept an entire night on Miss Jennings' silk dress and was sternly rebuked by that lady in language altogether unsuitable for publication.

But it was as a mascot that he proved an unexemplified failure. Two days after his capture Richelieu was taken with a violent attack of the horrors and the performance had to be postponed. A week later the juvenile broke his leg and the same day the court decided against granting a divorce to the soubrette. Three weeks of bad business followed, and when the company reached Scranton, the point at which they had hoped to recuperate their fallen fortunes, they had the consolation of finding that the only two theatres in town had issued injunctions against each other's openings. Without any doubt in the world the Clara Jennings Repertoire company would have gone broke then and there had it not been that the mother of the star sent on a substantial check, which carried them to a point where business resumed and food was cheap. The troupe made close to two thousand that week, and while they were gloating over it the manager gathered all he could lay hands on and skipped to regions unknown to the police.

This time the show was rescued by a friendly railroad man, who furnished transportation to the next stand. But on the way a trestle went down, and when the players had finished the remainder of the journey in a hospital car, and had reached their destination, they found that the road was not

responsible for damages when those damaged rode on passes. Whereupon the new manager took an inventory of the losses and found but one thing that pleased him—His Niblets was missing. But when a car went back to the scene of the wreck to gather what remained of the company's baggage, they found the minor part of it by the roadside with the mascot sitting on it waving his stump of a tail like a danger signal.

The result was immediate. And when the wrath of the troupe was at its height some one proposed poisoning the mascot, and a tempting stick of grease paint, loaded with paris green and rough on rats, was put on the shelf in the leading man's dressing-room. His Niblets avoided the bait with a compactness of purpose worthy of a better cause for a week, at the end of which time the inhabitant of the room grew hard up for make-up and discovered the forgotten stick on the floor. A plentiful use of the cosmetic resulted in a rash not unlike small pox on the face of the leading man, who at once bought a revolver and fired all six shots out of the back window one night at a form strangely like that of the cankerous canine. But as it happened, His Niblets was sound asleep in the attic about that time and the leading man had to pay \$5 for the carcass of the landlord's bull pup.

A month after that consoling incident the troupe was burned out in a fire at Leesburg, caused by the mascot's hankering after sulphur matches. Not a thing was saved, even the brave watchman finding a fiery grave at his post of duty, but the next day His Niblets was found sitting abreast of a burned beam, balanced on what had been the top of the proscenium arch, flirting with the next door neighbor's skye terrier. He had no eyelashes to speak of, and most of his hair was burned off, but it was unmistakably His Niblets and no one else. The troupe rallied bravely and after a time managed to move away, leaving the dog behind. They tendered themselves a banquet in Mannering in honor of having gotten rid of him, and were just toasting his memory, as the fire had come near toasting his body, when he walked calmly in and proceeded to annex a ham sandwich from the plate of the ingenue. Then he chased over to the leading man and looked up into his face with such pleading, innocent eyes that the soft hearted fellow was won over at once and allowed the dirty brute to spoil his best trousers without protest.

By this time the aspect of his regal highness, the mascot of the Clara Jennings Repertoire company, was changed considerably. True, he remained of a mongrel yellowish hue and still possessed the angular landmarks of his old self, but the ancient, hungry, humbled, one might say dogged, expression had vanished. His sides were filled out and his legs stronger. The pinched look of suffering was gone and the decided aversion in which he was held by the entire company had no effect upon him whatever. After some unusually shameful escapade he would dissemble for a time, out of deference to public opinion, but he never failed to come back promptly at meal time. He seemed to feel keenly the weight of responsibility on his shoulders as mascot, and took it into his head that his absence for any length of time would be thought of as a lapse of duty and a personal grievance to every member of the company.

Meanwhile his utter incapacity for the work for which he was taken became even more manifest. The most unheard of misfortunes happened to the troupe. A green advance agent was so pleased with the reductions offered by a rival railway that he contracted for mileage to Virginia when the bookings were in New York and the company was forced to decide between paying damages to the road and to the theatres. A mistake in trains at Grand Junction took them away from an important stand and made them miss the date, and a double contract brought them into Newark the same week another repertoire show had booked. At Dennison a mob had objected to their posters and pulled them down, while Paterson had a law against wearing tights that prevented the star from playing Romeo as contracted with the manager. Then the New York agency booked the show through two prohibition States, and so it was along the entire route. Had the company been controlled by every conceivable use of the number 13 things could not have been worse, and as a result every one was down on the dog.

As to getting rid of him, that was simply impossible. Every known method miscarried, and only served to make the brute happier. The show remained in one town a week, forsaking other bookings, especially to give the dog catchers a chance to impound His Niblets, and after they reached the next stand a messenger brought the animal back with a note of regret from the pound keeper, who "Didn't know it belonged to the show folks and hoped they would pardon the mistake, as he sent the dog back—C. O. D."



FICTION VS. FACT.

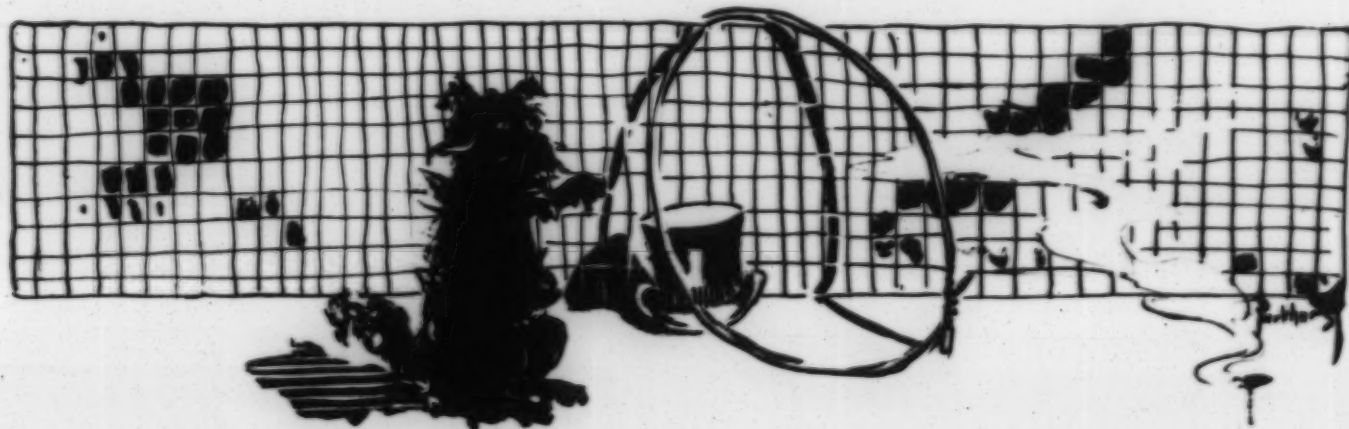
THE YOUTH: "WHAT A GLORIOUS THING IS NATURE! AS WE GAZE UPON THE BROAD EXpanse OF THE OCEAN WE ARE FILLED WITH ADMIRATION AND AWE!"

THE OLD SAILOR: "SO THEY SAY, BUT I SPENT SIXTY YEARS FLOATIN' ON THE BOSOM OF THE OCEAN AN' I WAS NEVER FILLED WITH ANYTHING, BUT HARDTACK AN' SALT HORS."

But the climax came the week the season closed in Buffalo. The leading man went to his room one night to make up for the part he was to play, and had opened the door, when he was greeted by a savage growl from the hitherto friendly cur. The actor thought there must be some mistake about the matter and tried to make overtures, with the sole effect of getting for his pains a basso profundo warning that His Niblets had set up the room for his domain, and decidedly resented any argument about the matter. The leading man got the stage carpenter, who secured a pole and poked his way about until he was bitten in the leg and left the field a defeated man. He was taken to the hospital, and the ejected performer borrowed a pair of tights and a woman's cape, with which he made up for Othello in the juvenile's room. The next day further remarks were made to His Niblets, but without avail. The ordinarily friendly brute refused consolation and assumed the defensive consistently.

That night the stage carpenter returned with a shotgun and succeeded in running the gauntlet of the leading man's wardrobe without moving the dog. Vitriol proved equally worthless, excepting that it served to spoil the best pair of tights in the theatre, and the leading man made up in borrowed plumes again that night. The flag of truce of a slice of ham and the negotiations of an arbitration committee not being recognized on the following day, sulphur was tried so effectually that it drove His Niblets out and let the crowd in. And when they got in they found on the floor, secure in the trunk of the leading man and reposing gently on his silk hat, a litter of eleven pups. His Niblets had been christened without any regard to sex and had been unnoticed for so long that the event was wholly unexpected. But the soubrette declared seriously that the dog knew the show was about to disband and purposely produced for each member a fac simile of His Niblets.

CHANNING L. L. POLLOCK.



HAMLET AT THE COMEDIE FRANCAISE.

BY ANATOLE FRANCE.

Good night, sweet Prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.

LAST Tuesday at midnight this is what we were saying as we left the Théâtre Français: to bid good-night to him who had given us a memorable evening was but justice. Yes, a sweet Prince is my lord Hamlet. He is handsome, he is unhappy. He knows everything; yet he does not know what to do. He is worthy of envy and worthy of pity. He is a worse and a better man than every one of us. He is a man—he is man—in him all mankind is typified. In that packed house there were fully twenty people

were not worldly adventures—only human adventures. You compel people to think, and here that is a grievance they will not forgive you. But in the audience there were a few minds whom you profoundly stirred. To speak of yourself to them meant to speak of themselves. That is why they prefer you to all other beings created like yourself by genius.

A happy chance gave me a seat next to M. Auguste Dorchain. He understands you, my lord, as he understands Racine, for he is a poet. Because I have just left the sea, I think I understand you a little also. Oh, do not fear that I should say you were like two oceans. That would be words, words, and you do not like words. No, I merely want to say that, after two months of rest and seclusion amid wide horizons, I can understand you. I have become very simple, and open to the influences of all that is really



MOUNET SULLY AS HAMLET.

who felt this, I swear. "Good night, sweet Prince." To leave you without one's head being full of you one cannot: for the last three days I have had no other thoughts than your thoughts.

I experienced a sad joy in seeing you, my lord. That is more than a joyful joy. Let me tell you, in an undertone, that the mood of the public seemed to me absentminded and frivolous. Don't let us complain too loudly, for there is no cause for surprise. The public was composed of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen. You did not wear a dress suit: you had no amorous intrigue nor interest in the world of the great financiers, and no gardenia ornamented your buttonhole. That is why the ladies in the boxes coughed slightly and nibbled at sugared fruits. Your adventures could not interest them. They

beautiful, really great, and really profound. In Winter, in our Paris, one allows willingly pretty things, the fashionable fads and the complicated trifles of the small schools, to influence one. But the fecund activity of country walks, the vistas of expansive horizons of sea and moor, purify and elevate the feelings. One is quite prepared, returning home, for the intimacy of the untrammelled genius of a Shakespeare. That is why you were welcome, my lord Hamlet. That is why all your thoughts flutter confusedly on my lips and shroud me in terror, poetry, and sadness.

You saw that in the *Revue Bleue* and elsewhere speculations as to the causes of your sadness were advanced. Your sadness was judged, and rightly, too, to be so profound that the most horrible domestic catastrophes

were not deemed sufficient to have caused its completeness. A distinguished economist, M. Emile de Lavalaye, thought that it must have been the sorrow of an economist. He wrote an article for the express purpose of demonstrating this. He tells us that both his friend Laufrey and himself had been the prey of a similar sadness after the change of Government in 1851, and that the bad state of affairs the usurper Claudius brought upon Denmark made you suffer most, my lord Hamlet. I believe that the destinies of your country you took much to heart, and I applaud Fortinbras' words:

Bear Hamlet like a soldier to the stage;
For he was likely had he been put on,
To have proved most royally.

No, I do not believe your sadness to be similar to that of M. de Lavalaye. I believe that it was more intellectual and of higher order. I believe it was inspired by a keen comprehension of destiny. Not only Denmark, but the whole world seemed dark to you. Hopes you had none. Contrary to M. de Lavalaye, not even the principle of the right of the people could arouse hope in your soul. Let those who do not perceive this remember the beautiful prayer your lips, already touched by death, addressed to Horatio:

If thou didst ever hold me in the heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.

These were your last words. He to whom they were said had not a family poisoned by crimes—he was not like you a predestined assassin. His was a free-minded, wise, and faithful soul. He was a happy man, if there ever was one. But you know, my lord Hamlet, you know that a happy man there has never been. You know that all is evil in the universe. The word must be said, you were a pessimist. It is true that your destiny fated you to despair, for your destiny was a tragic one. But your nature was akin to your destiny. It is this which makes you so worthy of admiration: you were made to cherish unhappiness; enough was granted you to exercise your tastes in that direction. You were well treated, my lord, and what a flavor has the sorrow that drowns you! What a delicacy of palate you possess! Oh, you are a connoisseur, a gourmet, in sorrows!

Such the great Shakespeare created you. And it seems to me that he himself was no much of an optimist when he conceived you. From 1601 to 1608 his enchanted hands brought into life a sufficiently large number of despairing or furious spirits. It was then he showed us Desdemona perishing through Iago, an old king's blood staining Lady Macbeth's little hands, and poor Cordelia, and you, his favorite, and Timon of Athens.

Yes, Timon. Really one is led to believe that Shakespeare, like you, was a pessimist. What will M. Moreau, the author of the second Gerfaut say, he who every night at the vaudeville rails so rudely at the poor pessimists? Oh, they undergo daily a very disagreeable quarter of an hour! I pity them. Happy people can be found everywhere to jeer at them pitilessly. In their place I would not know where to hide myself. But Hamlet must inspire them with a new courage. On their side they have Job and Shakespeare. And this equalizes the scales somewhat. M. Paul Bourget is saved this once, and saved by you, my lord Hamlet.

As I am writing, my eyes rest on an old German engraving which represents you, but I fail to recognize you. It portrays you as you appeared in the Berlin Theatre in 1780. You did not wear then the solemn mourning bespoken by your mother—the doublet, trunks, mantle and cap, with which Delacroix so boldly clothed you when he created your type in an awkward but sublime drawing, and which to-day are worn with much virile grace, and in so many poetic attitudes by M. Mounet Sully. No, you appeared before the seventeenth century Berliners in a costume that would seem to us curiously strange. You were dressed—my engraving vouches for this—in the last French fashion of the day. Your hair was powdered and dressed in pigeon-wing style. You wore embroidered collars, satin breeches, silk stockings, buckled shoes, and a short court mantle—in a word, an exact copy of the mourning apparel of the Versailles courtiers. I forgot the Henri IV. hat, the genuine hat of the aristocrats, worn at the sittings of Parliament. Thus appareled, with a sword at your side, you are kneeling at Ophelia's feet. Ophelia looks very pretty in her dress with paniers and her high Marie Antoinette head dress, a great panache of ostrich plumes, giving it a finishing touch. The other personages are all dressed similarly. They are spectators, as you are, of the tragedy of Gonzago and Baptista. Your handsome Louis XV. armchair is empty and displays all the flowers of its tapestry.

You are already crouching on the floor, you spy on the king's visage the silent confession of the crime your mission is to avenge. The king also wears a beautiful Henri IV. hat, such as did Louis XVI. You believe, doubtless, that I shall smile, ridicule, and hastily, triumphantly proclaim the progress achieved in our settings and costumes. You are mistaken, although I am not in the least sorry that you do not wear the garb of my old engraving, and that you no longer resemble the Comte de Provence in mourning for the Dauphin, and that your Ophelia is not bedecked as mesdames were. But mere costume is nothing to me. You can wear any costume you like. It will always suit you provided it is beautiful. You belong to all times, you belong to all countries. You have not aged an hour in three centuries. Your soul has the age of the soul of every one of us. We live together, my lord Hamlet: you are what we are, a man struggling amid universal evil. People have taken you to task for your words and your actions. They have even demonstrated that you were not in accord with yourself.

"How can one comprehend this elusive being?" it is asked. Turn by turn thoughts of a medieval monk and those of a scientist of the Renaissance assail him. His mind is philosophical, yet full of superstitions. Lies

he detests, yet his life is a tissue of lies. It can be clearly perceived that he is irresolute, yet some critics hold that he is full of decision without one being able to say that they are wholly wrong. Finally, my lord, it is claimed that you are a mass of contradictions, a stock of ideas, and not a human being. But, on the contrary, this only proves how profoundly human you are. You are prompt and slow, daring and timid, kind and cruel. You believe, but you doubt, and, above all things, you are wise and mad. In one word, you live. Among us who is the man who does not resemble you in some things? Among us where is the man whose thoughts are free of contradictions, and whose acts are free from incoherence? Who is not mad among us? Who will not say to you with mingled feelings of pity, sympathy, admiration or horror, "Good night, sweet Prince?"

Look at Hamlet—it is a whole vast world. I doubt if anything greater has ever been created.

Some artists, like Shakespeare, have represented the universe. Therefore their souls were universal.

As to Shakespeare, he is the poet of humanity. His place is wherever there are men capable of feeling the beautiful and the true. Like Homer, he is above all nations.

(Translated by Alice Kauser.)

WHO WAS SHE?

JIM REDBURN and I were reporters on a couple of New York papers. Jim was a morose, taciturn sort of fellow, difficult to approach, and yet beneath it all was a ruddy generosity and noble sense of manliness that made him, once a friend, the staunchest of friends, and always a character too earnest to be unjust or indifferent to any one.

He seldom spoke of his private affairs even to me, but one night, 'twas a Christmas eve, over a bowl of punch, he said, "I had a sister once; she went away from home one day and never came back again." Then he was silent for a long time, and I heard him murmur, as if to himself, "Poor Nell, poor Nell."

About six months after, we were detailed to go down in the Jefferson Market precinct to write up a fire, that had occurred the night before, in which a young girl had been burned to death—one of those girls that we don't care to talk about, but who are everywhere around us. Just as we got there, they were bringing her out. Strange to say, although her body had been burned beyond the semblance of anything human, her face had been scarcely touched by the flames, and expressed in its serene peace a sort of childlike innocence in terrible contrast to what her experience in life must have been.

I stood there noting the gold bronze curls falling upon her brow, filled with the dreadful pathos of it all, when Jim came up and looked down over my shoulder. I cannot describe, and I shall never forget, the tone of heart-wrung agony that came from his lips as he dropped on his knees by her side, and, looking up in my face, repeatedly exclaimed, "She must not go to the Potters' field! She must not go to the Potters' field!"

I felt that it was no time for words, and went around and tried to fix up matters as I thought best, with the result that the next day we were in the little back room of an undertaker's, listening to the words of a minister who, with a strange ignoring of circumstance, took for his text, "The wages of sin is death." Then, in a cold, unmodulated voice of professional exactitude, he expounded the Mosaic law of an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, and, for sin, death. He held out no glimmering light of hope, he extended no excuse for weakness, he offered no palliation for error—only the stern, unswerving theory that we are taught the truth of right from wrong, and if we choose wrong and sin we know the inevitable result.

I saw Jim moving around in his seat impatiently. Suddenly he jumped to his feet and said quietly: "Just a moment, please! We sent for you because we wanted to give this poor girl a Christian burial. We wanted to hear Christian talk. Why, let me say that if you and I and the world in general would show a little more kindness and consideration—yes, a little more love—for these poor girls there wouldn't be so many of them walking the streets of every big city in the world to-day. How do we know what brought her here, the cause of her first misstep? It might have been her trust in human nature. Perhaps off in some little country town, when she was an innocent girl, somebody whispered something in her ear, and she believed him, and it is because she did believe him that she is lying here dead to-day. Oh! I cannot think"—Just then a hand organ down the street commenced to play, "She May Have Seen Better Days," and one of the girls over in the corner, one of her own class, got up and laid a white rose on her breast. Silently, without another word being spoken, we took her down and out, and as we closed the door and started on our way to Greenwood, the hand organ had moved just around the corner, and this time it was playing:

She has fallen by the wayside,
She has gone beyond recall;
There's no hand outstretched to save her—
She is lost, and that is all.

Was she Jim's sister? I have often wondered. EMILIE EDWARDS.

NOT IN NEW YORK.

HERR VON SPIELAUF (Professional).—"Do you play Mendelssohn's Symphony in A Flat?"

MISS CARRIE TONE (Amateur).—"No. Only in the suburbs."



THE SERENADER.

AN AMATEUR SANTA CLAUS.

I WAS a very small city woman, and it was my first Christmas in the backwoods. I was but a few months over seven years old, but I was a very elderly young person indeed. The only absolutely childish thing about me was my perfect, my unshakable faith in Santa Claus.

My mother had gone to the distant city—that visit and its nearness to Christmas arousing not the faintest suspicion in my mind—and she had failed to return at the expected time. I was unhappy where she had left me, and had got permission to visit grandma (courtesy title only) down the road, but before I reached the old log house my quilted red hood was white and on my hot little cheeks were cold wet spots where the snowflakes had melted. There was neither sounder nor bell on the big door, but from a hole a leather string hung down, and when one pulled that it lifted a big latch inside, and one then pushed the door open and entered, not a hall, nor waiting-room, nor reception room, but the house itself. It was an unusually large log-house, but it had only one great room, and above one attic room, which was reached, or had been reached in past years, by the help of a stationary ladder.

As I entered, the strange old creature whom I had come to see was busily engaged in plucking the feathers from a wild turkey. Before she welcomed me, however, her piercing black eyes had noted the snowflakes on my hood, and she sharply asked: "Honey, did yer notice them sheep in the second field as yer cum along?" I did not quite know about "noticing," but I diplomatically replied that I had seen them. "What were they doin'?" she demanded.

"Nothing," I answered; "they were just standing still, not even eating."

She began pushing the basket of feathers from her, as she asked impatiently: "How were they standin', yer pore ignorant little city thing? Were they in a big circle, or a knot with their heads down?"

"Yes, ma'm," I hastily put in; "their heads were down low, and they were all huddled together."

"Oh, Lord! then Luke and me must go out and fold 'em, right off now!"

Down went the turkey; the old woman rose, calling Luke, the stiff, half-blind old dog, snoring in the firelight, to come, and, without a wrap of any kind, off she tramped to fold her sheep in obedience to the sign their position gave her of the kind of storm that was coming. With just such faith she always kept one spider-web in a dark corner, that the spider might let her know when it was going to rain.

A couple of hours later we were prisoners—the whole world seemed one great mass of eider down, with our house pushed down in the middle of it. The stage had made its weekly trip the day before. No chance of mother arriving. And Santa Claus! He didn't know even where I was! And, if he did, could even he find his way across the great white stretches of the wide prairie down through the bottom lands, and up into the thick forest where the clinging snow hid the blazed and belted trees that marked the way? And this was Christmas eve! I laid my head on old Luke's shoulder and sobbed aloud, and at each sob he wriggled and whimpered, and every few moments he solemnly raised his wet fore foot and offered to shake hands with me for my comfort, and then the tall, gaunt woman with the string of gold beads glittering about her muscular old throat was leaning over me and saying: "What's the matter, honey? be yer hum sick, and cryin' for yer maw?" And I answered that "Santa Claus could not come for me to night."

"Who?" asked she.

"Santa Claus," I repeated.

"Santy Clus? Santy Clus? Well, I be dog gonad if I ever hearn of a name like that. Be it a man or a woman? and what kin to you?" And with wide amazed eyes I sat and stared at the woman of eighty-two who had never heard of Santa Claus.

The kettles were hanging from the crane, and several mathematically exact beds of red coal had been prepared on the broad hearth, on one of which stood the covered iron bread kettle, on another the big coffee pot, and on another a baby pot bellied kettle with pumpkin stewing in it, and right in the centre of the great fireplace the wild turkey swung slowly round and round from a worsted string, while a tin beneath it caught the drippings.

Then for a time "grandma" stopped her almost endless tramp back and forth by her big spinning-wheel, and, seated in her splint bottomed chair, she stood me at her sharp, old knees, and demanded of me the whole history of this "yere Santy Clus you've been talkin' about. I thought Christmas was a Bible-day, honey. My old man cud read right smart, an', afore he was tuck, he used to read outen the Bible much as two or three times a year—but I never hearn of no Santy Clus in it."

I tried to explain, with the result of making her cry: "Oh, I see—he's a sort of a *hant*—not a real man! Where do he walk when he's at hum?" Again I explained—told her of his pictures and the rest. "Yes, yes," she said. "Snow and ice and pine and hemlock, mostly, did yer say? That must be up Canady way. My old man was in Canady just afore the war in '12, and he said it were like that. Well, honey," with a heavy sigh, "don't yer hang no stockin' to night, for I tell yer I've lived here, bottom land and prairie, nigh sixty year, and I had a house full of children, too, but Santy Clus never come here once, and I reckon he never will."

"Oh, granny, I'm sure he came when your children were here, only you didn't know to watch for him. I heard him myself last Christmas eve at the back window. I knew he was there, because I could hear mother quite plainly telling him she had one little girl, and she had at least tried to be good."

To my surprise granny laughed suddenly, and then said a long "O-h-h-h!"

Then, after a pause, she again advised me not to hang up my stocking, and when my eyes filled with tears again, she said: "Santy Clus is more a city *hant*, honey, and next year he will come to you when yer back home agin."

After I had said my prayers, granny went to the door to let Luke (his own house was snowed up), and in that moment I flew to the great fireplace and hung one little red and white stocking there, and scampered back to my bedside. Then I stood on a chair, and then granny threw me up to the top of the enormous feather bed, where, from a deep trough as it were, I looked out at the fire light playing over the long strings of red and yellow peppers, at the pole full of pumpkin rings hung up to dry, at the bundles and bundles of "yarks and roots," at the mahogany-colored hams, and in a corner by the fireplace the fitches of bacon, at the turkey wings, and—and—why, it was morning! I was alone. I rushed for my stocking; for one sickening moment I thought it was entirely empty—then I thrust in my hand and down in the toe—oh, joy! oh, joy! Something! What? Full of wonder I drew out a necklace of three strands of beads. I could not know they were of a kind fashionable when my mother had been a child. Nor did I notice that the once rose-pink bits of ribbon to tie them with were faded almost to whiteness. I only knew my trusted, beloved Santa Claus had come clear into that backwoods country for one little girl.

I forgot my elderly conduct, and went cavorting around the room in my bare feet—what child ever caught cold on Christmas morning?—waving my necklace aloft, while old Luke pranced stiffly after me, barking wildly, with all the ardor of youth in his eyes, though the pains of old age were in his bones! Then in came granny from the barn, remarking at the door: "Well, you 'uns seem to be plumb crazy!" but her face was just one great smile.

While she helped me with my braids, she confessed that "Santy Clus was a mighty fine old *hant*," and rather sadly: "Reckoned she had missed a heap by not knowin' of him afore."

Later on, there was a great "gee ing and haw ing" heard, and four oxen came plunging and stumbling through the snow. They drew a sled, and on the sled was a chair, and in the chair was my mother—at last! and she had seen Santa Claus, and he had feared he might not get to the log-house she described, so just for *once* he allowed her to carry some of his gifts.

"Oh!" I cried, "but he came his very own self, after all—wasn't he good?"

And grandma chuckled as she walked back and forth beside her spinning wheel. So now as an actress of some experience I want to offer my word of praise to this old amateur, who, without properties, without rehearsal, and at the age of eighty-two, made a first and very successful appearance as Santa Claus.

CLARA MORRIS

CHRISTMAS MORN.

A Carol.

OUT from the East fair Aurora is flinging
Roseate messengers over the sky;
Mountains and valleys and rivers are singing
Nature's great Christmas hymn to the Most High;
Millions of voices burst forth with the dawning,
Millions of souls their glad chorus upraise,
Filling the shadowy vault of the morning,
Caroling anthems and paeans of praise.

REFRAIN: Hail, the blessed Christmas morn!
Christ in Bethlehem is born!
In the lonely, lowly manger
Lies the Heavenly, Holy Stranger;
Men and angels once again
Tell the tidings now as then:
"Peace on earth—good will to men!
Hosanna in the Highest!"

Angels the glorious tidings are voicing,
Speeding them ev'rywhere, near and far;
Earth from her misery springs to rejoicing,
Fixing her hope on the Bethlehem Star;
"Peace for the suffering, rest for the waiting,
Sight for the blinded, speech for the dumb,"
This is the message the world is relating,
"Shout the glad tidings—Messiah is come!"

LILLIE ENGSTROM.

THE STEPPING-STONE.

SURELY does the man live in darkness who speaks confidently of art for art's sake, and thus misunderstands the meaning and the mission of the beauty and the force within him.

And it is well for him when the veil is lifted from his eyes and he sees the thing for what it is and values it at its true value as a helpful and inspiring religion, and he knows that that is all it is and that apart from this it has small value of its own, but that it is a stepping-stone, a means unto an end, a light upon the way, the truest guide throughout the days and hours toward that to which he strives throughout the ages. And so far as it serves upon the way to Truth and perfect Beauty it is valuable.

"The sweetest music is not in the oratorio, but in the human voice when it speaks from its instant life tones of tenderness and truth and courage."

MINNIE MADDEN FISKE.

THE STRANGE TALE
OF AN ODD ADVENTURE
... OF A BAND OF MARVEL PLAYERS ...

I

A Black and Blustering Night.

A VERY great number of years ago, when this world contained many kings and—a number of marvel players,—when a king was considered scarcely one degree less than a god and a player fully eleven measures below the devil—there stood, near one of the great Bavarian forests an inn known as “The Tavern of the Purple Hen.”

At the other edge of this forest stood the castle of the king.

The forest held a legend. It was of Haljma, a spectral huntsman who on stormy nights was seen to tear abroad with a burden in his arms—a newly stolen soul! And so on the nights when the wind shrieked and the snow crashed against casements, the people in their scattered places would look with blanched faces at each other and cry:

“Behold! Haljma stirs abroad to night! Hold to thy soul—hear him beat at the casement for it and hear him now cry in rage because he cannot steal it! Hold to thy soul, for Haljma would snatch it from thee!”

On a night of this kind the inn of the Purple Hen lay embedded in the snows. It crouched desolate and lonely at its sentry post before the royal forest. The black storm beat about it and shrieked away into the groaning, creaking timbers. The shrill cry of the inn’s grating sign bewailed anguish to the black, freezing, empty world without and its clamorings filled the night.



In the midst of this bedlam there came a crash of the gilt knocker, and above the mad shrieks of the frenzied sign was heard a voice:

"Ho, thou host of the Green Swan, the Pink Rabbit, the Blue Pig, or the Magenta Duck—thou conceiver of fancy animals! Ope!"

And behind there followed a ludicrous chorus pitched in all the different keys of an untuneful scale: "Aye, ope!" The door opened. There burst into view a queer array of figures, one of whom held enveloped in a cloak a human form which he deposited upon the hearth. Another addressed the host:

"There are things you have for sale, and there are things we fain would buy. We would buy much warmth, some comfort and a little sleep—in fact, we would take from you what you would not miss in parting and yet we greatly gain in taking."

Upon hearing this garrulity the manner of the host lost its affability. "It is the children of the revels," he said.

And he turned away in disgust.

II.

At the Caern of the Purple Hen.

At the fireplace the youth had thrown aside the cloak, revealing his burden—a girlish form with face wondrously white and plaintive. And these two at that moment presented a striking picture, and one of such interest to the balance of the company that they stood about gazing in silence.

Now the youth was known as the "play king" because of his role in the marvel plays, and the girl was called the "play angel."

"See, see!" whispered the play king to a companion, as he chafed the play angel's hands. "See how the cold clings to her. It will not leave." He drew the girl closer to him to give her the warmth of his own body.

"See, love, see!" he whispered. "The journey is ended. There is to be no more of the storm, nor wind, nor snow; no more of darkness nor of desolation. See, here are fire and friends about. Is that not enough to bring warmth to the heart and flush to the cheek?"

The figure feebly placed her arms about the neck of the play king.

"Yahn, Yahn!" she whispered. "We will travel no more, will we? We will go into the country, you and I"—and there came into her eyes a soft, far-away look which the glow of the fire brightened into one of feverishness. "We will play no more when the priest has made us one—after to-night—when it is all over."

And Yahn, the play king, responded: "Aye; after to night, when it is all over."

The words had an ominous sound, and those about looked at one another, for it seemed as if the wind at that moment had snatched and carried them with shrieking laughter into the vast black forest over the way. It seemed as though it had carried them straight to its Master, for suddenly it returned with quadrupled wildness and burst with distraught violence full against the inn, making the sign career as a drunken pendulum in a supreme excess of agony.

"After to night—"

There was heard a furious gallop of hoofs crashing loudly and clearly, a cavalcade coming at a mad, wild pace through the mazes of the forest on the privy road direct from the castle.

"When it is all over—"

It almost seemed as though the treacherous wind had carried the words direct to Haljma, and he, responding, had come post haste upon galloping steeds.

III.

The Man in Violet and the Men in Carmine.

There was a quick crunching of the snow, a tremendous crash of the knocker and a cry: "Open to the king's men!"—a cry that brought the lockers back with quick clash, the door wide open and the host bare-headed in waiting.

Then three men brushed in—one dressed in violet cloth with a silver crown upon his breast, the other two in suits of carmine with golden crowns upon them.

The eyes of the man in violet alighted on the players, and he gave a great cry of pleased surprise: "Here is fortune, men—the very band for which we are looking."

"Nay, it cannot be," cried the men of carmine in chorus.

"Aye, but it is," said the man of the violet cloth. "Are ye not the players of the marvel plays? But why waste question! Did I not see them perform in the market place last fair day?" Then his voice changed to a harsh twang as he next addressed himself to the people before the hearth: "Now, harkee, people. You are to meet with great honor. The princess, the daughter of the king's daughter, lies sick, and she saw you play a short space back. She now cries to see you perform by her bedside, and the king has sent us to bring you to her, and we would have gone in search of you had it been twenty leagues further, for such was the king's command—to bring you before him and the princess."

"But our play angel, she is sick to dying," cried the play king in anguish, pointing to the prostrate form, "and she cannot come."

"Now harkee, mister," said the man in violet. "The princess cries for players to appear. And if the child of the king's child desires live players, or dying or dead ones for all of that—yea, though it exterminate the whole race of rogues and vagabonds, they shall come to the royal bed to please the whim of the king's child—aye, though they be carried in boxes, in litters, or in winding sheets, though the road be never so far and the way never so cold, still shall they come or never set foot on the king's soil again. And such is the king's word, sirrah."

"Let no more be said: I will go, master," said the play angel, raising herself tremblingly from the hearth.

"It is well," said the man of violet.

"It is well," said the men of carmine.

In the direction of the forest—in the direction of the castle—in the direction of the sick bed of the daughter of the daughter of the king—they went.

IV.

The Daughter of the Daughter of the King.

Now, this is the play which the marvel players presented that wild night before the couch of the princess that had sent for them, the king and his weeping court. And some called it "The Allegory of the Wasted Seconds," and others again named it

"THE MARVEL PLAY OF THE GOLDEN GRAIN."

There first appeared the forms of Good and Evil, and fell to claiming that each had the greater power over mankind. At last it was decided to leave the matter to Time. Time appearing, agreed to arbitrate the dispute. He called upon a being named Human Nature, and gave him a sack full of grain, telling him that he was to treasure the grain till the sack was worn out. In doing so he would win the love of Good.

If, however, he disobeyed and should lavish the grain before the sack was fully worn, he would thenceforth become the creature of Evil. And Time called the kernels Seconds, and the sack he called Life, and he said that the kernels were only entrusted to Human Nature as a loan, and that some day a reckoning of each would be asked.

As soon as Human Nature was left to himself, the strange creature forgot the warning. From sheer lightness of spirits he began to dance, but finding that the bag impeded his footsteps he threw from it large handfuls, saying: "There are yet too many left to count. They will long outlast the bag."

Evil thereupon clasped his hands, and Idleness and Pleasure appeared. They threw their arms about Human Nature, and while dancing with him plucked great handfuls from the sack. The sack had now become woefully depleted, and Good, seeing this, fell upon her knees and wept until the King of Wisdom entered and upbraided Human Nature.

Human Nature, realizing how he had wasted the things entrusted to him, in great lamentation begged the King of Wisdom to recover his lost treasures. The King of Wisdom took pity upon the creature, and said: "Do not look for the lost Seconds. They are beyond you." And he drew from beneath his cloak a plant which he called Prayer and Labor, and promised Human Nature that if it should be tenderly cared for in time it would give forth new kernels.

The miraculous close of the drama was yet to come, but that audience never saw it. For it was at this point that a marvelous thing occurred, so strange and marvelous that, for many years afterward, nobles in the most secluded circles spoke whisperingly of it.

On one side of that royal couch upon which lay the sick princess had been the court, and on the other, to give her an unobstructed view, had appeared the players. Of a sudden the court leech motioned the players to come nearer and to whisper their lines, as the princess' eyes were seen as though to close.

Now, when they had drawn close to the side of the couch, it chanced that on either side of the princess stood a king exactly similar—the real king and the player king, who in the play made himself, as was the custom, to appear exactly as the real king in face, and form, and dress.

The princess opened her eyes and then the thing occurred.

With a quick, feverish, convulsive movement—with a deep, plaintive look of tortured affection, she threw her arms about the neck of the player king, and sobbed:

"I love thee!"

V.

The Souls that Haljma Stole.

That great court there assembled gave a mighty gasp of sharp surprise. They had lived to see a princess of that royal house place her arms about a loathed player's neck.

"She mistakes!" cried the lords.

"She takes the false for the real," cried the dames.

The king went to the couch to unclasp the royal maiden's arms, but the court leech, who even while the play was progressing had riveted searching glances on the royal child, withheld him and whispered to him a thing. Those whispered words of an instant took the flush from the royal cheek. The monarch gave a long, fearful glance at the couch and then quickly motioned the lords and ladies from the room.

In great wonderment they left, saying among themselves quite audibly: "She has mistaken. She has taken the false for the real." Yet all then knew with quick insight why the children of the revels had been sent for by the princess that cold, shrieking night.

Still the royal maiden held her arms about the play king, and cried: "I love thee!"

And he, dazed from the sudden surprise of it all, moved to take her arms away, and said: "I am but the play king, princess—not the king."

But the princess clasped her arms the tighter, and cried with greater earnestness: "Aye—the play king and my king—the king whom I love."

The child of the revel could only gasp: "I am but a player, princess—a player of the fields and the streets, and surely, surely you mistake."

Yet the princess cried: "Aye, a player art thou, and my love, for love thee I have since I saw thee in the market place that day—ah, woe is me that day! And see, see, thou player king, I die because of it."

It was a pitiful thing, declared the players in after times, to hear the great earnest soul cry within the princess' voice as she twined her arms close and yet closer 'round the play king and drew her white face nearer to his.

"That first day I saw thee," still cried the princess, "that commenced the sickness, for the heart cried for thee. Night and day it cried for thee to come to my side, and yet—yet could I not send for thee, for I am a princess and thou a player; and yet—though I am a princess and thou a player, have I sent for thee to night to tell thee that I love thee—"

At that moment by the play king's side there was the sound of some weak thing sinking to the floor. There was a sudden, quick movement of the play king's hands as he fairly wrenched the arms of the princess free. Then he stooped and caught up tenderly the white object that lay at his feet, and lifting it laid it close to his heart and murmured words that were very soft and deep and low.

And it was the play angel that he held.

And so together they stood there—the play king and the play angel in that great rich room by the side of the royal couch before the princess and the king—the play king holding the player girl to his bosom, kissing her whitening lips.

And thus unmeaningly did a player—a rogue and vagabond—scorn the love of a princess.

Straightway at a quick, fierce motion from the king servants set upon the players and drove them into the night. Yet still in his player's robes, unmindful of the blows upon him, the play king carried forth the form of the play angel.

Again through that forest, with the limbs creaking and rocking and praying overhead, through the fiercely shrieking wind, that in its wildness and anguish seemed as one mighty death cry pursuing them—into the sharp cutting, swirling snow went this band of rogues and vagabonds and all the way the play king held clasped to his breast the form of the play angel.

Hajima, the huntsman, that night carried away in his fierce terrible flight the souls of two maidens. Side by side he bore them—unmindful of their difference of rank or birth or breeding—unmindful that one was a rogue and vagabond and the other of lineage the best in all the land—side by side they sped—side by side—the soul of the play angel and the soul of the daughter of the daughter of the king.

SAMUEL FREEDMAN.

A VIEW OF THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE

FOR several days before the event the streets were packed with a motley throng. Cabs, 'busses, and all other available vehicles were filled with sightseers, making the larger streets almost impassable. The whole town was beautifully decorated, and it was a dazzling sight to look down the Strand on the steadily moving stream of color formed by the variegated uniforms of the soldiers, the gayly dressed women, relieved by the darker dress of the men, and like a fringe along the edge the hucksters' carts piled high with flowers, strawberries and oranges. And this, walled in by gorgeous masses of red and gold draping the buildings on either side.

And over all this brightness, like the sunshine, was the smile of the multitude. All day long and far into the night one could hear the hum of those festive crowds. And in the early dawn, returning boisterous with good health and good spirits to the tune of "God Save the Queen," which made one pardon the noise and share in the gladness. In those three days, happiness ruled London. The children danced in the streets for very joy, perhaps without knowing why. The organ grinders seemed to catch the spirit of the time and ground out the national airs with special zest. People smiled and nodded to one another, bought flowers which they did not want, gave alms they could not afford, but nothing mattered—they were jubilant.

On Monday crowds came pouring in from the suburbs, to find themselves at night without a shelter, except that of the protecting cab, which was hired to stand or drive with its sleepy and uncomfortable occupants until morning, the "cabby" thereby reaping a golden harvest befitting the occasion.

All night long sleepy placeholders sat huddled along the line of march—men, women and children—fearing to move lest they should lose their much coveted advantage. With returning daylight came the fever of the people. All traffic was suspended in the main streets, and at the first twitter of the birds every one was up as if to martial call. And, in truth, that is what it meant. They took possession of the thoroughfares, now free from the danger of the horses' hoofs. They surged through the alleys and byways to form their part of the great show.

Every one was going, and all were happy—happy to do homage to a great sovereign. They laughed, they sang and danced with glee, though many were worn out with the night's vigil, but they forgot it—the Jubilee had come.

"Make way, make way!" would divide the crowd to give space for a squad of mounted police or a company of cavalry. Then, recognizing some well-known gray-haired officer, volleys of cheers from the throats of hundreds would rise in the air, to make one's heart beat a little faster. At eight o'clock the roads were black with humanity. The balconies, the windows and the housetops were alive with bright faces. The stands gave one the impression of a big bouquet, so varied was the coloring.

Eleven o'clock! The "bobbies" restore order and, with very little difficulty, clear the way. The Coldstream Guards line up on either side, and the multitude stands silent and expectant. There is a blare of trumpets, a martial tune, and the Royal procession has commenced. You stand upon your seat and crane your neck to see the Colonial troops passing. The sun shines for the first time, as if to raise the curtain on this glorious pageant. And at last the realization of what they have come to see dawns upon this vast public.

There is a hush—a silent tribute to their brothers from across the sea, on whom depends so much of England's strength. And then there is a wild, wild shout, a cry, a yell that quickens all the pulses in your body; a recognition of those unknown men who have done so much to make a nation what it is.

From America and Australia, from India and Africa, from China and elsewhere, they ride past amid deafening cheers. Then stretches forth a long line of glittering uniforms, the escort to the foreign envoys. And now the Royal carriages, with their gorgeous trappings and stately footmen. You are no longer on earth, but in fairyland, and therefore a description is impossible. Your eyes are dazzled, and your brain reels at the magnificence.

The Queen's carriage is approaching. Every one has gone wild. Hats fly up in the air, a perfect snowstorm of handkerchiefs flutters from the windows, and the cry "God save the Queen!" is passed along in the crowd until it becomes one mighty voice.

You do not know what is going on around you; only that you are screaming at the top of your lungs, to add a little to the already deafening roar. And then, as in a fairy tale, come six white horses and a spacious carriage covered in gold. The cheers and yells grow louder, and your heart beats very fast. And finally you see a kind, silver-haired old lady, in dark dress, a white parasol held high over her head, so that all may see her, graciously bowing and smiling to her admiring subjects. Unmindful of your nationality, you cry as heartily as the rest, "God save the Queen!" For the time you forget everything but that one figure. You could laugh, you could cry, and you would scream louder if you could.

And when she has passed and you have collected your scattered wits and set your hats straight, you are not surprised to find that your eyes are moist and your cheeks are wet.

MRS. SIDNEY DREW.

TO VILLON'S MISTRESS.

HARK in hell beneath the sea!

Villon, this is not of me;
Thine ecstatic minstrelsie

First chanted the Dead Ladies,
As their wraiths were dear to thee,
So to me, thy *bel'amie*,
Though long dead the maid is.

Did she love thee for the sin
That thy life was steeped in,
Or hope that thou might'st unction win,
Pray to make thee better?
If 'twere so, that soul of thine,
Strong and red as Provence wine,
Would have broke her fetter.

Thou, conceived and born in night,
Soul unspoiled by taint of right,
All thy crimes were crystal bright:
First thou babbledst curses.
Thou would'st rather stab than fight,
Steal for drink the widow's mite,
But not a cup-mate's verses.

Was she woman, mate of man,
Lips to kiss and eyes to scan,
Or angelic courtesan?
Black or gold-crowned brow?
Was she tall or was she dark,
Clinging, loving, lithe and stark?
Is she with thee now?

Ah, to me how fair she seems,
Walking near me in my dreams:
At her belt a dagger gleams,
On her head a wimple.
Danzel, thou art fairly graced
By the weapon at thy waist—
Young, warm, cruel, simple.

In the heaven spread above,
That the monk men chatter of,
There is never word of love—
Hell is happier yet.
One may love on hell's own brink,
Though no liquor—thou may'st think
Of her lips so wet.

When to 'rich thee by a groat
Something fell within a moat,
And across its sunken throat
Gleamed a dull, red rent,
Knew'st thou well thy lady's bower
Promised safe and pleasant hour,
Till the groat were spent.

Villon, though the dead are mute,
Let my lyre wake thy lute!
Thou did'st make thy prostitute
Greater than knight's ladies.
Hero! Cut-purse! Gallant! Knave!
Master, hear my envious slave,
From thy home in Hades.

FRANK BUTLER.



COMEDY.

PHANTOMS OF THE TWILIGHT.

THE brooding dusk, the sentient twilight shut from out the room,
For over there my lost youth sits weeping 'neath the moon;
Weeping and mocking
In the gloom.

"What have you done?" the plaintive figure writhes in laughing mirth;
"Where are our brain-born children sleeping 'neath the earth;
Selfishly murdered
At their birth?"

The moonbeams white with trembling fingers raise the curtain of the past,
And there unlettered milestones toppling in a forest dark and vast,
Useless and moss-grown
First to last.

There! Light the lights—the kindly shutters bar me from regret—
The ghosts of tasks undone are haunting me, and yet
I close my mind's eye
And forget.

JAMES YOUNG.

A DOCTOR OF SOULS.

THE "enthusiast" had the floor. She had tears in her eyes, too, but that didn't matter, as the dark stage was almost deserted. The stage-manager had followed in the wake of the tired actors and Gregory's girl was "kicking."

"You might try till doomsday, and what would you get?"

"Called down!" replied a youth, with a foreign accent and fair hair.

"This is Punkie's tragic day," said the other listener, a girl, with a quiet satisfied voice.

"My tragic day! Oh! I am disappointed. But I will—I will. I'll succeed in it if I die in the attempt!"

"Good!" the young man exclaimed. "I like to hear you talk like that." Then the two followed the others and Gregory's girl was left alone. The expression on her face changed, her mouth drooped with indefinable pathos, but she smiled as she looked around and out into the great foyer, which looked dim and beautiful with its crimson and gold hangings.

"Ah! I love you all! Even this hard black floor and the calcium! But they are brick, brick hard," she murmured, looking after the people.

We always called her Gregory's girl, although he had several other daughters. But Olga was different from them, and Gregory knew it. When she was fifteen years old he took her face in his hands and kissed it, saying: "My daughter!" And he said it as though he had only one daughter instead of four.

She looked back now upon that rain-soaked April twilight, and the tears gushed hot and blinding when she thought of the patient father, with that weight of care upon his brow. That was the time of dreams and fancies and illusions. She believed so infinitely in people, and they had tricked her. She worked night and day with her blessed ideal of art before her on a snow-white pedestal. But to day it all meant nothing. In an instant the whole vile truth of things lay bare before her. And it was full of tricks. She had intended doing so much—now everything was blank. The people were cold, hard, cynical, soulless.

"If I could only doctor their souls!" she said again and again. One day a friend came and took her away from the theatre to see a great man, whose pictures she had seen in the shop windows since her childhood.

"He will be like the rest," she said, and laughed. She had quite despaired, but she no longer fought. Her work was still unappreciated, but she made no sign.

"I used to wonder why women were frivolous," she said to the man, as they entered the foyer: "now I understand." She sat in the audience with bent head, looking out from under her thick brows at the people as they entered. The play began. It was new and held her attention from the fact of its unusual theme. Two or three exquisitely natural actors conversed concerning the hero, and she was waiting for the burst of music which usually precedes a "star's" appearance, when, to her surprise, the door was quietly opened and he came in. It was so beautifully natural and real that her heart beat quicker with the rush of old beliefs and ideals, so long cherished, that his presence brought with it.

She fought for him and against him through the whole play. She was fighting for her lost dreams—and she won. She left the theatre with her soul uplifted. His work was a poem. Art in its most exquisite form made itself apparent in every tone of his voice, in every gesture of his body. Day after day, whenever she could steal the opportunity, she went to see him play. He was the stimulant that kept her up during days of hard, discouraging work among soulless people. Then came the doubt of his genuineness. If she could meet him, and know really that one man lived who stood alone and kept his work great with a soulful genius, she would be satisfied. There was only one way.

It was a quaint letter and full of real pathos. She sat up all night composing it, and trying to explain the almost inexplicable. It was nearly dawn when she closed the letter. "You are so great. I am so little. Teach me to see the greatness of charity." Then she lay down the pen and threw herself wearily across the bed. "Dear Lord," she cried, "let me keep my beliefs."

Day after day she waited, but there was no answer. Again the hard look came into her eyes and she laughed when she thought of it. One night,

cold and wet with rain of a wild November storm, she sat down upon the edge of her bed and stared vacantly around the room. Upon her table, beneath the solitary candle, lay a long, business-looking envelope. The "Doctor of Souls" had answered and she was to go to him. The next morning she waited breathlessly in the wings. She could hear him rehearsing his people, with great care and great gentleness. She counted the chairs and the lights and gazed helplessly at a bunch of property roses, white and new. Then she became conscious of his voice near her, and he held out a firm hand to welcome her. In after years she said she had only to close her eyes to go over it all again. She could see the drops, and stage settings, the lights and rickety chairs, and the white roses, just as though it were happening over again.

It was good to meet a man who had the power to show one that one is all wrong to see no virtue in the world. She went away with the kindness and the sincerity of his voice ringing in her ears and she never doubted again.

A curate once said to a doctor: "Aren't people's souls more interesting than their bodies?"

"I do not know. I never saw a soul."

"I never saw a mother's love, but I think that's about the realest thing this side of the grave."

It was the play in which she first saw him, and Olga loves that play wright to this day.

CORINNE PARKER.



PREPARING FOR TROUBLE.

THE STAGE DOORKEEPER: "SAY, BILL, WHAT DID THE LEADIN' MAN RAISE DEM WHISKERS FOR?"

THE PROPERTY MAN: "HE'S GOIN' TO STAR TROO ONE NIGHT STANDS IN DE WEST ALL WINTER AS SHYLOCK."

MY SOUBRETTE.

I SAW her on the stage one night;
Her dainty ways and glances bright
Bereft me of my senses quite,
This sweet soubrette.

I wondered if her heart were free,
If she would give her love to me;
I wrote a letter just to see
This sweet soubrette.

An answer came. Alas! I knew
Of lovers she had not a few,
But of them all I proved most true,
My sweet soubrette.

As years flew by and wrinkles came
They thought her singing not the same;
All proved as fickle as her fame,
My poor soubrette.

She had to make another start;
She learned to play a better part—
As leading lady of my heart—
My sweet soubrette.

She signed our contract then for years;
My words are all the praise she hears;
Her songs are all for baby's ears—
My sweet soubrette.

WALDRON W. ANDERSON.

HIGH ART UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

A TEN-MINUTE SKETCH.

SCENE.—Drawing-room of the Justweds' flat in the Xenophon apartment house, twenty-second floor, rear, northwest.

TIME.—Sabbath morning. Church bells are chiming in the distance.

MR. JUSTWED, in bathrobe and slippers, is discovered on a step-ladder. His mouth is full of tacks and he holds a hammer in one hand, while with considerable difficulty he balances two gilt-topped spears extending diagonally from a corner. Portions of plaster from the ceiling have filtered across his hair, giving him an appearance of premature age. MRS. JUSTWED, in an embroidered kimono and Turkish slippers, stands at the extreme end of the room about fifteen feet away studying the effect.

MRS. J.—A little higher, dear—there—there—that's it; fasten it right there. It's too lovely for anything!

MR. J. (articulating with difficulty).—Will you please tell me, Angelice, how I am to hammer and hold these things at the same time? They're awfully heavy!

ANGELICE.—Yes, I made them from the directions in the "Happy Home" department. There are six feet of lead pipe in each one and that is a gilded clothespin on top. You'd never think it, would you?

MR. J.—Not unless you had to hold them for a quarter of an hour. Say, this step-ladder is wobbling! Just climb up on the piano and hold these things while I hammer them. (Angelice climbs up, scattering several blue china plates on the floor in fragments in the ascent. She bumps her head on the ceiling and steps on a small plaster Cupid with a metal loop in the back of his head.)

ANGELICE.—Now—like a dear boy, just fasten this invisible wire to the ceiling—(she looks at a newspaper clipping which has been stuck in her sash and reads)—"just three feet, parallel with the angle!"

MR. J.—Well, I'm going to guess at it—life is too short to spend any more time over this blasted thing—

ANGELICE.—Why, Jack—I'm—

JACK.—Well—I've been up here now for an hour and it's hot as—

ANGELICE (severely).—Jack! Just take this drapery and pin it to the wall so it hangs over—there—that's it!

JACK.—What is this—Kazak or Kurdistan?

ANGELICE.—That's one of those Indian girl's dancing dresses. Isn't it lovely?—only fifty-nine cents!

JACK.—Say, what do those girls wear, anyhow? They seem to sell all their clothes for draperies. (In hammering a tack he smashes his thumb nail and makes a few smothered remarks.)

ANGELICE.—Do have more patience, dear. It will all be over soon. You know, they make these dresses in New Jersey somewhere, just for draperies. Oh, Jack, Jack, you're not going to hang those spears from one tack?

JACK (brutally).—Why not? You're not going to swing a hammock on them, I hope! It's a fool trick to make these things of lead pipe, anyhow!

ANGELICE.—It's exactly according to the directions. (She reads again.) "Then you hang an Italian iron lamp on a hooked chain, together with a Chinese lantern or two and a censer." You see, it has to be perfectly firm.

JACK.—What's a censer?

ANGELICE.—Why, it's one of those old silver lamps that they have in churches and swing and burn stuff in that smells nice. (In a whisper.) I got a lovely one at Sell & Stickem's for seventeen cents.

JACK (scraping a large piece of flesh off the side of his hand with one blow of the hammer).—Aren't they mixing the effects up a little bit—Italian and antique and renaissance and all that?

ANGELICE (putting her foot through the embroidered stork on her gown in an endeavor to step over a frame).—Oh, pshaw! What's renaissance?

Jack, with the air of an artist, replies.—Why, the style, I mean. When ever you see those curly scrolls resting on nothing, you can tell it's renaissance—it's just as easy—(In bringing the hammer back for a last stroke he hits himself over the eye and mutters something between his teeth.)

ANGELICE.—Why, Jack, you're not at all the dear, sweet—why, what's the matter with you? Hush! There's the cook knocking at the door. I don't answer her. I don't want her to know what we're doing. She might tell it all on Sunday, you know. I just locked the doors leading in here. Hammer just as loud as you can—that's it! (In this effort large chunks of the ceiling fall out.) Never mind! The Japanese umbrella goes up right there—

JACK.—For the love of—are you going to have it Japanese, too?

ANGELICE (consulting the clippings).—Yes; it says a Japanese umbrella. That is just the way they have them in Turkey.

JACK (whose eye is swelling).—I don't believe they have these things anywhere except in flats.

ANGELICE.—Why, they originated in Turkey, you foolish boy!

JACK (giving a vicious blow at the wall and sending a shower of tacks into the piano).—In Sell & Stickem's, you mean. Where do you want this—this—

ANGELICE.—Fishnet, dear. Just throw it carelessly over the corner. There! And to think what some people pay to have these corners put up, and it's just as easy!

JACK (just saving himself from falling by clutching at the poles and loosening one from its moorings).—Yes; isn't it—just as easy as climbing up the side of a house! Say, suppose these iron things should fall on somebody's head?

ANGELICE.—Why, you goose! Nobody ever sits in a cosy corner.

JACK.—Do all these have to come down when you dust?

ANGELICE (amused).—No one ever dusts a cosy corner—it's more artistic with the dust.

JACK.—Well, how about microbes and things?

ANGELICE.—You just burn Turkish pastiles in this fairy light—it keeps it all right!

JACK.—Hand me that plaster lion.

ANGELICE.—You put him right on the extreme right edge—there!

JACK.—I see his finish!

ANGELICE.—Now, Jack, the fairy lamps and the old blue china plates go up there. Just put them up with tacks any way for to-day.

JACK (hammering tacks recklessly everywhere he sees a space).—How's that?

ANGELICE.—That's lovely. It's too Oriental for anything! Oh, Jack, I do hope they won't notice our absence from church this morning! They might think it queer if they knew we stopped at home to do this!

JACK.—Well, we had to either do this or move out. The place was so full of rugs and draperies and things—whew! (he smashes his left thumb). Great Scott! Where does that wedding cake go?

ANGELICE.—Why, that's not a wedding cake. Don't you recognize it? That's the dining-room cuspidor. I've fixed it up with Val lace and white crepe paper and ribbon. You hang it right here.

JACK.—Holy Moses! What do you want to hang that up for?

ANGELICE.—Why, of course, it's artistic. You don't understand, but you'll learn, dear. And then all your pipes. See how prettily I've gilded them! They go right along here.

JACK.—Well, Angelice, I think that's a mean shame!

ANGELICE.—And Jack, dear, I've bought you a pair of those pointed-toed slippers—they are so much more artistic—I've promised your old ones to the janitor!

JACK.—Well, I'll be—

ANGELICE.—And I want you to let your hair grow long, Jack; won't you?

JACK.—Why—what in—

ANGELICE.—I want you to match the flat more. It wouldn't do to have a corner like this and not live up to it, you know.

JACK (suddenly sliding off the ladder to the floor and showing symptoms of having a fit).—Oh, help—help—water! Fire! murder! Oh!

ANGELICE.—What's the matter?

JACK.—Quick! I've—oh!—swallowed—oh!—a—tack!

ANGELICE (bursting into tears).—Oh, Jack! wait till I get some water! Stay perfectly still, dear. I'll call the janitor. (She tugs at the door.) Oh! the key—where's the key?

JACK (feebly).—If I should pass away, Angelice, remember one thing—I forgive you!

ANGELICE (sobbing).—Why doesn't that cook come in? Help! help!

JACK.—There's some water in that glass where the violets are; give me that.

ANGELICE (supporting his head on her knee while he drinks the water).—It was—one—of—those gilt-headed tacks, too—chainless—tacks—the salesman said—oh—oh—oh!

JACK.—That's the only—kind—I eat! Say, children swallow pins every day—tacks can't be so bad—I may live—don't cry!

ANGELICE.—How does it feel now?

JACK.—Just a funny—feeling under the wish-bone. Hello! They're breaking in that door! What's the matter?

The door falls in. Enter the cook, two policemen and the janitor, with several tenants of the house and members of the Fire Department, with hose, etc. In the rear appears the REVEREND MR. SHOUTEM DOALL, the Justweds' pastor, who has come to pay a friendly visit. He sits down in the cosy corner, which immediately falls in upon him under a well-directed stream of water from the hose.

CURTAIN.

KATE MASTERSON.

IN THE RACE.



CHAT was a glorious Summer day. The heat of the sun was tempered by a cool sea breeze that gently fanned the cheeks of the excursionists on the deck of the *Morning Star*, and they smiled and joked, entirely oblivious of the efforts of Old Sol to pierce the awning that was spread above them, heedless that the God of Day was throwing down burning beams of light that, striking the tightly stretched canvas, bounded off and flew into a million sparkling rays on the dancing water. Seated on the forward deck was a young man watching the knife-like bow cutting through the undulating swell, leaving a long rolling furrow of green foam that seemed to caress the bow as the vessel passed, watching the curling spray with curious fascination and allowing his mind to wander, changing from theme to theme with every rise and fall of the prow.

He was in the very prime of youth, a well-built, compact young man, and having left college but the year before he possessed the elastic step and upright carriage bespeaking the athlete. You would hardly have classed him as an excursionist. He was wearing a stiff collar and neat tweed traveling suit, while at his side stood a valise with an umbrella and stick pushed through the straps, conveying the idea of a traveler rather than a pleasure seeker. He drew a pipe carefully from his pocket, treating it like an old friend, and, lighting it leisurely, returned to his reflections. And now as he gazed down his thoughts reverted to his college life—his den, his books, the time his boat had won the intercollegiate race and he had pulled stroke. He felt his muscles thrill with power at the thought, and then the water seemed to turn blue and resolve itself into two blue eyes that laughed back at him from under two delicately marked brows. He saw the sweet lips parted in a merry smile, disclosing two rows of pearl, and could hear again the silvery voice calling his name, and remembered how the other fellows chaffed him because he was absent-minded—how could a man be otherwise when his life, his very soul, was being drawn away to purgatory—his eternal happiness being sacrificed to a pair of blue eyes?

From the moment he had seen Ethel Boyce, without knowing her name even, he had loved her. He used to pooh-pooh the idea of love at first sight, and say it was "kiddish," the sort of thing children experience, but when he saw her his former ideas were changed. It was in a moment of triumph, too, when a young man feels that the whole world is indeed his oyster. Borne on the shoulders of the crew, he had been cheered and cheered. His steadiness, his powerful stroke had pulled the boat to victory, and, amid the din of cheering, he had seen a young girl with a laughing pair of eyes as blue as the pennant she waved standing up in a carriage and shouting his name with the crowd. When the ovation was over he had hurried back for

were everywhere that day, so with a longing in his heart that almost amounted to grief Jack Endon had to relinquish his search. He had seen



VALERIE BERGERE.



JOHN J. FARRELL.

another glance at that bright face, but the carriage had gone. Inquiry failed to discover the name of the owner of the blue eyes, as pretty girls

her once only since that day—about a year ago; she was riding in a cable car in Broadway; the car he occupied was going in an opposite direction, but they passed an instant as they passed, and in that instant was concentrated the glorious happiness of a year, for, directly in front of him, was the face of his dreams, the same bright blue eyes that seemed to smile a sweet recognition. He rose quickly to board the car, but at that instant a van drove close to the side, obstructing his exit, and poor Endon was compelled to wait. The minute that he lost was the minute that could never be regained, for by the time he alighted the other car was almost out of sight. He jumped into a cab and commenced a mad pursuit, only to find when he overtook the car that the object of his adoration had already left it.

"If I could but see her once more I think I should feel satisfied. Of course, I have overpainted her in my mind. Time and constancy together have changed an everyday girl with blue eyes into a goddess of purity endowed with all the virtues and accomplishments of Virginia. If I saw her again the scales would be lifted from my eyes, and I should realize how impetuous and callow is youthful love." So his thoughts ran as he sat watching the curling water, and he had almost decided that constancy to the unknown was useless and simply a waste of virtue, when he heard a remark made by a fellow passenger seated near him that instantly riveted his attention.

"Beautiful place, isn't it?" he was saying to his friend. "It was laid out by Ferdheim, a landscape gardener from Berlin. He was brought over purposely by the owner. It is the show place of this part of the country—the most picturesque in the East, I believe. Who owns it? The Honorable George Boyce—Senator Boyce, I think he is; sugar king and multi millionaire; has the prettiest daughter, too—a girl about nineteen, with eyes as blue as—as my hat ribbon, or—Heaven's vaulted dome, or something like that. You must see them yourself to realize how fascinating blue eyes may be."

"Do you know the young lady personally?" inquired his friend.

"I've met her on one or two occasions. A chum of mine is very much gone in that direction, but she seems perfectly fancy free."

During this conversation Endon sat motionless, letting his pipe go out as he drank in every word. The violent palpitation at his heart seemed to beat time to his thoughts—"that's the girl—that's the girl!" The boat was nearing a landing and without knowing why or waiting to ascertain his reason for so doing, Endon rose and joined the group making for the gangway. It was not until the steamer with a business like whistle had left the wharf that he realized, in a helpless way, that he was ashore at some unknown point with the half-defined resolution in his mind to find out if Miss Boyce was his blue-eyed girl or some other one.

"Green's Hotel, sir! Carry your bag!" There was some one addressing him. He looked up and saw a man, evidently connected with Green's Hotel by the badge on his cap. "What is the name of this place?" Endon asked,

hardly able as yet to collect himself. Seeing the dazed look on his face, the driver thought a little decisive action would secure Green's a guest, so he grabbed the bag from Endon's hand, and said, roughly: "Come on; this is Dennisport!"

If the runner from Green's had thought the young man asleep he now realized his terrible mistake. He was caught in an iron like grasp, roughly tossed around—so fast that he almost lost his balance. The valise was taken so quickly from his hand that he thought his fingers had gone, too, and glancing up he saw a steel gray eye looking right into his, and heard a quiet voice say: "Never mind, driver. I prefer to walk." The runner made no reply, but later he told his friends that Corbett had arrived on the excursion steamer, and had taken a suite of rooms at Green's. This statement, supported by the story of how the grip was recaptured, didn't injure Green's bar business that evening.

Dennisport was a sleepy fishing village—you could almost count the houses from the hotel. There was the post office, the church, the black smith's, the grocery, a little notion store, and a jeweler who kept rowboats for hire. On the hill stood Green's Hotel, while cottages of two to four rooms occupied by fishermen were dotted about in picturesque variety. The inhabitants had lived there quietly for several generations, the sons when they grew up going a little further out to sea for their fish, perhaps making a voyage to Boston or New York, but generally coming back to their pipe and chimney corner in Dennisport. Occasionally a daughter would leave, and, for her husband's sake, forget the dusty road, the quiet lane, the drying nets, and the lap of the tide in Dennisport; but, as a rule, things moved on so calmly from father to son that one might think old Father Time had a gap in his sickle and missed the sleepy little hamlet in his reaping. There was no police station, no saloon, no lawbreakers. If one wanted a glass of beer or something stronger, one might step into Green's parlor and take it like a gentleman. If one showed signs of intemperance or rowdiness Bob Green attended to the case—he sold him no more, and, if the talk continued, he and his man, Paddy O'Coyle, placed the culprit under the spout of their large pump and literally washed his sins away. There was an atmosphere of peace in Dennisport that appealed very strongly to Jack Endon as he walked from the wharf to Green's—this village: these beautiful green shady trees; that glimmering water; those snug cottages—perhaps she had looked just in this way at the same picturesque scene. Some of these villagers may have spoken to her. If he could become a fisherman, and own one of those tiny cottages and share it with her, going out on the deep for food to support his family, looking for the light in his cottage to guide his boat safely home in the night, to find her waiting his return, the beautiful blue eyes a little moist with tears of joy—the pink rosebud of a mouth upturned to his—the sweet pressure of her lips as his arms encircled her.

"I beg pardon, sor—are yez lookin' fer Green's 'Otel?" Endon had so lost himself in his reverie that he had nearly walked over an Irishman who was seated on a log mending a dog collar.

"Thank you, yes; is this it?"

"Yis, sor; this is it—the best 'otel in Dennisport."

"What are the others named?" Endon inquired.

"Well, this is the only one at present, sor; but if ever they should build another you'll find that Green's is the best." So saying the Irishman arose, and putting the collar in his pocket took Endon's valise and led the way to the office. He was shown to a clean, pretty room that overlooked the bay, with a deep bow window, and fresh looking muslin curtains tied back with ribbon—a room inviting and cheerful.

"I see Mr. Green have given yez the bridal chamber, sor; is yez lookin' fer yer wiffe here?" Endon almost started up on hearing the Irishman put his secret hope into such rough language. Endon stared out of the window. "What boat is that?" he asked. "Is it a yacht?"

"No, sor; it's not a yacht so called, because it's a catboat. Now, if it was a sloop, or a cutter, or a steamer, it might be a yacht, but, seen' it's a catboat, that's all it is, just a catboat."

"I don't follow you," Endon said. "do you mean it is really a yacht, but because of its rig it is not called so?"

"Exactly so, sor; that's what I mean. Now, you see me for instance, I'm a gentleman of Irish descent—me family dates back to when snakes was in Ireland; yet because of me rig I'm not called a gentleman. I'm called a plain Irishman."

"Then," Endon continued, "that is really a pleasure craft, who owns her?"

"She belongs to Senator Boyce, sor; and if you'll look, you'll see his daughter, Miss Ethel, at the tiller—the prettiest young lady with the bluest eyes in the whole world. She's the ministering angel of the village, look after the sick and helps the poor; there isn't a man or boy in Dennisport that wouldn't give his life for her if she needed it."

"Who is with her?" Endon asked.

"Oh, that's young Mr. Cockran, of New York. He's in love with Miss Boyce, and is stayin' at the house as a guest."

"And the other man—who is he?"

"He's a sailor from the Senator's steam yacht *Penguin*. He's there to look after the boat for Miss Ethel if she wants any help."

"What do they call the boat?" Endon asked, as he felt in his pocket for a quarter.

"They call her the *Sea Kitten*; thank yez." When O'Coyle had left the room Endon took a seat in the bow window and fastened his eyes on the boat. Although she was a quarter of a mile away, he fancied he could hear the silvery laugh so well remembered, and thought he detected the same abandon in the movement of her shoulders when she gave herself entirely to the pleasure of the moment.

How rapidly wild schemes for meeting her rushed through his brain! He had planned a burglary, a fire, and other sensational entrances in which he could play the hero and rescue her from imminent peril. The room grew

hot, and the blood rushed to his head as he vainly endeavored to think out some bold plan to carry off his fair. He seized the old-fashioned latch, and, in his passion, flung open the window, so violently as to shatter every pane of glass it contained. In a moment O'Coyle was in the room, looking from the broken window to the young man, who was coolly surveying his work of destruction.

"What the devil's the matter wid him, now?" he was saying to himself, but he added, aloud: "Shall I open the other windy for you, Mr. Endon?"

"No; it's all right, the window flew open so confoundedly easily. I felt a little warm and wanted some fresh air, and—"

"Axing your pardon, but if yer want fresh air why don't you hire a boat and go sailin'?" Endon looked at him and laughed—he couldn't help it. This flannel mouthed Irishman had solved the problem in a minute.

"Where may I find a boat?"

"The place is full of boats, Mr. Endon, if yez can catch 'em in; but they're like drinks—the time when yez wants 'em bad's the time yez can't git 'em at all, but yez go down to the shore and ax for old Phil Truesdale and he's got a cat that'll maybe suit yez."

Endon strolled down the dusty little street that seemed the only avenue to the shore—trying not to look anxious; but, in spite of himself, as his eye caught the glint of the white sail of the *Sea Kitten* his step lengthened into a stride that brought him rapidly

to the water's edge. He found Truesdale, and they soon set out in a likely-looking catboat, and all Endon saw was the *Kitten's* sail hurrying along the shore; all he thought of was the girl at the *Kitten's* tiller. He cast the stops off the sail and began to hoist on the throat halyards before old Phil had the skiff tied astern.

"Why, you're quite a sailor yourself," the old man said, as he fastened the peak of the sail.

"Yes," Endon replied. "I am fond of the water. If you'll give me the necessary points about shoals and rocks I'll steer awhile. Have we plenty of water 'round here?"

"Yes, there's three to six fathoms all over the bay, more water than we'll want, the only thing you've got to look out fer is the race in the causeway over there to the west'ard when the tide's makin', if you get into that, you'll get cap-sized, but you have room enough to sail 'bout gettin' in there, I guess." Phil watched the young man handle the boat in the steady easterly breeze for perhaps ten minutes, and then, evidently satisfied with his observation, lighted his pipe, lay down on the deck, and was soon straying in the far away land of dreams. Endon was steering at an angle that would intercept the *Kitten*, but as she was crossing his bows his motive was not apparent to those on board of her—he might have been steering out to sea. His eyes were directed to the young girl at the tiller, and as the boats neared he became more positive of her identity. The breeze was freshening and Endon thanked his good stars, for Phil's boat seemed to need a good strong wind to drive her fast enough to cross the *Kitten's* wake. Every plunge



THE LATE DR. GEORGE H. HOUGHTON.

His last photograph, taken by Ralph McNeill.

brought them nearer, and as he watched the young girl's face no more doubt existed in his mind—the golden hair, the jaunty Tam-o'-Shanter cap—and then she looked at him and laughed. Was it a sign of recognition or a smile of derision at his apparent effort to keep up with the *Kitten*? For the boat was standing out a little now and racing along like a thoroughbred. Now they were all waving their hats to him, beckoning him to follow—ridiculing him, he thought, for his obtuseness in thinking a fishing boat could overtake that fairy *Kitten*, built for speed. He raised his hat in return and kept his helm as he was going, feeling a humiliating sense of reproach; and, taking his eyes from the *Kitten*, he glumly wondered which way he should steer, when for the first time he observed that the water all about was bubbling and boiling like a cauldron. He glanced ahead, and there, less than a quarter of a mile away, was the causeway. He was caught in the race. Should he wake Phil? His pride forbade it. He would try to run out by himself. He pushed the tiller hard over. There was a snap, and it parted, leaving him helpless with the broken piece of wood in his hand. The snapping of the tiller woke Phil, who gave one hasty glance round, then jumped to the rudder, shouting: "My God, man, you're in the race! We'll be lost! Tie that tiller on here!"

But while they worked the wind was driving them with accelerated speed right through the narrow part of the race, where they already saw the waves leaping and curling from rock to rock, and heard them roar like angry beasts waiting in cruel anticipation the helpless arrival of their coming prey. Endon turned to speak to old Phil, but the words died on his lips. One glance at the drawn, haggard face of the old man told him more eloquently than words how in his folly he had brought about the old fisherman's ruin—perhaps his death.

"Never mind, Phil," he shouted; "if we get out of this I'll give you another boat." But the only answer was a doleful shake of the head, and a tear trickled down the weather-beaten face that seemed to say no boat would replace his old one, if ever they managed to save their lives. Then Endon seemed to lose his head. It appeared so wrong, on this bright morning, that he should be approaching the grim jaws of death. The sun was still shining, the sea was twinkling out there in an innocent way, yet here he was being drawn to death by some hi-sing demon who had grasped the keel and was towing them in wild glee to destruction. His hair stood on end; a damp, creepy chill came over him. He thought that he heard demoniacal voices—laughter—no—some one was calling. He looked around, and close by was the *Kitten*. They were shouting to him to lower the sail. He seemed to awaken at the sound of human voices, and, grasping the throat and peak halyards, let them go, bringing the sail down with a run. Old Phil sat motionless as if the suddenness of the catastrophe had paralyzed his nerve.

"Jump overboard!" the shouts came again, "jump! and we'll pick you up!" Endon took off his coat and vest, and prepared at all hazards to make the desperate attempt; he was in the act of leaping, when his eye caught the motionless figure of the old man, seated, awaiting his doom. He paused.

"Come, Phil! Come and jump—they will save us; hurry, every instant is precious!" But the old man would not move. "Go back!" he shouted to the *Kitten*. "Save yourselves, and leave us to our fate." It was indeed time—for light as she was and swift in a calm sea, the broken water was buffeting her about like a cork. They luffed her up; she staggered and strained as if a ware of her imminent peril, then gradually worked her way out of the pitiless swirl, just as Phil's boat, caught in the rapidly narrowing eddy, rushed on to her fate. There was a cry a heavy roll and swirl, a frightful shock—and Endon remembered no more.

When next he regained consciousness he heard voices near him speaking in quiet, subdued tones. Some one was saying: "Keep him quiet; and, if he wakes, give him some stimulant; he will be all right now. I must go over and see to Truesdale. It was a miracle how they escaped. Don't let him talk at present. Good day." He heard a door close softly as the speaker departed. Then he felt some one was walking about the room. Who could it be? Was he in his own bed in Boston, and was that his sister moving so gently across the floor? He partially opened his eyes and caught sight of a girlish figure. Could it be true? After his perilous adventure was the long waiting to be rewarded? There she sat, the very impersonation of graceful charm. She was reading, the book resting on a table, one hand supporting her head, the other lying idly in her lap. She was dressed in a tailor-made serge gown that becomingly outlined her neat figure; her head was a golden crown as the sun rested upon it. It was she, indeed—a little older, he thought, and, looking a little more subdued than before, pos-

sibly influenced by the book she was reading, or was she sad because of his misfortune? His eyes were wide open now, resting full upon her, when she raised her head and calmly returned his gaze. He tried to smile, but the smile faded—died before its birth, indeed. Her eyes had lost their color—they were blue, 'tis true, but not the rich azure he had loved and longed for, fool that he was. Of course, she had changed with time; had forgotten him entirely, for she came softly over to the bed, and inquired: "Do you wish for anything?" It was the same voice, but changed also, the difference, he thought, between the beauty of a wild mustang and the same colt broken to harness. A little more polish, but not the genuine ring of mirth and health that had so enraptured him. He looked steadily at her for a moment, then said: "You don't remember me, Miss Boyce, do you?"

For an instant she appeared startled as if talking to an insane person, then replied: "No; I don't think we have ever met before." Endon half-rose and continued with an almost indignant tone in his voice: "You don't remember waving the Yale pennant and shouting: 'Endon!' in 18—? You don't remember me now?" he added, quite fiercely. "Of course, of course," she said, soothingly; "I must have done so if you say I did; won't you lie down? and I'll give you something to drink."

"I don't want anything to drink, thank you. You have forgotten me—never mind." "No, I have not," she said, "I remember all about it. I was there when you made the great catch that won Yale the victory and I shouted your name."

"What great catch?" he asked.

"In the baseball game with Harvard, I mean."

"Do you?" he said; "I never played baseball. I was speaking of rowing. It's all the same." And sick at heart, with his pride sorely wounded, he lay back on the pillows. Miss Boyce left the room almost hurriedly, feeling the extreme awkwardness of talking to a sensible lunatic, while Endon raved to himself on the uselessness of setting up idols and the shallowness of girls' memories in general.

"I'm almost glad that she's forgotten me," he mused; "she's not the girl she was two years ago—faded, sadly faded; and if she could lose in two years at that rate, what would she be like in five? Think of her, the mother of a family—at the rate she's fading her eyes would look like washed-out delft, and her voice would have a squeak in it. Thank Heaven for this accident! I'll get out of this house, back to the hotel and forget my infatuation for blue eyes. I'll—". But here the door opened and two figures entered. Was he dreaming, or intoxicated? He saw double, or there were twins entering the room—no, not twins—one came in softly, quietly, as she had gone out. The other pushed by her, ran over to the bed, and with a merry laugh cried:

"Why, it's my Mr. Endon. How thankful I am you didn't drown yourself. You, an oarsman, supposed to be at home on the water. Are you not ashamed of yourself? I've only just got back, but we seem like old friends, somehow. Let me introduce my Cousin May. She picked you up in the *Kitten* the other side of the causeway and brought you over here."

"Don't you think Mr. Endon ought to be kept quiet, Ethel? The doctor said so," Cousin May interposed.

"No, indeed, Miss Boyce; I want to talk. I've been looking for you for years to—tell you—how much I appreciate your—your appreciation of our success at New London, and—I thought you were steering the *Kitten*, and was trying to make sure when I got caught in the race."

"Oh, that is how it happened! Cousin May thought you were racing the *Kitten*, and got too far to the westward! You see, May, he was trying to get near enough to you to talk."

"I think I owe Miss Boyce an apology for my rudeness just now in trying to recall myself to her mind, but"—

"Not at all, Mr. Endon. I see it all now; we are sometimes mistaken for each other. I must now insist on quiet being restored; your life is in my hands, you know," laughing at Ethel. "We will come and see you again soon—now, you take more rest."

Jack Endon slept, and in his dreams pictured himself hurrying home from business to a pretty little villa in the suburbs and seeing in the doorway a treasured picture of a beautiful golden-haired girl, with the only blue eyes in the world, waiting for her evening welcome. Was his dream to be realized?

It is fair to the reader to state that there was solemnized a double wedding a year or so after at Senator Boyce's mansion between Mr. Cockran and May Boyce and Mr. Endon and Ethel, and one of the happiest men present was old Phil Truesdale, who sails the smartest catboat in Dennisport to-day.

WILFRED NORTH.



UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

GR
A
C

Uncle
Legre
St. Cl
Gump
Shelby
Harris
Mark
Marie
Ophelia
Topsy
Little
ALSO
W
EVEN
ADMIN
CHILD

Job Pr



Why

Sheriff's Sale.

Write of Attention, signed out of the SEPTUAGINT
about the Personal and Real Property of *Hiram B.*
Town of Wampasville
New York
1/2 day more, 1 spring tooth
hands and hay racks also
of three year old steers also
five keys
boards of wood
tons of hay
all in one
Public Vendue
for
locks

Why Lem Hawkins

... Signed the Pledge.

The temperance folks up our way is gittin' powerful strong.
They've even got Lem Hawkins now-an' he swore all long
As how he'd never jine 'em an' give up drinkin' budge:
But I'll tell you how it come 'bout, an' I'll bet you'll laugh, I smudge.
Well, this is how it happened-tho' Lem don't know it yet:
But when he finds out how it was he'll make things dance, I bet.
You see Lem's wife was 'mong the best ter jine the temperance lodge.
An' then she tried ter git Lem in, but Lem he'd allus dodge.

Well, but they had revivals, then 'bout two weeks ago
Someone got up a new idee-that was ter hev a show.
'Ten Nights in a Bar-room' was what they called the play.
An' when they just went at it, an' practiced night an' day,
An' got a stage, from off, ter come an' show 'em all 'bout actin',
An' how ter point their faces up ter make 'em look attractin',
Lem's women fast had leadin' part-but somehow she got 'traid,
An' so she got a shorter one-the part of a old maid.

Now I'm no judge of actin', or any other art,
But Lem's wife stumped too pritty fer such a humbly part.
They fixed the old Town Hall all up, with a curtain painted blue:
An' had a stage with scenes an' sicks, an' had some footlights too.
The show went off amazin' well-you oughter see that hall;
The 'Corners' folks most all come up, 'twas packed from wall ter wall.
An' they all did their parts fust rate, all fixed with paint an' powder,
An' Lem's wife looked so old an' gray, I 'low I'd never knowed her.

But Lem he didn't see the show-no play bar-room fer him-
He 'lowed he'd see a real one, so he an' one-eyed Jim
Went down ter Buckley's tavern 'ter drink real beer, by gum-
By nine o'clock Lem got so drunk they had ter take him hum.
Then ole Jim Day put him ter bed, as he'd done times afore,
An' then he snaked down town agin, an' left poor Lem ter snore.
In 'bout an hour Lem's wife come hum, a tuckered out you bet:
A wench of them corkerew curls, an' painted wrinkles yet.

She pushed in ter the lookin' glass a standin' on the shelf,
An' said 'My! My! but I look old, I'd never know myself.
I know that paint-'it come off hard, an' I'm so tired tonight
I'll leave it on 'til mornin''-so she put out the light.
Well, of course, next mornin' come, Lem rubbed his achin' head,
An' got his eyes wide open, then looked acrost the bed-
He see them curls an' wrinkles, he seen that humbly head,
He set up straight an' looked agin, 'I'll be ---' was all he said.

Then Lem got up, jumped in his clothes, an' started fer the door.
Then fer the gate he made a dash, an' down the street he tore,
An' in a half a minute he set talking to the judge,
An' in another minute-Lem Hawkins signed the pledge.

H. B. Digelow 97.

THE OLD CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

THE beautiful and imperial city of San Francisco promised, a quarter of a century ago, to have become one of the few artistic centres of dramatic work in the world, and in the reminiscent light of history the old California Theatre should awaken pleasant memories in the minds of many living actors, who trod its boards under the spirited régime of John McCullough and Lawrence Barrett.

The old theatre occupied the site of the present California Hotel in Bush Street. The illustration is taken from an old sketch in the possession of a dramatic critic of San Francisco. The stage of the theatre was built by John Torrence, the husband of Mrs. Judah. The auditorium, the interior front of which was beautifully and interestingly decorated in different ornamental Californian woods, had an immense lobby around it like that of the



Boston Theatre. One luxurious feature of the interior was that the first three rows of seats were rocking chairs.

The drop-curtain was a striking reproduction of Bierstadt's famous view of the Yosemite Valley. With the moderate admission of a dollar for the orchestra and fifty cents for the balcony and a population not half the present magnitude, the first three hundred performances received no less than \$278,000.

SYDNEY CHIDLEY.

ELLEN TERRY.

READ BEFORE THE PROFESSIONAL WOMAN'S LEAGUE.

IN looking over my morning mail a few weeks ago I found a letter from our Chairman of this afternoon that caused me quite a shock—it was a pleasant one happily and seemed to lend itself naturally as a beginning to my paper to-day.

Many here in the League know my deep interest in the various lines of so-called "advanced thought"—metaphysics, occultism, psychology, mental therapeutics, and the like. In the pursuit of these studies, an incident will often occur that opens some unexpected door in that great realm of Truth, and our consciousness of the vast Eternal completes one more cycle of experience.

This particular incident has simplified my present pleasant task of trying to show that there is for us all a helpful lesson to be found in studying the character and career of Ellen Terry.

On the morning bespoken, I had awakened with a vivid impression of having just left an animated group of comrades, gathered about a tall, fair, gracious woman. She stood among them, attentively listening first to one and then to another, apparently only concerned with whomsoever was claiming her for that moment. I distinctly remember admiring her unusual power in concentrating her eyes, her ears, her mind upon the one individual before her. A soft yellow light seemed to float around her, radiating toward all who sought her. The whole room was aglow, and every one in it seemed so perfectly happy.

This lovely picture I gazed upon with great delight, believing myself unseen and indeed invisible—a condition by the way which is a peculiar phenomenon in dreams. Every one has a tangible body except yourself, and yet you move about with the utmost ease, defying all commonly accepted laws of matter. It is a fine exposition of mind being the master, which we might do well to think about a bit more by daylight.

Presently I became conscious of some request being made by our fair lady. No one answered; then suddenly to my consternation a pair of scintillating gray eyes were turned upon me. A warm hand grasped mine. I had evidently materialized, and a sweet voice said, "Yes, yes, you and I are old friends, you know." Without understanding in the least to what the "Yes, yes" referred, I replied with some confusion, "Oh, do you really remember meeting me in London nine years ago? How is Mr. Irving? Oh, no, I mean Sir Henry!"

Just then I awoke, but still even in my little room I seemed to look upon

the shining, effervescent presence of Ellen Terry herself. The vividness impressed me as rather unusual, but I am accustomed to pleasant dreams, and this one vanished as they usually do, even with the recalling of it. After breakfast, two hours later, Mrs. Goodfriend's letter came and in it the unexpected request that I should write a paper for this Drama Day, about Ellen Terry.

Still oblivious of my ghostly visitor, so entirely do these phantasms vanish with our matter-of-fact duties of the day, I sat down to write that I was sorry I could not oblige, but that really I was not sufficiently acquainted with Miss Terry to do her justice. My pen actually fell from my hand as in distinct tones there echoed in my ear, "Yes, yes, you and I are old friends, you know." For a moment I was dazed, when suddenly that radiant presence filled my room again. I did not see it, but distinctly felt those electric eyes looking at me intently. I was impelled to speak, and as if answering some one in person, exclaimed, "All right if you say so."

Perhaps this seems very visionary and extravagant to some of you, and not at all apropos of my paper, but to me, afterward sitting alone in the silence thinking, meditating in my big arm chair, there came through this quaint, well-coincidence—fancy, if you will, the word of wisdom that I sought to give you, the key to the whole story of Ellen Terry's success as an actress. Many of you doubtless would agree with me, reasoning from experiences of your own, that unintentionally Mrs. Goodfriend had communicated to me her desires for a paper upon Ellen Terry through "thought transference," and that they had arrived by that telepathetic means in advance of her letter. Perhaps a few of you will go further with me and admit the possibility at least of Miss Terry herself having caused my dream unconsciously yet actually.

And how? To pass for a moment from the stage to the pulpit, to day, fortunately, a much shorter journey than it used to be even in the few years ago we can all remember: I heard lately that refreshingly radical thinker, the Rev. Munt J. Savage, preach a sermon on "The Atrophy of Faculties and Powers Through Disuse." He took that subject to explain the familiar and perplexing text which I am sure has at times troubled us all, "Him that hath, to him shall be given." His happy conception of it was this: "He that uses what he hath, to him shall be given." Now then, to return to our subject. What is it that Ellen Terry has used, bringing her such rich reward? Granted that she had natural talent, beauty, opportunities. Many other women have had the same and even more, yet they have not won the world.

No amount of passive genius could have held a woman in her unexceptional position for twenty years. It must have been, then, some rare activity that has made her such a magnet. How is it we may ask that Terry holds her own with such artists as Bernhardt and Duse, and with such a memory as Cushman? Perhaps it is partly because, not sighing vainly for a hundred talents she did not possess, she used and used until it became a wondrous power the one especial talent that was her own. This gift was not Cushman's heroic, majestic, dominant vitality, nor Bernhardt's subtle, penetrating, intense intellectuality of passion; neither was it Duse's subdued, appealing agony of personal emotions and experiences, joys and sorrows. No; there is something else that is the superfine essence of Miss Terry's individuality.

I think I can best describe this quality by quoting William Winter's very words in his "Shadows of the Stage." He writes as follows: "Ellen Terry in her assumption of Marguerite, in Faust, once more displayed that profound, comprehensive and particular knowledge of human love which is the source of her exceptional and irresistible power. This Marguerite was a woman who essentially loves, who exists only for love, who has the courage of her love, who gives all for love—not knowing that it is a sacrifice—and whose love, at last triumphant over death, is not only her own salvation, but that also of her lover. In her embodiment she transfigured the character—she maintained it in an ideal world. It did not seem like acting, but like the revelation of a hallowed experience upon which no chill worldly gaze should venture to intrude."

Again describing her Portia, Mr. Winter writes: "The part awakens her fine sensibility and cordially promotes that royal exultation in the affluence of spiritual freedom that so often seems to lift her above the common earth." Mr. Winter thinks it not amiss to apply Shakespeare's beautiful simile to this "image of soft womanhood and spiritualized intellect," who seems, "as if an angel dropped down from the clouds," and from whose lips the poetry of Shakespeare fell "in a strain of such melody with such teeming freedom of felicitous delivery and such dulcet purity of fiction as from none other in our day." This is almost what we might call "ecstatic praise," but those glowing words must find response in a thousand hearts, for it is indeed the understanding of that ecstasy of love in the universal woman that marks Ellen Terry a rare creature.

Is it then strange that such a being, whose whole nature vibrates on this highly sensitive, spiritually tempered plane, conscious above all other knowledge of the pulsing, aspiring, giving love of all humanity, that love that Christ named "Charity," greater than faith, greater than hope, the greatest thing in the universe. Is it, I ask, remarkable that such a woman should have the power of attracting to her the love, the admiration, the thoughts, the wishes, the earnest aspirations of any number of beings far and near? Giving her best constantly to all, she sets in vibration waves of sympathy that might easily keep her in touch with every one who has ever known her, and under certain psychic conditions a consciousness even of her presence might come.

Miss Terry herself will not probably be aware on these occasions of any special giving out of herself, but owing to this temperamental generosity she might easily, by return action, feel particularly happy or contented upon that particular day, without any apparent cause. What vast possibilities

such philosophy reveals! Do we even begin to realize what these outgoing thoughts and emotions of ours are doing, where they are going, whom they are making happy, or miserable?

There is a beautiful soul, whom you all know, whose birthday, February 27, is also Miss Terry's. That same sweet, generous, broad love nature was his—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. They were both born in the astrological sign of Pisces, representing the feet of the zodiac. These are the people who should be our rightful guides, and in whose footsteps we ought to be able to follow. In this same sign are also George Washington, Voltaire, and Victor Hugo—men whose prolific lives and work will never lose their profound influence upon humanity. Our own Mrs. Ames—Eleanor Kirk—in her interesting work, "The Influence of the Zodiac," describes Pisces people as those who have "a deep hidden love nature, always anxious to give of their abundance to all who need. They are natural lovers, and their realm is the kingdom of the soul." She continues: "It is almost impossible for the average Pisces person to acknowledge a flaw in the one cared for. These are the people who will deny themselves the absolute comforts of life to further the interest of relative or friend, and those born under this sign do not demand as much as they give."

Perhaps it is easier for such naturally generous people to "Cast their

bread upon the waters," and doubtless some of the rest of us are unconsciously strained in our giving. Did you ever think of it? "The waters," surely that cannot mean a well, where we stack up our bread as in a storeroom; nor can it mean a narrow, shallow stream where we might watch an eagle with our little donation, and check it with a kind of moral fishhook if we don't approve its course. No; "the waters," must mean the broad, fatherly open sea of life, and this bread of ours is to be cast thereon (nothing is still about a string being attached)—cast thereon to go freely where it is impelled, to reach those we may never know, feed those we may not even see.

It is this boundless giving that characterizes Ellen Terry's art. When playgoers observed the marvelous new embodiment of her Portia, they asked themselves, "Is this really Shakespeare, or has she infused the part with herself?" That is it—the infusion, the pouring of herself into every nook and corner of the character she portrays, her best self, her highest consciousness of pure, living truth. And so in the good strong spirit of the preacher, "She that uses what she hath, to her shall be given."

Whatever the grain of our bread, let us use it. Let us cast it all fearlessly upon "the waters." Will it after many days come back to us again? I believe it will, a thousand-fold in quantity and quality as well.

MAIDA CRAGEN.

TO MY SOUBRETTES.

HERE'S to Kitty, girl of grace,
With her fine, expressive face—
She's the smartest coon song singer in the nation;
When she says "Brush by! brush by!"
You just laugh until you cry.
And her dancing is a real revelation.
Here's to Bonnie's fetching smile,
That is free from guilt or guile—
She's the mascot of the house controlled by Tony;
'Tis a treat to hear her sing
And her songs have such a swing
That they're sung from Klondike clear to breezy Coney.
Here's to Lottie, who can draw
Like a magnet without flaw,
Though she sometimes warbles songlets somewhat shady;
She can "knock 'em" just as well
With a ballad that is swell,
Like "Just Tell Them" or "My Mother Was a Lady."

Here's to Cora, pert and cute,
Who sings "Rootie-Tooie-Too!"
Her great specialty is singing after dinner;
Her selections never bore,
And her hearers cry "Encore!"
She's a thoroughbred and every inch a winner.

Here's to Anna, from Paree,
Here's to Madge and gay Marie;
To Leona and to pretty May and Pollie;
Here's to Daisy, Maud and Pearl,
Here's to Nell, the rag-time girl;
And to cute Leola M., "the living dollie."

May they all enjoy long life,
Free from worry, woe and strife,
For their saucy songs and mannerisms cheery
Have come sweet as Summer air,
And have banished all my care
When with life's dull grind my heart was sad and weary.

MAURICE E. McLOUGHLIN.

THE WANDERING PERI.

A FOOTLIGHT FRAGMENT.

THE Peri knocked at the gate of Paradise, and the Dramatic Agent opened the door. This was the way it appeared to the Peri. She was young and very innocent. The Dramatic Agent "sized up" the Peri, and found her worthy of a place in the front row.

There was something quite pathetic in the Peri's gratitude; her thankfulness at being allowed to fling her fresh, innocent scented young life into the fever and falsity and general bedevilment that go to make up that witch's caldron called The Footlights. There was a peculiar charm about the Peri. Her innocence was not of the kind that appears verdant. Green innocence shows to little advantage against neat and natty, if naughty, knowledge. The Peri's innocence was impregnated with a subtle sweetness, like the perfume from a bunch of violets to the nostrils of the jaded town habitué. It even impressed that hardened crustacean, the Dramatic Agent, to such a degree that he forbore to squeeze her hand.

The Peri had no widowed mother to support; there was not even the traditional crippled and golden headed little sister, and the drunken father of romance was conspicuously absent. As far as relatives went, the Peri seemed a waif. She had only those cursed antitheses, beauty and poverty, ambition and ignorance. Therefore was she grateful, poor thing, for that place in the front row.

Of course, she had the usual chaotic and idiotic dreams and aspirations that afflict all callow souls seeking fame across the dark threshold of the stage-door. She brought a terrible hope and enthusiasm into the gas tainted dressing room; and her earnestness was as beautiful as her symmetry as she marched and evolved, treading resolutely under foot fear and timidity, and a wild desire to bury her beautiful limbs in oblivion, on that night of her modest—but to her, fearfully immodest—debut.

It was then that Freddie Gallup saw her, picking her out with the unerring precision of the "first night." Freddie was that nondescript being of whom it can never be correctly ascertained whether he is a young old man or an old young man. There was an artless juvenility about Freddie that beguiled, until one got introduced to his awful depravity. Then he beguiled somewhat less, and bewildered rather more.

Just why the Peri should have appealed so directly to Freddie is one of those mysteries that are insolvable. She had no superabundance of flesh, and Freddie had been wont to lean strongly toward flesh. All of his former "mashees," to coin a word, had been more than pleasing in their plumpness. There had been a sauciness about them, likewise, that had been Tabasco like in its properties, particularly grateful to one of Freddie's jaded palate. There was no sauciness about the Peri; no dash; no abandon. She had a wistful intentness, and a sublime ideality that savored of downright stupid-

ity. Yet she caught Freddie, somehow, whose appetite seemed veering from Tabasco to the strawberry and cream epoch. Moreover, Freddie, enlarging on the Peri, was wont to declare that there were "depths." Possibly he meditated a future combination of Tabasco with strawberries and cream. Freddie's palate was equal to anything.

As for the Peri, she remained calmly oblivious of Freddie. He bombarded her with bouquets and bon-bons, and she wavered not. A fusillade of supper invitations she met with an impenetrable front. There was a tenacity of pursuit about Freddie that knew not defeat. He executed his most strategic movement, and sought to entrap her with the glories of a bijou residence uptown, and she calmly looked at him and through him and over his head and remained impassive. Truly, innocence and stupidity could no further go.

Then it was that Ross Straham, having watched indolently from afar, was moved to enter the field. He had scanned the Peri once or twice with the judicious eye of the Leading Man. She had struck him as colorless, but in the light of Freddie's pursuit she began to take an interesting color. She achieved desirability through another man's desires. The innocence that he had thought so uninteresting began to fix his attention. He commenced to speculate about that barrier which Freddie had found so invincible. Vanity suggested a desire to break it down.

There was nothing in Ross Straham to counteract this vanity. Nature had endowed him with a splendid physical equipment, and there stopped. What original little moral sense he had possessed the women of the world whom he affected had long since blunted out of him. Moreover, observing the Peri closely, he half detected those "depths" of which Freddie raved. She was elusive and enigmatical, hence fascinating. Ardor and passion entered into him, and carried him away.

To the Peri, watching him nightly do valorous deeds in that mimic world of canvas and cardboard, he was nothing less than a hero. His environment, the very lines that fell to his lot to utter, gave him a splendid, if fictitious, moral worth; and physically, he was any woman's ideal. The Peri might well be excused for stumbling where women better equipped than she had fallen. Worldly wise maidens—and matrons—with no illusions, had found it easy to love Ross Straham. To the Peri, hugging illusions and delusions alike to her breast, he was little less than a god.

One night she was in the dressing room alone. The Dollies and Totties and Trixies were all bunched together in the wings. Ross Straham, noting the habitat of this strange bird among them, knew that she "flocked by herself," as the classic jargon of the chorus phrased it, and that he should find her here—alone. The greenroom had been utilized for the chorus' dressing room; it was next to that of the "star." He had merely to step out of his own room, and push open the adjoining door. The Peri, startled, looked

up, and saw him—an exceeding brave and brilliant figure in the glory of his mediæval costume—upon the threshold.

"I can't fasten this sleeve, you know," he said, smiling upon her. "Would you do it for me?"

The Peri fastened the sleeve, after some difficulty. Her fingers trembled. They touched his pulse and sent it bounding upward. "Gallup would have given nothing less than diamonds for such a service," he said. The remark was in execrable taste, but that bounding pulse, coming as a combination of surprise and shock, had momentarily disturbed his equilibrium. The Peri looked into his eyes with that clear innocence that was like violets wet with dew. "I don't know him," she said.

"No?" He was holding her hand, and his back was against the door. Something in those uplifted eyes sent swift currents into his brain. The quiver of the hand in his set every nerve tingling. He hardly knew what he was about himself, when he bent and kissed her.

"I love you," he whispered, unsteadily. "Sweetheart, I love you." Then hearing the oncoming laugh of the Totties and Trixies, with what fragment of sense he had left he released and left her leaning pale and trembling, against the door. That was the beginning. In the six weeks that followed, Ross Straham lost his head, but the Peri kept her soul. He accompanied her home every night, and she bade him good by at the door. This could not last, of course. The Peri's love was like the worship of the angels in Heaven, and his passion was like that of all the devils let loose in Purgatory. Between these two worlds was only the bar of her innocence, and—the age of miracles is past. He must have been delirious that night when he spoke of marrying her, and called her his "divine little wife." But the Peri clutched close those words and her soul fed on them. "His wife." She drew her breath with reverence. It was like being of the Elect of God.

All the stores of her nature—her imagination, her love, her tenderness—she poured out at his feet. She unbarred the doors of the inner sanctuary of her soul. She threw down jewels of thought and feeling like stars from heaven. She bewildered, intoxicated him. She even achieved that supreme triumph—she made him love her. And she was to be his wife! She wandered in Paradise like a delirious spirit; hugging, poor thing, her dreams and delusions. The awakening was commonplace enough. For, of course, there *was* an awakening. Ross Straham had loved her just enough to deceive her.

To the day of her death, the Peri will never forget the night she stood before the dressing room's cracked mirror, smiling at her own image, and dreaming of him. She was pretty; her prettiness pleased her, since it pleased him. She was alone, and he would come in presently as he had that first night. How long ago it seemed since that first night! What a pitiable little beggar she had been! She had not had his love then. She had not that divine, unspeakable bliss of becoming his wife. Then suddenly a voice reached her from the room beyond. It was an unmusical voice and high pitched. Its peculiar nasal shrillness came to her clearly from over the door. Evidently its owner, like so many other of her American kind, had not that "most perfect thing in woman."

"So that's your latest mash," said the voice. "Pretty enough, in a moon-shiny way, but not much shape. Your taste's degenerating, my dear. I had a better figure than that when you married me." Then came an undertone of masculine notes, among which the Peri only picked out "Hush" and "Make a row."

"Make a row!" shrilled the feminine voice. "Not a bit. Goodness, I don't care. If I did, I'd spend my days making rows. Life's too short. But I want a new sealskin coat." There was a shrill burst of feminine mirth, in which, after a moment's hesitation, the masculine voice joined. That laugh cut the Peri's soul in twain. She staggered, and caught at the dressing table. The rude voice of the callboy roused her: "Say, you," he bawled, "stage's waitin'!" The Peri gathered her spangles about her, and ran.

When Ross Straham entered her dressing-room later to take her home, he got a distinct shock. The Peri was standing before the mirror, daintily penciling a fine line under her eyes. "Oh, I can't go with you, Ross!" she said, nonchalantly. "I forgot to tell you. I am going out to supper with Freddie Gallup."

She did not turn round, but the face in the mirror challenged him. There were strange opal glints in the big eyes that no longer resembled violets wet with dew. Her mouth, parted in a brilliant smile, looked like a burning coal from the infernal kingdom. He stared at the reflection,

slowly taking in the situation. It was borne in upon him gradually that the Peri was beautiful. He was a master of exits. The present one was hardly up to his usual standard, perhaps, but it possessed the supreme good taste of silence.

There was a queer sound as the door closed behind him. The Peri, with honest intent, had meant to return that laugh of his with interest, but it sounded uncommonly like a broken sob. When she opened the door a moment later, however, and passed Straham, the careless hum of a song upon her lips mingled with the frou-frou of her skirts as she swept by to where Freddie Gallup stood in waiting.

The Peri no longer wanders through Paradise. Freddie has a delicate taste in such matters, and she presides over the daintiest little flat to be found off Broadway.

EILEEN MORETTA.

FOLLY'S SONG.

I SING with a glad tra-la—
While I tinkle a gay tra-lee—
For folly flies when the old year dies,
Let me warble a song to thee!

I'll cease from my quip and jest
To lilt in your praise a rhyme,
You sweetling sprite of the Yuletide blest,
Gay spirit of Christmas time!

K. M.



PRIMROSE AND WEST.

The Minstrel Leaders of the World.

THE BILL-BEARD GIRL.

SHE is such a sancy fairy, so diaphanous and airy,
Poised upon a dainty slipper, in her garments thin as gauze.
How her lips are red with smiling! how her dark eyes dance, beguiling!
And her wayward locks are golden as the cool mint-julep straws.
O! her matchless poise and flexion! O! her peach-and-cream complexion!
O! her doll-like, child-like beauty, smooth and rounded and exact!
How her little teeth, outshining, 'mind you of a sea-shell's lining,
And her eyes of purple pansies, moist with morning dewdrops—fact!
She is altogether winsome—true, one thinks that she might sin some;
But, in such an angel creature, one grows almost blind to fault.
She seems made for mirth and kisses, for love's sweeter, blameless blisses,
Not the gall of coarser sinning—just the tang of pleasure's salt!

PAUL PASTER.

CLAIRE.

CLAIRE BROWNING was only an agent—a frail, careworn creature indeed, yet there was an indefinable charm about her, and before she had been at the hotel twenty-four hours she had won the interest and admiration of all the other guests. Among them, none felt a deeper sympathy for the little woman than genial Fred Warder, and oftentimes it was with difficulty that he refrained from exercising his strong muscle on her husband, when he was especially brutal toward his wife.

Browning was a handsome fellow, if one could forget what a brute he was. His smooth, white hands and easy, insolent bearing proclaimed him a man of leisure, and when he was not lounging indolently on the couch in the hotel office he could generally be found in the pool-room.

Meanwhile his wife, who was an indefatigable worker, trudged from house to house in quest of customers, almost bending under the weight of a heavy sample case. She worked incessantly, regardless of the weather, leaving early in the morning and remaining out till dusk. At night, when she returned tired out from her day's work, she received, instead of commendation from her liege lord, only harsh words and curt, uncivil responses to her questions. Supper over, Browning invariably left for his haunts about town, seldom returning before midnight—frequently even later.

In this way Claire Browning and Fred Warder were thrown much together, and soon came to know each other better. Left to herself through the long evenings, Claire enjoyed nothing more than spending her leisure moments at the grand piano in the sitting room. From the first she was recognized, by those capable of judging, as a thorough musician. Her careful phrasing, brilliant execution and soft, magnetic touch were all indicative of thorough training. She had but to strike a few chords to bring all the other guests into the room—each eager not to miss a single note that fell from beneath the skillful fingers. Among those who gathered nightly to listen to Claire's playing was Fred Warder—himself a musician of local note.

One night the fair pianist seemed a shade sadder than usual, and after playing several old, pathetic melodies she struck a few chords and began to sing in a voice that strangely stirred and thrilled her listeners. The song was a familiar ballad—a simple strain, telling of love and home—but the sweet voice was so full of tender sadness, so fraught with ineffable pathos, that swift, involuntary tears rose to the eyes of those who heard her, and when, in the midst of a plaintive minor strain, the sweet singer broke completely down and, letting her head fall heavily forward on her arms, sobbed aloud, each one wondered what scenes and memories the song recalled. She quickly recovered herself, however, and, rising, with a hurried apology and a plea of illness, left the room.

That night as Fred Warder paced the floor, thinking with tender pity of the fair young singer, he could hear her sobbing in the adjoining room, and a fierce, impotent anger arose within him. He almost cursed fate for depriving him of the right to comfort and protect her. He would have given all he possessed to have gone to her with the offer to take all her cares and troubles upon himself—but alas! he realized, with a sinking heart, that such an offer could seem nothing less than an insult to her.

How often is love born of pity! Fred Warder, though sought as are all eligible men of good morals, social standing and wealth, had never before experienced such an all-absorbing love and tenderness as he now began to feel for this unhappy little woman.

All night long he paced the floor, striving vainly to think of some means whereby he might aid her. Morning dawned, finding him more than ever at a loss, realizing the more keenly his powerlessness to help or to serve; and not daring to look upon Claire's pale, sad face in his present frame of mind, he left the house. It was late in the afternoon when he returned, and as it had rained in torrents all day he was much surprised to learn that Mrs. Browning had been out since early morning. Night came and still she did not return.

Browning, meanwhile, sat carelessly reading a sporting periodical, apparently utterly indifferent to his wife's prolonged absence. Filled with anger and disgust, Fred sat silently watching him, till, unable longer to control himself, he sprang up and striding across the room to where Browning sat, absorbed in the latest news of the turf, said savagely:

"Browning, what sort of a man are you that you can sit here calmly while your wife is out in this heavy downpour? Can't you see that it's dark as Egypt and too late for her to be out alone?" He spoke vehemently, restraining a strong desire to strike the handsome, cynical face of the man before him. Browning sneered, or rather snarled at him a moment, before replying:

"If she's fool enough not to come in out of the rain, she ought to get wet

—and as long as there's so many good lookers around, no one will be after stealing her, day or night."

Fred felt a choking sensation in his throat and an intense desire to throttle the brute. Yet he knew that for her sake he must control himself, and after a moment's struggle with himself he turned away.

He donned his mackintosh and, taking his umbrella, left the house. A woman in distress always appealed to Fred Warder, and while he considered meeting Claire doubtful, it at least afforded him infinite relief to make the effort. He had gone perhaps a dozen squares when he saw, timidly approaching, a slight figure which he at once recognized as that of Claire. At his approach she shrank back nervously, but when he spoke, she cried, joyfully:

"Oh, Mr. Warder, I am so glad to see you. I am simply drenched and so very, very tired." Under the dim light of a street lamp he could see her face, as she stood looking up at him, trustingly, confidently, like a weary child. She did, indeed, seem completely worn out, and the white sad face and the weary look in the lifted eyes touched him as nothing had ever done before.

Before she could protest, he had drawn off his heavy storm coat and wrapped it closely about her, had taken the sample case from her hand, and had drawn her arm protectingly within his own. He could not trust himself to speak, and they had walked some distance in silence, when suddenly he heard a faint sob, followed by others more pronounced. Had he listened to the dictates of his heart, he would then and there have taken her in his arms and kissed away her tears, but the very strength of the love and respect he felt for her helped him to control himself. Very gently he said:

"Mrs. Browning, you are ill, and it is no wonder. It is enough to kill you to be exposed to such weather as this. Let me call a cab for you."

"No, no," she interrupted, hurriedly. "Please don't. I know it is very foolish of me to give way to my feelings in such a childish manner, but really I could not help it. I was so tired and ill that the sight of a friend and your kindness seemed to unnerve me."

"It is indeed gratifying to know that you look upon me in the light of a friend, Mrs. Browning, and believe me, I shall try in every way to prove myself worthy of the honor," Fred answered. "And now, as a friend, won't you promise me you will never again go out in such weather as this? Strong man as I am, I would not dare to expose myself as you have done to-day."

"From my present feelings, I think I can safely promise you that," she answered, evasively. They had now reached the hotel, and, after again thanking Fred for his kindness, Claire went at once to her room.

The next morning neither she nor her husband appeared at the breakfast table. Afternoon came, and still neither appeared. Becoming uneasy, Mrs. Murray, the landlady, went up to the room occupied by the Brownings during their stay. After knocking vigorously and receiving no response, she pushed open the door, and, to her horror, beheld Claire stretched out on the floor apparently in a dead faint. Her screams quickly brought others to the scene. Claire was put to bed and a doctor summoned. Dr. Baldwin looked grave when he examined his patient, and at once inquired if she had friends with her. Browning was nowhere to be found, though a thorough search was made.

Fred, meanwhile, in the seclusion of his own room, was almost beside himself with anxiety and grief, and bitterly did he reproach himself for not having taken action sooner. What if he did have no claim upon her? It is certainly the duty of every honorable man to offer protection and aid to a woman in need of it. As to the future, he had fully decided upon his course—provided Claire recovered. His mother would, he knew, at his solicitation, offer Claire a home until—His meditations were interrupted by a knock on the door, and immediately after Dr. Baldwin entered.

"Warder," he exclaimed, in his quick nervous way, "my patient has recovered consciousness and asked for you the first thing. I made an excuse to clear the room of the women, so go at once before they come back and make a scandal out of nothing."

Fred needed no second bidding, and a moment later was at Claire's side. At the sight of the agony depicted on the fair face before him, all the pent-up tenderness he had striven to repress surged over him, and, unable longer to control himself, he threw himself upon his knees beside her and sobbed aloud, his strong frame shaken with emotion. A strange light came into Claire's eyes, but she did not speak until he had in some measure recovered from his first outburst of grief. Then laying her pale hand caressingly upon his bowed head, she said:

"Mr. Warder, it is very good of you to be so deeply moved by my misfortune, and I am sure you will not consider me immodest or presuming in sending for you. I am in deep trouble," she added, tremblingly. "and I felt that I could appeal to no one but you." After a moment's pause, in which she seemed to struggle for composure, she went on: "When I returned home last night I found a note from my husband—her voice broke piteously. She covered her face with her hands, but after a moment she resumed:

"The note said that he had deserted me. Had this been a surprise, I think the shock would have killed me, but his indifference had prepared me, and I have long expected this. Still it is indeed a consolatory reflection that I have always done my duty and never by word, thought nor deed have I dishonored my marriage vows." Her face was radiant, and Fred, who had risen and was standing gazing down on her, likened her to an angel, as she lay there with her golden hair forming a halo about her pale, pure face.

"The worst of all," Claire continued, "is that in leaving he took with him every penny I have in the world, leaving me destitute among strangers. For this I have toiled and striven, working like a slave, oftentimes when I was not able. But enough of my past troubles. Finding myself in this

most unenviable position. I can see but one way out of it. No, no—don't interrupt me. I know what you would say, my good, true friend, but I am too proud to accept alms from any one—even you. I want you to take this ring," she added, drawing from her finger a beautiful cluster of diamonds and emeralds. "It was a gift from my mother, and I had hoped never to sacrifice it—but there is no other way."

Fred interrupted her. "Mrs. Browning," he said gravely, "I think you know that I am honestly and sincerely your friend. Believing this, will you permit me to advise you? You have a home somewhere—perhaps a mother. Why not send for her?"

"Oh, don't, don't!" wailed Claire, covering her eyes with her hands. "I gave up home, mother, everything, for him, and now that he has deserted me, I cannot appeal to them. Besides, my mother is influenced by my step-father, and I doubt if she would come." Then, seeing the look of pain on Fred's face, she added: "I promise, my friend, to send for her should I grow worse, but not until it becomes absolutely necessary can I bring myself to appeal to those loved ones whose affection and helpful influence I voluntarily relinquished. You see how I am placed. Now, dear friend, won't you take the ring and sell it for me?" she said, pleadingly, holding it out to him, her eyes filled with tears, her sweet mouth quivering, like an unhappy child's.

She looked so sweet so innocent and helpless as she lifted her pleading eyes to his, that a man with a heart of adamant could not have resisted her, and Fred Warder promised—rejoicing secretly that a way in which he might help her had presented itself. Upon leaving, he at once went to the bank and drew out the sum of two hundred and twenty-five dollars, smiling at his own cleverness the while, as he thought of the kindly deception he would practice upon Claire. He would turn over the money to her at once, ostensibly the price he had received for the ring, and later, when she had recovered from her illness, he would restore her treasure to her. These and other reflections brought him back to the hotel, and he went at once to Claire, happy in the consciousness of a good deed done.

Claire was greatly surprised when told what a sum he had obtained for her ring, and at once appeared so happy and cheerful that Fred felt amply repaid, and only regretted not having made the amount larger.

That night, while all the house slept, Claire took her departure. She went quietly, not wishing to disturb the slumbering inmates, leaving behind her an empty trunk, her sample case, and a two weeks' board bill.

Just outside the house she was met by a man muffled to the ears. They walked along in silence till they reached the suburbs, where a buggy stood waiting. As he lifted her into the vehicle, and took his seat beside her, the man spoke, and although the voice was now kind and gentle, there was no mistaking it—it was that of her husband, Browning.

"Well, how goes it, little woman?" he asked.

For answer Claire laid a purse in his hand, saying sweetly:

"Two and a quarter, love."

"What? Not two hundred and twenty five dollars?" Browning exclaimed, opening the purse and feasting his eyes upon the crisp bank notes.

"That's what I mean, and the easiest game I ever bagged," answered Claire, laughing. But a sober expression came over her face as she added.

"Do you know, I felt sorry for the boy, and was half tempted to give back his money at the last minute?"

Browning burst into a low laugh.

"You with scruples! Well, that's rich! However, I don't anticipate financial embarrassment from them so long as you can dispose of ten dollar rings at such figures as this. Seriously, though, when we've worked off our stock of jewelry on trusting, tender hearted admirers, I mean for you to go on the stage, for when it comes to doing the heavy emotional you distance the best of them!"

CORDIA VIVIAN PETRIE.

THE ARCHIMIME.

(To Sir Henry Irving.)

THOU, of all men else, who makest plain
The Arthurian hero to our eager sight;
Whose genius tears for Shylock draws, despite
His spleenful moods; who liv'st in Charles again
The ideal effigy of one born to reign;
Who picturest with art supreme the blight
Of Louis' hopes, and, awful in its might,
The deep damnation of the witch-cursed thane.
This laurel one neglected and obscure
Would lay upon the altar of thy fame,
O, master, on Olympia's top secure,
Hedged with the lustre of a deathless name.
Like that which round the Delphic utterer shone,
What time her lips the coming years made known.

ST. GEORGE BEST.



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OUR PICTURES.

THE STANHOPE-WHEATCROFT DRAMATIC SCHOOL.

Mrs. Adeline Stanhope-Wheatcroft has brought the Stanhope-Wheatcroft Dramatic School to its present high place among institutions of its class—a place second to none in this country. The work of the classes for the current term has been of a character so encouraging and so thoroughly admirable that a brilliantly successful career is fully assured to the school and its splendidly capable principal. Mrs. Wheatcroft has brought to her work not only executive cleverness and excellent judgment of minds and of means, but she has given it as well the inestimable benefit of years of careful work upon the stage, an unusual artistic perception, and a studious, reverent, conscientious regard of purpose. Mrs. Wheatcroft's pupils, portraits of some of whom appear in this number, are trained not alone in the plays given at the public matinees, but in every branch of dramatic work, and especially in Shakespearean representations. Many of her scholars never expect to adopt the stage as a means of livelihood, and are taking the course simply to improve diction, enunciation and demeanor. The competent faculty assisting Mrs. Wheatcroft includes Alfred Fisher, conventional comedy and melodrama; J. H. Ryley, comedy and farce; Elsie Clarke, fencing; Lillian Thurgate, dancing, and Victor Harris, music incidental to the plays. Mrs. Wheatcroft herself directs the classical and the "society" drama. So rapidly has the school grown that it has been found necessary to add another large room to those already in use. The first matinee of the term will occur at Hoyt's Theatre, on January 17, when will be presented Frances Aymar Matthews' one act play "Renunciation," a condensation of the same author's "After Many Years," originally announced in two acts: "The Cup of Bertholth," by Charles Bradley, and "Higher Education," by Frances A. Hoadley. The second matinee, in February, will be devoted to fulfilling a wish of the late Nelson Wheatcroft, who had much faith in the playwriting ability of Alice Yates Grant, a young Californian. Mr. Wheatcroft had presented several of Miss Grant's plays during his conduct of the School, and had wished to give a programme composed entirely of her plays. The titles of those selected for presentation are "A Bachelor's Wife," "The Sword of Remembrance," and "Jerry Burke, Moonshiner." A new play by Theodore Burt Sayre will be shown with others at the third matinee, and further programmes are in preparation. Mrs. Wheatcroft receives an immense number of manuscripts submitted for consideration. An especially interesting feature of the January matinee is that it will be given solely by students who are absolute beginners, a fact which should go far in favorable comparison with other like schools.

JULIA ARTHUR.

Magnetism is made up of affection, passion, and intelligence. Julia Arthur has all three in a superlative degree, and as a result her power to draw is something remarkable. It is difficult to explain the charm of her acting; it is so potent and so subtle. One understands that one is pleased without knowing the full reason. The fact of the matter is that her portrayals are so perfect in detail, so characteristic, and so true to life that even the most practical critic fails to see the knitting in the essential parts and forgets that he is not seeing a reality. Julia Arthur's success has been practically instantaneous. Two years ago she joined Henry Irving's company in London, and quickly was deep in the favor of the Britishers. Her personal charm was voted great, and Clement Scott praised her work highly. She accompanied the actor-manager upon his last tour of the United States, and won a goodly collection of laurels, even by the side of Ellen Terry. Finally, she left the London company to star in Frances Hodgson Burnett and Stephen Townsend's play, "A Lady of Quality." Scenic artists began work on the mountings, which were to be elaborate in the extreme. These were finished, a company secured and rehearsed, and the performance put on the road. From the first there was no doubt of the qualities of a production headed by so finished an artiste as Miss Arthur. The piece was an immediate success upon its opening at Detroit, where the great discouragement came—one that few actors have had to cope with and one that will go down in theatrical history. The theatre was burned during the night, and with it Miss Arthur's costumes, scenery, and properties to the extent of about \$25,000. The actress, in a single night, lost the entire production it had cost so much pains and money to secure. But, besides being an artiste, Julia Arthur is a plucky business woman, and she quickly rose superior to the emergency. Within a few hours orders were placed for complete new outfits and mountings, and by the week following the fire things were under way again. Everything was rushed through, and with characteristic "push" and fortitude Miss Arthur got her company together in time to fill the engagement at Wallack's Theatre, in New York City. It was an achievement practically unequalled in theatrical annals.

The first Monday in November the curtain went up on the exact reproduction of the presentation that had burned down in Detroit so short a time before. "A Lady of Quality" was given as not even Miss Arthur's friends had ever imagined she could give it. The success became an ovation, and the ovation a triumph. With characteristic rapidity New York had made her in a night. The following morning the papers had columns of praise. Miss Arthur played one of the largest engagements ever given at Wallack's Theatre, and only left after a six weeks' run because of business complications. *Clairville Wilbairs* is undoubtedly one of the most difficult character parts on the stage. It is without precedent, unique in itself. The impulsive woman has changes of emotions at once subtle and forcible, and of such a nature that the most careful regard must be given to detail in order to insure consistency. There are stretches of emotional acting that show out as fine etchings in a dark room—that are in sharp contrast to the repressed and suppressed acting that precedes or follows them. And Julia Arthur brings them all out as only a genius may. Hers is a wonderful version of a wonderful part, and it puts her head and shoulders above most other women of her profession. In the name of versatility, her *Mercedes* is quite as remarkable. The story of the girl who takes poison in order to give it to the enemies of her country admits of some fine work. The photograph used in this issue is a perfect artistic gem. It is the work of Pach.

MRS. FISKE.

The success of Mrs. Fiske on her tour in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" this season is as pronounced as was her success in this play in New York last season. Her acting and her production form the topic of the theatrical year outside of New York as they did in the metropolis. The press everywhere repeats the enthusiastic opinions originally pronounced on actress and play. The Cincinnati, O., *Times and Star* gives an expression characteristic of most newspaper comment when it says: "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" has that quality of refinement that Aristotle tells us comes only through pity and terror. It is the story of Destiny. Furthermore, it affords a performance such as one sees rarely on the American stage. The public has become fairly used to companies wherein every role is given into talented hands. With all due regard for the excellent cast that Mrs. Fiske has given the play, one might imagine a stronger company but hardly a more artistically symmetrical performance. And this fact marks the depth of Mrs. Fiske's art. The picture, as a whole, must have been constantly before her eyes, and not for a single instant did her individuality tempt her to step out of it. To the writer there is frankly no one on the American stage who speaks as directly to the finer emotions as Mrs. Fiske. Mrs. Fiske will play an extended engagement in New York before the season closes.

PRIMROSE AND WEST.

"It may not be generally known," said Mr. George H. Primrose, of the minstrel firm of Primrose and West, "that in our establishment of a true and legitimate basis for negro minstrelsy we have gone to the very root of the subject and have found that the term minstrel means a street singer. In England they have men of this sort to this day. I made a trip across once for the express purpose of beholding a minstrel band of this description, and I assure you that to me it was a treat to see the primitive burnt cork artist in all his grotesque impersonation. I saw a squad of six of them in Liverpool. They sat in a circle on the sidewalk, had their banjo, jaw bones, and tambourines, and sang so loudly you could hear them a mile away. Their voices were those hard street voices that can make a vast amount of noise. Well, now, legitimate minstrelsy must, in order to please the public, forever retain the substantial features of the characteristics of the race it represents. Mr. West and myself believe absolutely in the people's love for the negro's mirthfulness, and mimicry, and musical genius, and we also believe that it is our duty as purveyors to the taste of the people in this regard to provide something of the dandy on his native heath, and in the luxuries of the Caucasian. We have been doing this now for twenty years. From the day we started until the present we have never had a reason to think we had undertaken a profession that was at any time to become stale or obsolete. Ours has been success from the outstart, and to day it is invincible. From time to time players in our employ have left us to start out for themselves. We have never thrown the slightest obstacle in the way of any man's succeeding. If they gave the people real minstrelsy, just that long have they prospered. When they have failed to do that, when they have made departures from the lines we trained them in and educated them to, they have failed. We have grown into the hearts of the people. As I sit in the circle at night and look out upon the sea of faces that look up into mine, I think to myself, here are those who believe in Primrose and West, who trust us, who think we give them the best entertainment and diversion they receive, and as long as the people treat us thus, so long we shall continue to address ourselves, not to bantering words, not to criticism of others, not to taking the wind out of others' sails, but to providing the American people with honest, true, straightforward negro minstrelsy, in all its purity, in all its innocent merriment, in all its humor, and pathos, and sentiment."

MILDRED HOLLAND.

Mildred Holland, whose picture appears in this number in the part of *Fan Fan*, the boy hero, in "Two Little Vagrants," is one of the few women on the stage who can wear boys' clothes gracefully. She is the ideal personification of the little French noble, who, in whatever station he finds himself, must be noblesse oblige, and for whom every one's sympathy is gained by his love for and protection of his weaker friend. Miss Holland has made such a success of the character with both press and public that Edward C. White has secured her for next season, and has engaged a prominent playwright to construct a piece, having an Italian boy as the central figure, in which Miss Holland will appear the following year. Miss Holland has youth, health and intelligence, three requisites for a brilliant stage career, and is both earnest and practical. She is quite an athlete, fences well, and classes herself among the devotees of the wheel.

JAMES O'NEILL.

This clever Irish actor is meeting with even more success than his usual success this year. His success, alike in the larger cities and the smaller towns, is due to his route, have been of the best, and a significant fact is that in the former places his audience grows as the week progresses. At the opening of the season Mr. O'Neill's new play had not been finished, and in a revival of "The Good Heart" was temporarily superseded. The show has proven a great money maker, and will be continued for some time yet. "The Courier of Lyons," "The Count of Monte Cristo," "Virginia," and "Hansel" are all in his repertoire. Mr. O'Neill is under the management of William F. Connor.

FELIX MORRIS.

One of the most conscientious actors on the American stage is Felix Morris, the creator of the famous Scotch professor in "On 'Change." English by birth, this clever player has for twenty-seven years labored continually in this country for the advancement of his art and the reputation he has so richly earned. Mr. Morris has been seen in the support of such artists as Lotta, John T. Raymond, Adelaide Neilson, Mary Anderson, Modjeska, Junius Brutus Booth, Joseph Wheelock, and others of equal merit. For a number of years he appeared as joint star with Rosina Vokes, and afterward conducted his own company. He made a brief tour of the vaudeville houses last Summer, shortly after his return from London, where he had successfully revived "On 'Change." Mr. Morris is at present with the Lyceum Theatre-Stock company.

WILLIAM COURTLEIGH.

William Courtleigh, whose picture appears on another page, is one of the cleverest young actors at present in New York City. He is possessed of an unusually fine stage presence and a natural ease and grace of manner that enhances his work in no small degree. Mr. Courtleigh's lighter parts have been built upon a rock, he being a Shakespearean student and actor of no little ability. Last season he was Margaret Mather's leading man, playing *Posthumus* in "Cymbeline" and *Romeo* in "Romeo and Juliet," his portrayal of the latter part being marked by a lack of excessive sentiment in places where so many young actors make the role unsympathetic by overacting. This year Mr. Courtleigh is with the Lyceum Theatre-Stock company. His performance of *Marine Demilly* in "The Princess and the Butterfly" was highly praised by the local critics, who united in declaring it one of the finest bits in the piece. He gave it a hearty earnestness and careful reading that was notable. Mr. Courtleigh has an important part in the forthcoming new production at the Lyceum.

ANNE SUTHERLAND.

Anne Sutherland, another finely intelligent player, was *Gretchen*, and sustained the character admirably," said the conservative Chicago *Dispatch* last month of this actress' work with Joseph Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle," and critics all over the length and breadth of the country have echoed that opinion. Miss Sutherland has a distinctly pleasing personality, a graceful bearing and a fine contralto voice. She has given every part she has ever played intellectual judgment and careful study. Young in years as yet, there is a great future ahead of her, and her many friends will want to be "in at the start."

GRAHAM HENDERSON.

Graham Henderson, of the John Drew company, has made for himself a well-earned reputation as a metropolitan actor of prominence. He is popular everywhere, throughout the length and breadth of the country, and sustains the most cordial relations with newspaper men, managers, and brother actors. He went on the stage against the wishes of his people, who were Scotch to the backbone, and identified the stage with all that belonged to the world, the flesh, and the devil. His first engagement was with Frank Mayo. It meant hard work for the young fellow but he stuck to it manfully, and after two seasons joined Macauley's Stock company, of Cincinnati and Louisville. Mary Anderson made her debut with them in "Romeo and Juliet." Mr. Henderson playing *Benvenuto*. Ada Rehan and William Gillette were also in this company, which was seen in support of such stars as Booth, Barrett, McCollough, the elder Sothern, and Lotta. His first New York appearance was with A. M. Palmer's "Mother and Son," and later he was seen in the first productions of Bartley Campbell's "White Slave" and "Galley Slave." He has since been seen in leading roles in "Hazel Kirke," "Esmeralda," "Young Mrs. Winthrop," "Husband and Wife," "Mr. Barnes of New York," "Hannele," and "Dr. Bill." For the last three years Mr. Henderson has been a valued member of John Drew's company, appearing in "The Squire of Dames," "Christopher, Jr.," "Rosemary," and "A Marriage of Convenience." He is one of the few actors who have been able to belong to the old school and keep up with the new.

CARRIE LEE STOYLE.

Carrie Lee Stoye is one of the cleverest comedienne that have come to America from England. Miss Stoye has an enviable and unique reputation upon the stage of England, where she has played *Audrey* with all the principal stars, and has toured under the management of Charles Wyndham, Wilson Barrett, and Michael Gunn, of Dublin. She has played in pantomime in all the leading British cities, and has originated many famous burlesque roles at Liverpool, Glasgow, and other centres. In comic opera, too, she has won honor as *Jarotte* in "Erminie," as *Claudine* in "Tambour Major," while as *Lady Teazle*, *Kate Hardcastle*, *Maggie Macfarlane*, *Andy Blake*, and *Bobby Bobbincumb* in "A Lancashire Lass"—written expressly for her—she is well known. In Scotch, French or any other dialect parts Miss Stoye excels, and it is her wish to appear in one-act plays, introducing such types in the vaudeville houses. Miss Stoye is proud of a bracelet given her by Madame Ristori, whom she supported for some time. She is best known in this country through a Western tour, when her favorite roles won admiration and praise. Wilson Barrett says of Miss Stoye: "Like most people of any note in the theatrical profession, she was born in a theatre, cradled in a property room, and nourished on programmes." Miss Stoye made a decided

by Deputy" as *Felicity Blobs* re-
sponds to the numerous press notices will testify. She
gives her greetings to Old and New World

EILEEN MORETTA.

One of the leading women is Eileen Moretta, whose pic-
ture appears on another page of this number. She began
her dramatic career at the age of fourteen by playing
Richieu in "Richieu" with her father's company.
This lasted only one night, not because of inefficiency on
the part of the young actress, but on account of the recov-
ery of the "other youth," whose illness had given her the
chance. Her first real engagement came two years later,
when she played *Nadia* in "Michael Strogoff." A season
with "Hearts of Oak" followed, and then two years of
leads with Philadelphia and Baltimore stock companies.
Rosa Leigh, in "Rosedale," *Marianne and Henriette*, in
"The Two Orphans," *Gertie*, in "Romany Rye," *Bessie*,
in "Woman Against Woman," and last season leads in
"The Cotton Spinner" and "The Great Northwest"
ended, up to this time, her stage experience. Miss Moretta
has no little literary ability, having contributed at one
time regularly to *Frank Leslie's Illustrated News*, and
being the authoress of two books of stage life. She is now
in the Lyceum Theatre Stock company in Brooklyn.

FRANCESCA REDDING.

Francesca Redding is one of the few stars from the
legitimate who have been genuinely successful in the field
of high-class vaudeville. She was one of the first to real-
ize that bright, refined comediettes, properly presented,
would please the patrons of the continuous houses. In
August, 1894, she appeared in "A Happy Pair" at the
Bijou Theatre, Philadelphia, and her success was so pro-
nounced that she has remained in vaudeville ever since.
She has a particular talent for speaking bright, snappy
lines, and her greatest successes have been made in parts
full of sparkling repartee. Miss Redding was born in
Boston, and has had a varied experience on the stage.
She has appeared in principal parts in comic operas and in
many Shakespearean plays, as well as in any number of
modern comedies. This season she is appearing with
great success in "A Forgotten Combination," a funny
farce which has met with great favor. This will be her
last season in vaudeville, as she intends to star at the head
of her own company next year.

MAY VOKES.

A play with a prominent servant girl part is a very
rare thing. In recent years only two legitimate pieces
have boasted that distinction. The first was "Betsey,"
which had an excellent role of the sort, and the second
"My Friend from India," in which *Tilly* was made an
important character, led by the earnest, thoughtful labor
of May Vokes. There will be a third soon in "An Old
Coat," the piece written especially as a stellar vehicle for
Miss Vokes, her remarkable success in her last play hav-
ing guaranteed her a hit as a star. She will be under the
direction of Smyth and Rice, and will open at a Broad-
way theatre in September.

VALERIE BERGERE.

Valerie Berge is the leading woman at the Girard
Avenue Theatre, Philadelphia, this year, and has created
a profound impression by her graceful and individual
characterizations. Among the diverse roles she has
played this season are *Cecile* in "Our Friends," an adap-
tation from "The Wife's Peril," *Mrs. Langtry's* stellar
part in "The Masked Ball," originated by Maudie Adams;
Mary Brandon in "My Partner," *Gertrude Ellingham* in
"Shenandoah," *Margaret* in "The Lost Paradise," and a
half-dozen others. Miss Berge has the name of being
the best dressed woman on the American stage.

JOHN J. FARRELL.

Few melodramatic actors of to day have built their art
so surely as has John J. Farrell. As a result, he is able
to give his lines a suppressed vigor and careful shading
that double their force. He has created in the athletic
parson of "Shall We Forgive Her" a sympathetic, un-
conventional character that gains a hold on the hearts of
the audience at his first entrance, and endures until long
after his final exit. Mr. Farrell is as new to popular
priced melodrama as Marie Wainwright herself. He was
seven years with Charles Frohman, including five seasons
with "Held by the Enemy." Besides this, he played
leads with Stuart Robson two years, and a special engage-
ment as the train robber with Nat C. Goodwin in Thomas
"In Mizoura." Mr. Farrell resigned on December 11
from "Shall We Forgive Her" to play leads and stage
the productions with the Standard Theatre Stock com-
pany, Philadelphia.

JAMES R. WAITE'S COMPANIES.

There are very few managers to day who can show a
record of seventeen years of continuous work with one at-
traction. Waite's Comedy company was organized in
1881 and opened at Streator, Ill. From that time until
now this organization has never missed a single night dur-
ing the regular theatrical season. It has played every city
and town of any importance from Ogden, Utah, to Port-
land, Maine, and the name of Waite is now a household
word and synonymous with good wholesome amusement
in every city in the country. In 1893 Mr. Waite went
into New England, established his Eastern circuit and or-
ganized another company, known as his Western com-
pany, that has played the New York and Pennsylvania
circuit with gratifying success. Two years ago he or-
ganized Waite's Comic Opera company and Grand Or-
chestra, and this latter has played continuously without
a lay off since its organization. There are employed in
the three companies one hundred and ten actors, singers
and musicians, composed of the best talent in their re-
spective lines of work that can be obtained. Mr. Waite
can be justly claimed as the originator of popular priced
amusements, and during the seventeen years has never
varied in his prices. At the present time each one of his
attractions is giving performances that are high class and
up to the standard of the best of the high priced attrac-
tions. Both dramatic companies are this season present-
ing Belasco and De Mille's plays, "The Charity Ball,"
"Men and Women," "The Wife," and "The Lost Para-

dise," as well as the Hollands' "A
Social Highwayman." Each play is
produced with superb special scenery
for every act, and the productions
are pronounced by the press un-
qualifiedly as the best, both as to
stage settings and company, that
have been seen in those cities. A special
feature of each of the enter-
prises is the orchestra with each
company, composed of artistic musi-
cians, who could alone furnish a com-
plete entertainment. The Eastern
company will be seen at one of the
houses in New York in the early
Spring of this season.

FRANCIS WILSON.

There is, without doubt, no come-
dian on the operatic stage to-day
more in favor with refined and edu-
cated people than is Francis Wilson.
Himself a scholar and a polished
gentleman, his humor is of the in-
telligent, quiet kind that is always
enjoyable because never mere clown-
ing. A sentence receives its due
emphasis in the proper place to bring
out with clear, consistent, concise
meaning the point. For that reason
a poor joke becomes laughable under
his hands and a good one the embodi-
ment of mirth. An example of this
is in the famous ostrich joke in
"Half a King." "Three baldheaded
men passed through the desert and
full asleep in the sand," recites
Wilson. "As many ostriches came
along, and, mistaking the bald heads
for eggs, sat on them and hatched
out a flock of ballet girls." The joke
may be clever, but it is not funny.
Yet told in the matter of fact,
slightly bombastic way of Francis
Wilson it becomes remarkably funny.
His careful productions have be-
come notable in the mimic world,
and the elaborate detail with which
his operas are staged makes him
practically the musical Sir Henry
Irving of this country. Unlike most
operatic comedians, Francis Wilson
can sing, and that with ease and
discretion. His present opera, "Half
a King," threatens to be the most
favored property he has held since
"Ermine." It is on an old but
picturesque theme, treated in a new
fashion with the elements of senti-
ment and humor judiciously blended.
The settings and costumes are ex-
quisite. As the leader of a band of street brigands, the come-
dian has an excellent chance, which he improves to the
utmost, his pleasing mannerisms appearing to the best ad-
vantage in the scene where a trick lands him in a palace.
Of the music it is only necessary to say that fully a dozen
bits have become popular. The opening chorus of the second
act, "Sassiety," "If I Were Really a King," and "Tis
Wine that Makes the World Go 'Round," are all gems.
The opera is now in its second year and drawing even
better than ever.

THE H. C. MINER LITHO COMPANY

The H. C. Miner Lithographing Company is, as is
announced on another page, the only house in the world
which does theatrical work exclusively. It goes without
saying that no finer theatrical printing was ever done
than that which is turned out by this company. Its litho-
graphing and photographing are on a par with its print-
ing. Its work is done in the shortest possible space of
time, and at a price that commands the opening of check
and pocket books. The H. C. Miner Lithographing Com-
pany has now been in existence eight years, and it turns
out anything in the theatrical printing line from a three-
sheet to a twenty-eight sheet stand, for Europe as well as
America and Australia. Its cable address is Renim. Its
other address is 342 West Fourteenth Street.

WILLIAM A. BRADY.

There are in the field of American theatricals to day
few more prominent or more powerful figures than Wil-
liam A. Brady. His numerous enterprises range in class
from melodrama to bicycle races, and in locality from San
Francisco to London. Under his guidance one production
after another is successfully exploited, and the events of
this season, perhaps more than any previous one, have
shown him to be, in a marked degree, the Napoleon of the
theatre. His great Chinese play, "The Cat and the
Cherub," scored the biggest sort of a success at the Lyric
Theatre in London, at the time the original celestial play
had just failed and his management of the Schiller The-
atre, in Chicago, has shown what judicious handling may
do for a house. Mr. Brady was James J. Corbett's first
manager, and conceived the idea of putting him behind
the footlights as a dramatic attraction. Mr. Brady will
soon present the ex-champion in a new comedy by
Henry Guy Carleton, entitled "A Man of His Word." Among
his other recent successes are Lottie Blair Parker's
romance, "Way Down East," Carleton and McDon-
gall's musical comedy, "The Summer Girl," Clay M.
Greene and E. W. Townsend's "Daughter of the Tene-
ments" and "In Gay Paris." Mr. Brady has also many
sporting attractions, and is prepared to exploit any good
novelty either here or in Europe.

AL. W. MARTIN'S GREAT ENTERPRISE.

There are some things that never grow old, or, if they
do, they become better with their age. The time-honored
simile of wine and song comes in here, some policy jests
have entered, and a good play may be put in the same
category. As long as amusement lovers love amusement
"Uncle Tom's Cabin," when well produced, will be well
patronized. First a political argument, and then a strong



"HAIL, FAIR LONDONDERRY!"

drama, Harriet Beecher Stowe's masterpiece has now be-
come a popular frame-work for spectacular production.
To put such a monster attraction on is not by any means
easy, and to-day there is probably only one company in
the country staging it adequately. This is Al. W. Mar-
tin's great enterprise, which carries for the one play a
perfect company, menagerie, museum, and panorama in
one. Three bands of music are used, besides an orchestra,
and these aid in making the street parade elaborate in
every particular. A complete set of mechanical effects
and calcium lights are owned by the company, and eight
tons of special scenery are used in the production. The
printing is good, and several novel schemes for display
add to the big business being done. A feature of the per-
formance is Big Tom, said to be the tallest colored man in
the world. This gigantic negro is only nineteen years of
age, and measures eight feet. The cast includes a num-
ber of specialty people, several buck and wing dancers,
and a high grade interpreting force of sixty in all. The
combination travels in its own special car, and has, with-
out doubt, the distinction of being one of the largest the-
atrical organizations in the world.

JAMES H. WALLICK'S ATTRACTIONS.

James H. Wallick is still a theatrical even if he isn't
a "Bandit King." He has three thrilling plays in his
repertoire for the season of 1897-98: "When London
Sleeps," "A Guilty Mother," and his latest, "Devil's
Island," the last presenting all the salient features of Cap-
tain Dreyfus' case, which threatens to tear France into
ten hundred thousand pieces, for many Frenchmen think
that Captain Dreyfus was wrongly convicted and sentenced
to his terrible Devil's Island, the most awful spot in all
the islands of the known world. Mr. Wallick should
surely have a winner in "Devil's Island." He is one of
the most enterprising of American managers.

WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES.

"What Happened to Jones," George Broadhurst's
comedy, is still pursuing the laughing tenor of its way.
In every city played so far New York's verdict has been
more than verified, and a dozen phonographs could not
have begun to have caught one-half the applause that has
greeted every period in the construction of the play. It
will be remembered, that the farce opened here for a two
weeks' run at the Bijou, and finally closed, because of en-
gagements that could not be canceled, after a period of
three months. Alan Dale, Jessie Wood, and other local
critics praised it highly, and "What Happened to Jones"
after that was, in the language of the streets "a plenty."

ROBERT MANTELL.

The suave and popular Mart W. Hanley, manager of
the successful romantic actor, Robert Bruce Mantell,
reports fine business all along the line. Mr. Mantell has
now the best play he has had in years. It is called "The
Secret Warrant," its scene is laid in France in 1720, and
its author is W. A. Tremayne, a Canadian writer. Mr.
Mantell's leading lady for the past eight years, Miss Char-
lotte Behrens, accompanies Mr. Mantell, and they both
are winning golden opinions from the critics for their
splendid work.

LINCOLN J. CARTER'S ENTERPRISES.

Lincoln J. Carter this year has out five melodramas, each with elaborate scenic effects and appointments. All are drawing big houses, and Mr. Carter's business is branching in more directions than ever before. "The Fast Mail" is now in its fourth year, and has during that time had so few losing weeks as to have become famous among managers all over the country as "Carter's Mascot." "The Tornado," with its wreck scene and other sensational incidents, is still a big drawing card, and "The Defaulter" is everywhere playing to big business. Mr. Carter's latest successes are "Under the Dome" and "The Heart of Chicago," both of a nature to appeal to the many. The author-manager has a positive genius for the kind of situations that give as many thrills to the minute as the law allows, and many of his plays are really masterpieces of dramatic construction. They are in the hands of clever people, and are artistic as well as financial hits. Besides these, Mr. Carter is now at the head of the Lincoln J. Carter Amusement Corporation, of Chicago, New York City, and London. This is thoroughly equipped for every branch of the business. A specialty is made of booking attractions and a theatrical exchange is maintained. Plays are bought, sold, leased, and produced, a separate department being kept for this purpose. There is also a dramatic agency where actors are engaged or supplied, and a scenic studio with some of the best known artists in the country at its head, where estimates on productions are cheerfully furnished. Altogether, Lincoln J. Carter has paved his road to the top of the ladder.

SOUSA AND HIS BAND.

The announcement of the plans of Sousa and his band for 1898 are full of interest, as the great band master proposes to cover two continents in his next tour. The band, under the conductorship of "The March King," will inaugurate its season at the Broadway Theatre, New York, on Sunday evening, January 9, 1898, and will tour the New England and Middle States, and as far West as Kansas City, closing in New York and sailing for England on May 25. Sousa will open his first European tour in London on June 3, 1898, and will spend five weeks in the principal cities of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Crossing the Channel, he will play in Paris and Brussels, afterward going to Berlin about the middle of July. The tour of Germany and Austria will occupy six weeks, and the American band will visit every city of importance in the Empire and will extend its travels as far as Vienna and Buda-Pesth. Sousa will return to America early in September and immediately start on a grand tour of the United States and Canada, during which he will visit every State in the Union and every city of any size in the Dominion.

JACOB LITT'S ATTRACTIONS.

Jacob Litt has this year more than doubled his previous success in the field of farce and melodrama. His pieces are all well built and constructed, put on with good printing and staged with special scenery and effects. His people are all well known in their several lines and thoroughly up to the requirements of the production. This year Mr. Litt is exploiting the greatest domestic drama of the season, Frank Harvey's "Shall We Forgive Her." The cast is an excellent one, and includes Marie Wainwright, perhaps the best Shakespearean actress on the American stage. "At Gay Coney Island," Mathews and Bulger's farcical success, is also under Mr. Litt's direction, as well as the strong success, "The Woman in Black." The Cuban melodrama, "The Last Stroke," has also made a great hit, and that incomparable success, "In Old Kentucky," is duplicating its former record. E. W. Townsend's homely but humorous and pathetic play of tenement life, "Chimmie Fadden," is proving as delightful as ever and drawing as largely. Thus the clever manager has six companies under his direction, and through his careful manipulation all are making money at a time when such incidents in theatrical affairs are not common.

LYDIA TITUS.

It is no easy matter for a performer to get up before an audience and keep them thoroughly entertained for half an hour. There are any number of players, male and female, who try to do this, but the ones who can really do it can be counted in a few moments. Lydia Titus is one of the favored few who have been blessed by nature with the talent for giving a continuous entertainment without one dull moment. Magnetism simply sparkles from every part of her dainty person, from the point of her pretty foot to the crown of her shapely head. Every move of her supple body is grace itself, and the beauty of it all is that she acts so unconsciously and unaffectedly that the result is positively delightful. Mrs. Titus possesses a rare combination of talents. She is not only a born mimic, with that rarest of all things in a woman, a keen sense of humor, but in addition has a pure soprano voice of great sweetness and power, which she knows how to use to great advantage. A point which has done a great deal toward increasing her popularity is the fact that she sings songs and ballads which the public like to hear. Songs of the heart are her favorites. It is a rare treat to hear her exquisite rendition of "Sally In Our Alley," and ballads of a similar character. Every possible shade of meaning is brought out without sacrificing any of the beauties of the music. After listening to the mouthing of the ordinary ballad-singer, it is a delight to the jaded theatregoer to listen to Mrs. Titus, as she sings straight into the hearts of her auditors. She finds it easy to turn in a flash from seriousness to gaiety, and, after stirring her listeners with a ballad, she will change her whole expression in a moment and make eyes glisten with laughter which a moment before were ready to pay the tribute of tears to the potency of the performer's art. She has one little specialty in which she stands alone. This is her marvelous imitation of a little child who attempts to sing for the entertainment of her mother's callers. In voice and action it is perfection, and no portion of her entertainment pleases her audiences better than this. It appeals to everybody, men, women and children, and invariably wins approval. Mrs. Titus is particularly fortunate in the possession of a husband who combines the talents of busi-

ness-manager, accompanist, musical director and tutor. He never tires of helping his wife to improve in her art. He understands the difficult art of accompanying thoroughly, and he follows Mrs. Titus with such care and intelligence that she is enabled to convey the full meaning of every song, in her own way, which is a very pleasing way indeed. Mr. and Mrs. Titus form a rare combination, and that the public of America and Europe are fully aware of the fact is proven by their constantly increasing popularity.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE, INDIANAPOLIS.

There are few theatres in the country in these hard times that have the enviable record of the Grand Opera House in Indianapolis. Not only is this place of amusement a society house, but it is what few purely society houses are—a paying one. With an excellent location, directly on the city's chief thoroughfare, it catches alike fashion and trade, any good attraction playing there always doing a big business. The clientele of the theatre is enormous, and its reputation for high-class attractions so great that the best part of the suburban amusement lovers go there. Ten productions this season have brought the S. R. O. sign into requisition, and "not a single unfavorable press notice since the opening" is a rare boast. The theatre itself is a beautiful building, handsomely finished and well lighted and heated. Time and terms may be obtained by addressing Messrs. Dickson and Talbot.

HANLON BROTHERS.

The great Hanlon Brothers are now in their seventeenth season. For twelve seasons they played "Fantasma," and only the comparative few can remember when "Le Voyage En Suisse" was first produced. They now have "Superba," and other unique and imitable things. They have no rivals. They are in a class by themselves. They are artists in every sense of the word. What they present to the public is always the best of its kind. The Hanlon Brothers never fall below their own high standard. Mr. Edwin Warner is business-manager for the Hanlon Brothers. The Boston Theatre is their Christmas and New Year's weeks.

NAT. C. GOODWIN.

This is the best season that Nat C. Goodwin has ever enjoyed in New York. "An American Citizen" is the only play that he has had occasion to give the public this season, and he is now nearing his three months' run with it alone at the Knickerbocker Theatre. Mr. Goodwin is ably assisted in his artistic work by the beautiful, fascinating, and clever Maxine Elliott, and his rapidly-increasing fortune is looked after by the popular George J. Appleton. Mr. Goodwin's manager for years, Mr. Goodwin did intend to produce "Treadwell of Yale," by Augustus Thomas; "Richard Savage," by Mrs. Ryley, and "The Merchant of Venice," by William Shakespeare but receipts have made him indulge a little more in the lethargy of success. When Mr. Goodwin does present "Shylock," he will surely surprise the funny "critics" of the press with his real tragic power and vital force.

THE HEART OF MARYLAND.

David Belasco has made a huge success of his endeavors to transplant "The Heart of Maryland" to England. It is now definitely arranged that the master work of this master playwright will be seen in London the early part of next season. It is now touring this country for the third season, and doing a business as large as ever. Few modern dramas have the stability in construction and the careful manipulation of characters and events that are parts of "The Heart of Maryland." In spite of the theme and time sectional prejudice is avoided, and there is not a scene in the production that would have to be changed by a move across the Mason and Dixon line. After the London run Mr. Belasco's new play will be put on, with Mrs. Leslie Carter in the leading role.

DALY'S THEATRE.

This world famous house, under the masterly direction of its equally world famous manager, is now in the first month of its nineteenth season. And, by the way, this is the twenty-ninth year of Mr. Daly's management in New York. To praise Mr. Daly as a manager and maker of actors at this late day would indeed be to gild refined gold. No censure nor praise can hurt or make Mr. Daly now. He is where he is by right of conquest and superior gifts that have no Baxter Street elements in them. Only that which is worthy in the realms of dramatic art will Mr. Daly present while he lives. He scorns all that is pretentiously false, and he honors his profession. Miss Ada Rehan heads Mr. Daly's picked and tried company, as she has for years, and "Shandon's Bells" are still in her laugh and Shakespeare's art is in her heart. With such a company as



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BALTIMORE RYE**

As a present to a boon companion,
invalid friend, or an
aged relative?

Because it is pure and cheering, it is the
choice of
CLUBS, CAFES, FAMILIES.

IT IS MELLOW AND DELIGHTFUL.

Mr. Daly's, which numbers, among others, George Clarke, Mrs. Gilbert, Tyrone Power, Edwin Varrey, James Powers, Cyril Scott, Herbert Gresham, William Owens, Joseph Herbert, Catherine Lewis, Nancy McIntosh, Virginia Earle, Charles Richman, and Miss Rehan. New York should be proud. Mr. Dorney is still Mr. Daly's tried and loyal right hand.

RICHARD MANSFIELD.

One of the great successes of the year has been Richard Mansfield's scholarly and artistic impersonation of Richard Dugden, the reckless, shifting, impulsive hero of Bernard Shaw's play, "The Devil's Disciple." Mr. Mansfield is a genius—a careful, painstaking actor, and in his hands the part assumes a realism that defies criticism. The piece was so great a "go" in New York at the Fifth Avenue Theatre that the public demand necessitated an added run of over a month. Mr. Mansfield's repertoire this season includes all his old successes: "A Parisian Romance," "Beau Brummell," "King Richard III," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and others. His tour is under the direction of A. M. Palmer.

E. S. WILLARD.

Mr. Willard's season in Boston of five weeks promises to be the best he has ever played there. The week of November 22, when he presented "Tom Pinch" at the Tremont Theatre, was the largest six-days' business he has ever played to in Boston, and the comedy had to be revived the week of December 6, when it again played to the capacity of the theatre. Mr. Willard's "Tom Pinch" and "David Garrick" were both unanimously praised by the critics and the public, and these two excellent productions will form the features of his American tour the present season with occasional revivals of "The Middleman."

D. W. TRUSS.

D. W. Truss and Co. this year control more valuable theatrical property than ever before. "Wang," the comic opera; an English comedy called "Truthful John"; a melodrama, "A Fight for Honor"; "The Tarrytown Widow," "Myles Aaron," and for the New England and Middle States, "Alabama." Mr. Truss' office is at 18 East Twenty-second Street, and his cable address is "Wang, N. Y."

CUSHMAN AND HOLCOMBE.

Sadie Cushman and Herbert Holcombe are popular entertainers in vaudeville. They both have had valuable experience in comic opera, and when the craze for vaudeville struck the country they decided to enter that field. Their success has been very great, and their sketches have been received everywhere with marked approval. Their latest comedietta, "A Business Transaction," is the most pretentious one they have put on so far, and it has made a hit. It was written by Mr. Holcombe, and tells a pretty little story of life in the Klondike. During the sketch Mr. Holcombe's rich baritone voice is heard to advantage in some good songs, and Miss Cushman introduces her original and very pleasing imitation of a little child. Special scenery showing Chilkoot Pass is carried for this act, which is one of the best now before the public.

A FINE QUALITY IMPOSSIBLE



**NESTOR
CIGARETTES**

ABSOLUTE NECESSITY TO SMOKERS OF
REFINING TASTE IN CIGARETTES

A FINE MUSICAL ORGANIZATION.

Victor Herbert's Twenty-second Regiment Band is now in its fourth year, under the leadership of the composer of "Prince Ananias," "The Wizard of the Nile" and "The Idol's Eye." During the past season this peerless band has been called upon to give the music for several of the most important functions of the year. It was to the strains of Victor Herbert's music that President McKinley walked into the Pension Building during the Inaugural ball in Washington. It formed the feature of the Nashville exhibition, and also contributed music at the Bradley Martin ball and the Castellane Gould wedding.

A WELL-MANAGED STAR.

The remarkable success of Frank Daniels of late years is undoubtedly due as much to the business talent of his manager, Kirke La Shelle, as to his own talent as a comedian. It looks a wonderfully easy thing to successfully produce a comic opera, and only the wrecks along the way tell of how much tact and talent are required in the undertaking. When Mr. La Shelle left The Bostonians to exploit Mr. Daniels, he had secured from Smith and Herbert "The Wizard of the Nile." The opera was excellent, but it required ability in the box-office, as well as on the stage, to float it. The fact that it proved the biggest kind of a money maker for two years, and is now doing well with another company, speaks highly for Mr. La Shelle. Mr. Daniels might have remained in it another year, had it not been that his manager was anxious to keep him before the public in the larger cities. The success of "The Idol's Eye" is already well known, and by it Frank Daniels has more than doubled his New York reputation.

THE HIGHWAYMAN.

De Koven and Smith's new opera, "The Highwayman," has more than duplicated its Boston success in New York, and the Broadway Theatre has been packed nightly. Every one of the tuneful and melodious numbers with which the piece abounds is encored at each performance, and the humorous passages receive hearty recognition. Altogether, it seems that Andrew McCormick has a winner in the piece. It is beautifully staged and well presented by the following people: Joseph O'Mara, Hilda Clark, Jerome Sykes, Mand Williams, Van Rensselaer Wheeler, Nellie Braggins, Harry MacDonough, George O'Donnell, Reginald Roberts, William S. Corlies, and J. H. White.

GUS HILL'S COMPANIES.

Gus Hill's enterprises this year number some of the best paying attractions on the road. "McFadden's Row of Flats," a mirthful concoction under his direction, has been packing houses all over the country, and Steve Brodie has found his revenues double under the careful guidance of Mr. Hill. The New York stars are a collection of first-rate vaudeville people in a varied and breezy entertainment. "Vanity Fair" is proving the prize beauty show of a decade, and his "Gay Masqueraders" are doing a big business in the burlesque houses. Last but not least, "Gus Hill's Novelties," the oldest of his combinations, has beaten every one of its own records, and at the same time most of any one else's. Mr. Hill is an enterprising, careful manager, and the success of his efforts is due entirely to his perseverance, pluck and energy.

MR. KNOWLES' SUCCESSFUL THEATRE.

Edwin Knowles has had no reason to complain as manager of the Fifth Avenue Theatre since he became its head and front. Richard Mansfield opened the theatre at the beginning of the season under the Knowles management, and for eight weeks he not only packed the house but night after night the S. R. O. sign had to be hung out. Madame Viarda, the Polish actress, has followed, and for the rest of the season the Fifth Avenue will house only the brightest lights in the dramatic heavens: Fanny Davenport, in repertoire; James A. Herne, in "Shore Acres"; "Mrs. Fluke, in "Tea." Mr. Knowles is one of the most popular managers in New York, and everybody finds it a real pleasure to do business with him.

MR. HERNE'S PLAYS.

James A. Herne will, during the season of 1898-99, present a play in which he has the utmost faith, confident that the public will appreciate its story and workmanship. It is called "Rev. Griffith Davenport," a unique title certainly, and Mr. Herne avers that the play is as original as the title. Mr. Herne will also be seen in his great success, "Shore Acres," and in a magnificent revival of that sterling old "Hearts of Oak." Mr. Henry Clay Miner will have the honor of presenting Mr. Herne and his play to an always appreciative public.

A PROSPEROUS CIRCUIT.

The Bijou circuit now does the booking for the eleven best paying popular priced theatres in the country. In no sense a trust, the organization of these houses gives a company connected time it could not secure in any other way. The houses controlled include the Star Theatre, New York City; Bijou Theatre, Brooklyn; Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore; Bijou Theatre, Pittsburg; Academy of Music, Chicago; Columbia Theatre, Boston; National Theatre, Philadelphia; Grand Opera House, Washington; Walnut Street Theatre, Cincinnati; Alhambra Theatre, Chicago; Ninth Street Opera House, Kansas City. The circuit is under the management of H. M. Bennett, 1293 Broadway, New York City.

MADAME MODJESKA'S TOUR.

Modjeska, whose reputation as an artist dates further back than that of most others, is on tour again this season in the most popular of the plays in her repertoire. There is a finish and care about her acting that belong rather to the old school than to the new—a school where the actor's boast was not "I got this part down in two days," but "I spent a year over this." Modjeska is fortunate this season in having for a leading man Joseph Haworth, one of the most conscientious of players. Between these two, Modjeska's repertoire should be better than ever before, and houses should be large everywhere.

OTIS SKINNER.

The season of '97-'98 marks the fourth annual tour of that excellent actor, Otis Skinner. Since leaving Margaret Mather, Mr. Skinner has been seen in a wide diversity of roles, and in each he has made, if anything, a better impression than in his last. The possessor of a fine voice, artistic instinct, graceful stage presence, and pleasing mannerisms, he is well qualified to rank among the best romantic actors on our stage. This year Mr. Skinner is presenting the drama "Prince Rudolph" to houses even larger and more appreciative than ever. The piece is a remarkable one in many ways, and Otis Skinner has never had a better vehicle for his talents. Joseph Buckley is successfully directing his tour.

SUCCESSFUL PHILADELPHIA THEATRES.

The Park and the Auditorium, in Philadelphia, are under the sole management of William J. Gilmore. They are fitted with all the modern improvements and are as perfect in their way as any theatre in the country. While Mr. Gilmore is the sole owner and manager of both houses he is ably assisted by General Manager Charles H. Yale.

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE.

Tony Pastor's famous theatre, 143 to 147 East Fourteenth Street, New York City, has had one of the most successful seasons in its history. The attractions offered at the house have been of the highest possible order, and this, with the popularity of the house, has kept it filled every hour of the performance. The vaudeville bill continues from 12.30 to 11 p.m., and invariably contains the best of cards. Tony Pastor himself appears every evening, and leads in a chorus of laughs loud enough to wake a sleeping policeman outside.

One of the handsomest theatres in San Francisco is the Columbia. It is centrally located, absolutely safe and altogether an imposing and modern structure. The Macdonough Theatre, in Oakland, just across the bay, is under the same management. A thoroughly well equipped house in every particular, it has done, since its opening, "the business of the town." Friedlander, Gottlob and Co., who are in charge of both houses, are also directing the tour of the Frawley Stock company. The success of this powerful organization is too well known to require mention. In their three enterprises the managers have some of the best paying theatrical property on the Pacific Coast.

The National Job Printing Company, of New York, opened for business last month. The firm is composed of Peter Conlin and M. Dillon, with Philip Dillon as general manager. The personal popularity of the ex-Chief of Police of New York, and Mr. Dillon's wide acquaintance with the theatrical profession are factors that will surely keep the presses of the new establishment running to their capacity. The National is located on Twenty-fourth Street, west of Sixth Avenue.

William Devere's little book of Western stories in verse is about one hundred leagues out of the beaten path. But that fact alone is not the only one upon which Mr. Devere may congratulate himself and his honest eyed, laughing, pathetic, if ragged, muse. The stories are as interesting as is their author, simply and directly told. The book is published by M. Witmark and Sons, 49-51 West Twenty-eighth Street, New York, and during the holidays they will forward it for 50 cents, just half its price. It will appeal to the most blasé.

James T. McAlpin and Dolly Foster can jump into any company, at any time, and fill a long felt want. They are dancers and yodlers par excellence. Mr. McAlpin is compared wherever he appears with the late lamented Joe Emmet, and Dolly Foster is a mixture of Lotta and a Manhattan cocktail.

The Lees, hypnotists, report an excellent business this season. They are the leaders in their style of entertainment.

The Grand Opera House, Chicago, under management of Harry Hamlin, is one of the best known and most successful theatres in the West.

Hennessy Leroy is putting in his third big season with Edward Owings Towne's great comedy, "Other People's Money." Mr. Leroy is a clever actor, and has the piece admirably staged.

William A. Brady has taken charge of the Schiller Theatre, in Chicago, and proposes to make it the "popular theatre of the loop." Managers may expect to see the Schiller blossom into a big money maker in short order. Mr. Brady's enterprises are run on a strictly independent basis.

Alice Kanzer conducts an agency in THE MIRROR Building, 1432 Broadway, New York City. She disposes of tried and untried plays by American or foreign authors and has, at the same time, exceptional inducements to offer managers. One of these is the use of plays for stock companies hitherto unavailable for that purpose. Possessed of keen business ability and well known to managers and members of the profession, she has unusual chances for the sale and lease of good dramatic property. Both managers and authors desirous of buying or selling plays would do well to consult her.

European travelers in London would do well to visit Low's Exchange, 3 Northumberland Avenue, Trafalgar Square, W. C. This famous place is more than a convenience—it is a necessity. Everything required for a journey or needed in arranging one may be secured there.

Bob Watt, the author of a number of successful plays, is conducting a theatrical exchange at 806 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. He continues in the play line, however, and announces his intention of writing pieces to order. He also has a number of good sketches, songs, comedies and dramas to lease or sell.

Zelma Rawlston is a talented young comedienne who is rapidly advancing in the profession. She has made a specialty of male impersonations, and wears her masculine

toga with the ease and grace of a well-bred man of the world. She is, moreover, a clever actress, and can play parts in comedy and comic opera. She is appearing with great success this season in "1492," playing the *Infant Johanna*, and doing her specialty. The press notices received by Miss Rawlston for her work in this production are very flattering. Miss Rawlston is very versatile; she has a fine singing voice, well trained, can sing in English, French and German, and is a thorough mistress of the banjo and piano.

The Gorham Manufacturing Company, at Broadway and Nineteenth Street, New York, announces in another column a beautiful stock of silverware for the holidays. There is no better place in New York in which to choose a present for lady or gentleman. The best known silverware store in the United States is superior to Gorham's in age only; in all other respects Gorham's is abreast of it. Whips, canes, pocketbooks, watches, rings, bracelets, traveling bags, precious stones, match safes—everything in gold and silver, in fact, can be had at Gorham's at the most reasonable rates. They invite especial attention to their unusual number of Christmas novelties.

The Lyceum Theatre, of Buffalo, is one of the best conducted popular priced houses in the State, as well as the best paying. It has a capacity of \$4,000 for the week, and often comes up to that mark. John Laughlin, the manager, is now booking strong melodramatic and comedy attractions for next season.

The Composite Printing Company makes a specialty of printing for 50 cents one hundred cards of fashionable size and texture, handsomely gotten up. Letter heads and professional small work are done also at reasonable prices. The offices are located at 123 West Fortieth Street.

John A. McBride has a large, well heated, lighted and ventilated hall, conveniently located and eminently suitable for rehearsals. He may be addressed at the American Hotel, New York City.

Craig, the hand balancer and teeth equilibrist, is meeting with unanimous approval in his new turn. He was the feature of the bill with Richard and Pringle's original Georgia Minstrels last year, and made a hit everywhere. His act closes with a reproduction of Bartoldi's famous revolving stand.

The Ashland House, Fourth Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street, New York City, is one of the best professional hostels in the city. H. H. Brockway is the proprietor.

Otis Skinner has in his support this year no better nor more studious actor than Ashley Miller, who is playing his leads. Mr. Miller's *Hamlet*, *Romeo*, *Orlando*, and *Claude Melnotte* are capable bits of work, and are so considered by critics everywhere.

Carrie Roma, prima donna, late of the Tivoli, San Francisco; the United States Marine Band, and the Boston Castle Square Opera company, is at liberty for the remainder of the season. She may be addressed in care of this office.

There is one person in the world who knows good whisky when he tastes it; that person is the actor. "Good liquor is always a godsend," and in that way, at least, the player appreciates what the gods send him. The best of good whiskies is the Hunter Baltimore Rye, a pure distillation from the ripe corn. It is a mellow and delightful stimulant.

J. J. Magee and J. J. McGlynn have combined in putting out the farce "Out of Sight," this season with the former gentleman as star and the latter as manager. The piece is brim-full of laughter and running over with novel and original ideas. The company carries its own band and orchestra, together with a number of sets of special scenery.

Manager T. W. Dorn has a theatre in the town of Junction City, Kan., three miles from Fort Riley, the biggest military post in the United States. The main trouble with such houses is generally that the house is only filled on pay day at the fort. This is done away with in Manager Dorn's place of amusement, where a novel system of credit brings soldiers in at all times and makes Junction City one of the most profitable one night stands in the country.

H. S. Tabor may be addressed at the Lyceum Theatre, New York City.

There are many brands of fine tobacco, as there are many brands of everything else, but there is always a test to everything, and the Nestor cigarette is pretty near the acme of excellence. It is a dainty little roll, made of the finest tobacco, bound with rice paper. Very few things beat a pleasant smoke, and no smoke beats that to be gotten from a Nestor cigarette.

Louise Royce and Josie Intropidi, late respectively of "The Wizard of the Nile" and the Tivoli Opera company, have gone into vaudeville together, and, judging from the applause that greets their every appearance, have made the hit of their lives.

Claude, in "Two Little Vagrants," is universally acknowledged to be one of the best parts and at the same time one of the most difficult on the melodramatic stage. The ease and fidelity to nature that Edith Fawcett puts into her work in the role show her to be not only a clever actress but an intelligent one.

"Why, I Love You" will be a beautiful ballad in January, 1899. That is the month which will record its musical birth. It is by the composer of "Michael's Got Wheels in His Block." Orchestration free to professionals. Address Roy L. Burch care of MIRROR office.

Ferris' Comedians are now playing the sixty-first consecutive week of their seventh season, and have done no end of record smashing. The company is decidedly clever, and includes some of the best specialty people in the business, while their repertoire is a radical departure from that of most similar organizations.

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Will Give \$500 for an attraction of merit, that can be featured as star attraction of season.

HARNE & HONOR, Managers.

Stewart Allen has been re-engaged for this season by E. S. Willard for his American tour. He may be addressed in care of this office.

John Jack is playing *Sir John* with Mrs. Fiske in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." His work in a difficult role has been most highly commended wherever it has been seen.

Erroll Dunbar, for two seasons the *Mephido* in Morrison's "Faust," is as detailed in his work as any actor on the stage. Critics have pronounced his voice, gestures, movements, laugh and general interpretation of Goethe's famous character the best at present before the public.

Mr. Forrest Robinson is playing successfully the role of *Angel Clare* in Mrs. Fiske's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." His work is bespoken everywhere as of a high class and exceptional order.

Joseph Cusack has made a hit as *Major General Mendoza* in "Captain Impudence," and is highly praised everywhere for his portrayal of a most difficult role.

Verner Clarges, than whom there is not a better exponent of the old school of acting, is adding a number of laurels to his already large collection by the excellence of his impersonation of *Pecksniff* with E. S. Willard in "Tom Pinch." Mr. Clarges may be addressed in care of The Players, New York.

Herbert E. Sears is putting in his second season as *Brutus* in *Sowing the Wind*, and continues to make a hit.

Frank E. Aiken, one of the most painstaking and clever men in the business, may be addressed in care of The Players, New York.

Otto Sarony, the son of Napoleon Sarony, who was probably the most famous photographer the world has ever produced, is carrying on his father's business at 256 Fifth Avenue, New York City. His work is excellent in every particular.

The Eaves Costume Company are practical tailors, and their specialty is well fitting theatrical outfits. Every piece of work they turn out is durable and handsome. They are at 63 East Twelfth Street, New York City.

One of the best dealers in theatrical make-ups in New York City is Lietz, whose establishment is at 39 West Twenty-eighth Street. His wigs and toupees are the finest to be had, and his special brand of cold cream contains only chemically pure ingredients.

Brentano has established himself all over the country as a fashionable and excellent stationer and bookseller, and is now making sweeping reductions in the price of his stock that promise to make him famous also as the proprietor of a store where extraordinary bargains can be gotten. Brentano receives all the latest publications, including works on stage subjects.

Weber and Fields have made the burlesque hit of the year with their new piece, "Pousse Cafe, or, The Worst Born." Their remarkable list of popular players includes, besides themselves, Sam Bernard, Ross and Fenton, John T. Kelly, Peter F. Dailey, Sylvia Thorne, Gertrude Mansfield, Lillian Swain, and a host of others of talent or beauty.

Miller, the costumer, has now the largest and best conducted establishment of its kind in Philadelphia. He is especially noted for the correctness of his historical dresses. At present the store is situated at 231 33 North Eighth Street.

The Warren Opera House, in Greenfield, Iowa, has a limited number of dates for January and February. The house is one of the finest one-night stand theatres in the country and Greenfield the biggest show town in South-western Iowa.

WEBER & FIELDS' MUSIC HALL

A Tremendous Hit!

Pousse Cafe;

OR, THE WORST BORN.

Warren Opera House Greenfield, Iowa.

New \$20,000 House. Electric Light. Steam Heat. Opera Chair Seating. Best show town in South-western Iowa. A limited number of first-class attractions wanted for January and February booking.

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Rooms without Board. \$1.00 and upwards.
Breakfast and Dinner. 75 cents each.
Lunch. 50 cents.

H. H. BROCKWAY, Prop.

The Sheboygan Opera House is booking first class attractions at liberal rates. Sheboygan, Wis., where the theatre is located, has a population of 24,000, and there is always money for a good performance. Farce comedies are sure to do a big business there Sunday nights.

Bernard Dyllan, leading juvenile with "A Hot Old Time," and whose permanent address is in care of the Jonah Theatre, New York, is anxious to hear from a good dresser.

Old New York's Book Shop, 12 East Fifteenth Street, is now run by George H. Richmond and Co., and is one of the most interesting libraries of theatrical and other works in the city. Barclay Dunham is the popular manager of the shop.

Florence Hamilton, heading Corse Payton's Comedy company, has been making a distinct hit in the title role of "Denise." She has also played successfully leads in "Alone in London," "Woman Against Woman," and "My Husband."

The Soo Opera House, at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., of which C. W. Given is manager, has a limited amount of open time. The capacity of the theatre is 950.

The Manchester Opera House, Manchester, N. H., managed by E. W. Harrington, is the only theatre in that city playing first class attractions.

There is no better leverage than Londonderry Lithia Spring Water for the ill, the run down and the over indulgent. Bright's disease hides its head in horror at the approach of Londonderry Lithia Spring Water.

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Ludwig Barnay, the celebrated German tragedian, in the character of *Marc Anthony*, is the reproduction of a painting by L. Alma-Tadema. Herr Barnay, it will be remembered, was seen in this country at the Academy of Music, New York, in March, 1898, when he appeared in "Kean," "King Lear," "Othello," and other plays. The reproduction is from a photograph by the Berlin Photograph Company.

"Why Lem Hawkins Signed the Pledge," the cleverly arranged poem on page 53, was written and designed for the Christmas MIRROR by H. P. Bigelow, of Syracuse.

The illustration of the old California Theatre, with a descriptive note, was drawn by Sydney Chidley from a print of the theatre. The picture is of particular interest, as there are few reproductions of the historic playhouse in existence.

The picture of the late Dr. George H. Houghton in his study, reproduced in this number, is from a photograph taken shortly before his death by Ralph McNeill, an amateur photographer of this city. Through the courtesy of Mr. McNeill THE MIRROR is enabled to present the only reproduction that has been made of it.

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GOOD NIGHT, dear love, may angels keep
A tender watch above thy sleep,
And in the deep and silent hours
Waft thee on to dreamland's bowers:
So, sweet good night.

Good night, dear love, may thoughts of me
In sleep unfold themselves to thee,
And thy dear lips in dreams proclaim
The whispered accents of my name:
So, sweet good night.

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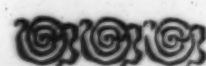
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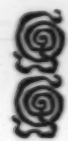
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Dec. 20...Chestnut Street Op. Ho...Philadelphia, Pa...Two
Jan. 3...Lycium Theatre...Baltimore, Md...One week
" 10...Lafayette Opera House...Washington, D. C...One
" 17...Alvin Theatre...Pittsburg, Pa...One
" 24...Euclid Avenue Op. Ho...Cleveland, Ohio...One
" 31...Olympic Theatre...St. Louis, Mo...One

Feb. 7...Masonic Theatre...Nashville, Tenn...Three nights
" 10...Grand Opera House...Memphis, Tenn...Three
" 14...St. Charles' Theatre...New Orleans, La...Two weeks
" 28...Mobile Theatre...Mobile, Ala...One night
Mar. 1...Opera House...Birmingham, Ala...One night
" 2...Grand Opera House...Atlanta, Ga...Two nights
" 4...New Opera House...Chattanooga, Tenn...One night

Mar. 5...Opera House...Lexington, Ky...One night
" 7...Macaulay's Theatre...Louisville, Ky...Three nights
" 10...Southern Theatre...Columbus, Ohio...Three
" 14...Hosley's Theatre...Chicago, Ill...Three weeks
" 4...Grand Opera House...Cincinnati, Ohio...One week
" 11...Detroit Opera House...Detroit, Mich...One
" 18...Princess's Theatre...Toronto, Can...One
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Boston Record.
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Boston Transcript.
There can be no doubt that "The Highwayman" is a worthy successor of the perennial "Robin Hood." Its atmosphere is of the genuine romantic sort.

Syracuse Courier.
The performance was really superb in its completeness.

Philadelphia Inquirer.
The new opera scored a distinct, unequivocal success, and is a positive addition to our current entertainments. It has been said of "The Highwayman" that "it is better than 'Robin Hood,'" and those who heard it last night are willing to subscribe to the truth of it.

Philadelphia Telegraph.
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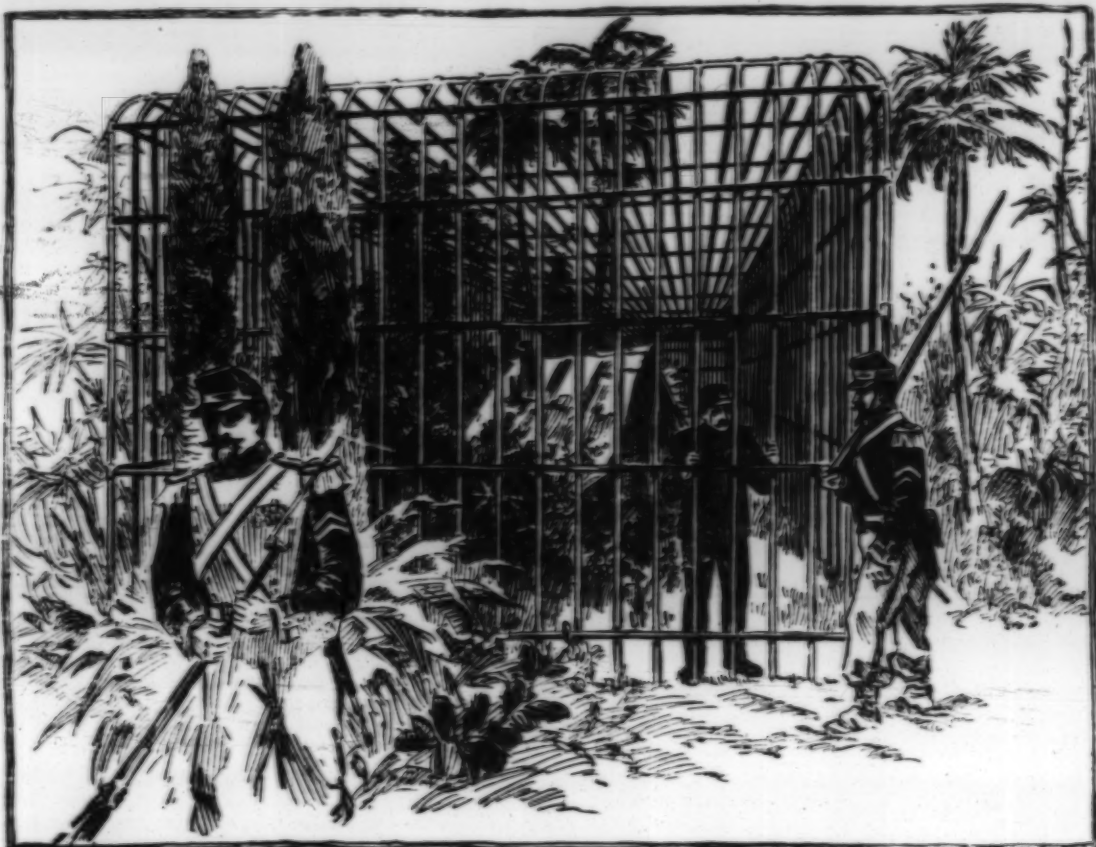
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3 BANDS OF MUSIC 3



AL. W. MARTIN.

DAYTON, OHIO, TIMES, Tuesday, Sept. 28, 1897.

Uncle Tom's Cabin To-day.

Park Theatre.—This theatre was crowded to the doors yesterday matinee and evening, all anxious to see Al. W. Martin's big and beautiful production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," that commenced a three days' engagement at the matinee yesterday.

Several of the features are in themselves sufficiently novel to make it worth while going to see "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The company is strong, and played by any one else as John Hartwell, who assumes the role of Uncle Tom very acceptably.

Some very pleasing stringing of plantation melodies is given by a colored quartet, and there is some wing dancing that is a great novelty. Some play to-day and to-morrow matinee and evening.

NOTES.

Park matinee to-day—"Uncle Tom's Cabin."

LYRIC THEATRE, Hoboken, N. J. Dec. 1, 1897.

L. Duclos, Esq.

Replying to your request for an authentic statement of your receipts here for the Al. W. Martin's spectacular Uncle Tom's Cabin Co., I take sincere pleasure in asserting that the very capable company is listed among my best drawing cards this season. You played here, three nights and one matinee, to a total of \$21,000. Your admirable street parades were highly praised by the large crowds drawn to witness them.

H. P. SOUTHER, Manager.

OLD STATE JOURNAL, Tuesday, Oct. 12, 1897.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been seen here too often to require an extended notice. No doubt more people have seen this famous old drama than any theatrical production known to the American stage, and to undertake to say anything new about the piece would be useless. Al. W. Martin's company that opened a half week's engagement at the High Street theatre Monday afternoon probably gives the best performance of the play of any of the numerous organizations that are touring the country. It is a large company and the principal parts are well presented, while the scenic equipment is all that could be asked for. The two large audiences that saw "Uncle Tom's Cabin" on Monday displayed the same interest that always marks the performance, the pathetic scenes eliciting the warmest sympathy, while the special features were received with enthusiasm. The company includes a score or more of colored people, who introduce songs and dances that merited the applause that followed their efforts. The street parade made by the company at the noon hour attracted unusual attention by reason of its length and novelty. The engagement will include two performances to-day and the same to-morrow.

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